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Saturday Review

June 20, 1970 50¢

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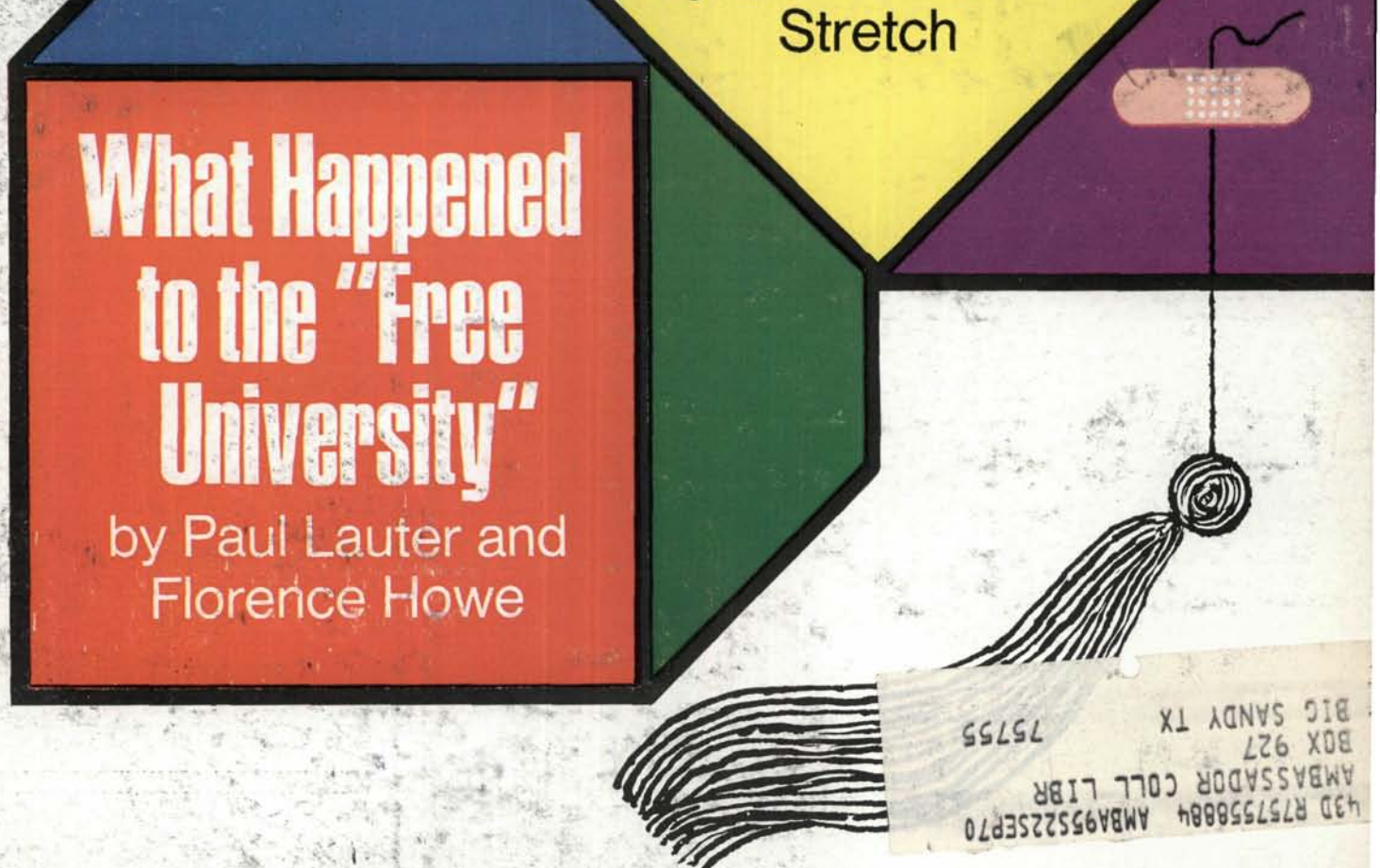
The Rise of the "Free School"

by Bonnie Barrett Stretch

What Happened to the "Free University"

by Paul Lauter and Florence Howe



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(Advertisement)

At a recent seminar Doubleday conducted, with the aid of Edwin Newman as moderator and such estimable people as Marya Mannes, Isaac Asimov, Kurt Vonnegut, and Robert Silverberg doing the talking, one young man stood up in the audience. He identified himself as a writer of science fact, not fiction, and he dared to introduce a note of optimism into what was otherwise a spirited and apocalyptic conference.

It pleased me, then, to see in an early review of his book, WHERE THE WINDS SLEEP, the statement that "Good science fiction, it has been noted, is what becomes science fact." Neil Ruzic's book is "a projected history of man's life on the moon," and while it takes certain imaginative leaps into the near future, it is reassuringly grounded in Ruzic's own credible conclusions about man's colonization of the moon.

Ruzic, who is editor and publisher of the prestigious magazine *Industrial Research*, has been a foreign correspondent, a soldier, a photographer, and a builder. He is the first man to have received a patent for a device to be used exclusively on the moon.

He sees a moon population seldom larger than 3,000, most of them Ph.Ds. "Drawing upon a rich background in science," says the Kirkus reviewer, "Ruzic proceeds logically to cope with each of the moon's hostile environment factors," discussing everything from welding (easy) to underground cities (more complicated but likely). Raymond Hough says in *Library Journal* that the book is "an odd and fascinating venture." The book, adds Kirkus, is full of "refreshing optimism."

And that in itself, while it may be heresy in a world full of uneasy riders, is worth the price of admission.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

WHERE THE WINDS SLEEP ($5.95), by Neil P. Ruzic, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 3301 West Central Avenue, Toledo, Ohio 43606.

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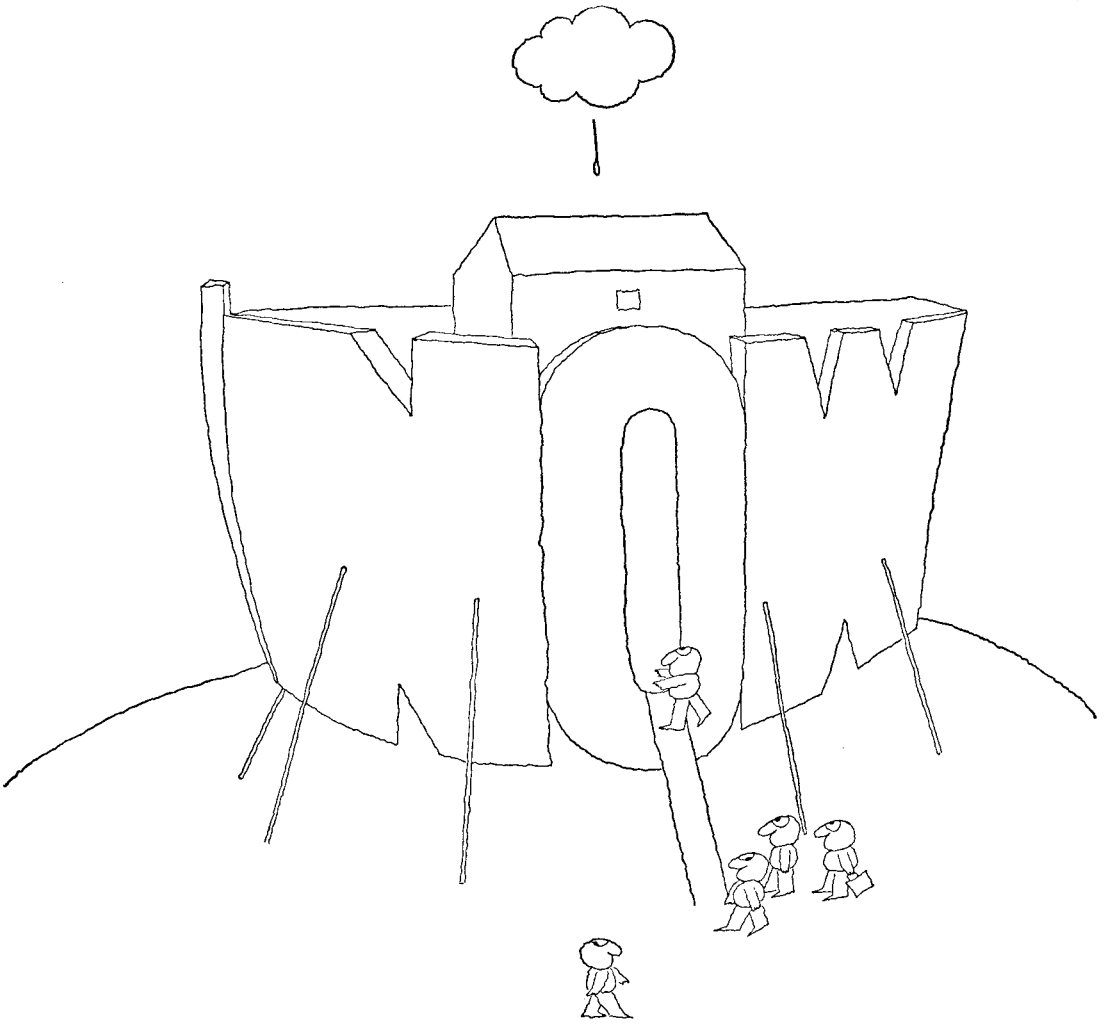

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

On Noninvolvement

My flower child has gone to seed—
Has gone to pot—
Is smoking weed.
He whispers peace, but what it means
Is sitting sadly in his jeans.
He mentions love most fervently—
Yet all the love must come from me.

—JANE RUDD WESTBROOK.

Saving All the Wildlife

THE GROWING popularity of the wildlife conservation cause is reflected in the increase in irate letters to newspapers. Unfortunately, as more people Get Involved with the plight of helpless creatures, a shortage of things to save has developed. This has led to the taking of some rather extreme positions lately, and it's only a matter of time before the "Letters" columns will contain the following typical communications:

DEAR EDITOR:

Your article on swamp cleanup for mosquito control was most unfortunate. If thoughtless people such as yourself continue this slaughter, the common American Mosquito will soon join the ranks of the passenger pigeon and the archaeopteryx.

Each summer, thousands upon thousands of mosquitoes are brutally killed in their native habitat, which, through no fault of their own, happens to be people's back yards. Some are choked to death by deadly sprays; others are actually crushed to death by an inhumane process known as "slapping."

Perhaps the most vicious practice of all is the covering of our land's natural stagnant pools with a film of oil, so that the little mosquito babies never get a chance to hatch. How long, oh how long, must this slaughter continue?

Indignant.

DEAR EDITOR:

It's about time somebody had the guts to speak out against this senseless extermination of germs. Vicious doctors at this very moment are sticking needles into defenseless little children in schools supported by tax money. The doctors are causing the death of billions upon billions of germs.

It has never been proved to my satisfaction that germs harm people. I read lots of articles, and I know what I'm talking about. Germs have just as much right to live as people, don't they? When I read what they're doing to germs nowadays, I'm just sick.

Sick.

DEAR EDITOR:

I read with heavy heart your news story about the people who went on "Camera Safari" in Africa. Why don't they leave these animals alone? The constant click click click of shutters and whirr whirr whirr of movie cameras is making nervous wrecks of our creatures of the wild.

I ask you, how would you feel if you were a wild animal with no clothes on, and people kept sneaking up on you and taking your picture?

These so-called "sportsmen" with their expensive photographic equipment should be ashamed of themselves. It's about time this sadistic and lecherous picture-taking were outlawed once and for all!

Outraged.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have never written a letter to a newspaper before, but now I feel compelled to take pen in hand and speak my mind about this cruel sport of "swatting flies" which is now taking place in houses throughout this troubled nation.

How can little children be expected to understand Tolerance and Brotherhood when, as tiny tots, they watch their fathers and mothers kill and kill and kill again with deadly wire or plastic "fly swatters"?

"Fly swatting" is an especially cruel sport because the insects are often crippled, and have to crawl away and die, alone. If you've ever seen a wounded fly, with its thousands of soft innocent eyes, you know how pathetic and terrible this "fly swatting" is. I refuse to patronize any of your advertisers who sell "fly swatters."

Haunted.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

Mall Adjusted

IN THE OLDEN days, when Franklin D. Roosevelt was President and the only thing we had to fear was Fear itself, if you wanted to shop you went Downtown.

Today, when Downtown is Fear itself for a lot of people, we go to the Shopping Mall.

To get Downtown you used to ride

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Europe on a Nikkormat FTN and two lenses

You want to buy a good 35mm camera for your trip, and you've been told the "normal" lens is just right for all the pictures you'll be taking. It isn't.

You'll discover that you can't get close enough to the action in the Plaza de Toros for a frame-filling shot of the toreador. Or far enough away to get as much of that quaint Montmartre street as you'd like into the picture.

We offer a solution. A complete travel photo outfit by Nikon. The Nikkormat FTN single lens reflex with two famous Nikkor lenses; a wide angle 35mm f2.8 for close quarters as well as sweeping panoramas. Plus, a compact 105mm f2.5 telephoto for bringing distant sights within arm's length, and for candid shots without offending the natives.

With this great combination you'll also handle any in-between situations, so you'll never miss the normal lens. Switching from one to the other is a matter of seconds.

Both these lenses offer plenty of speed -- enough even for color shots inside Westminster Abbey, without flash. And, wait 'til you see the sharp detail and life-like color they put into your slides and pictures!

As for the Nikkormat FTN, you'll find it a delight to handle – fast, smooth, uncomplicated. It has a unique thru-the-lens "center-weighted" meter system that provides accurate exposure quickly with either lens (or any of the thirty others in the Nikon system). And the meter system works with the lens wide open, so the finder image remains bright and clear. (Two other important points: the FTN has shutter speeds to 1/1000, so you *can* shoot from a moving car; and it's really a good idea to let your spouse have some of the fun.)

Take a tip from the pros who stake their reputations on this same equipment. Ask your Nikon/Nikkormat dealer to show you the Nikkormat FTN and the Auto-Nikkor 35mm f2.8 and 105mm f2.5 lenses. Or write for details.
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Trees Grow On Ideas...

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a bus or, if you were lucky, a trolley. For five cents. When the trolley got Downtown and neared your corner—the one in front of the United Cigar Store, say—you pulled a rope that ran the length of the car over your seat. A bell tinkled near the motorman and the trolley swayed to a halt while you lurched toward the door. Then you hopped off, ready for a stroll up the avenue. You did not have to park the trolley. They wouldn't let you if you wanted to.

Today at the Mall things are different. The Shopping Mall is a collection of sixty or a hundred stores under the same roof completely surrounded by a parking lot roughly the size of Rhode Island. If you get there early you may find a vacant parking spot in Lot M, Section 14, Row Q, Stall 59. Write that down or you may not get home for days.

Inside the Mall itself you will notice that there is no weather. Rain does not fall there nor does the sun shine. The Mall also does not have sidewalks, alleys, traffic lights, telephone poles, pool halls, hardware emporiums, Democratic headquarters, panhandlers, hotels, used book stores, fire hydrants, office buildings, Salvation Army stores, newsstands, or street corners.

What the Mall does have is dress shops, wig shops, bra and girdle shops, beauty shops, sewing shops, tall girls' shops, fat ladies' shops, tea shops, jewelry shops, and kiddie wear shops. For men there is a tie shop, five chairs at the far end, and a pay toilet.

With weather, streets, and sidewalks eliminated the Mall has plenty of room for objects of visual beauty. Statuary is popular. Most of it is huge, modern, and made of steel and wire. Every Mall has a steel horse that looks like a giraffe designed so that the children can slide down its back and fracture an ankle while Mama looks at the wigs. If you want to see a statue of a horse that *looks* like a horse, you still have to go Downtown to the Square. *That* horse has a general on its back to boot. Every Mall has seventy-six gum machines and one drinking fountain.

It is the fondest boast of the Mall owners that you can find everything you want right there under one roof. I'll tell you, boys. What I *really* want is to get out from under that one roof. I'd like to walk down a real sidewalk with cracks in it, feel some real weather on my face, and maybe just cut over there across the street to the pawnshop next to that bar and study the ukuleles in the window.

I might even get a drink. You can't buy a drink in the Mall. If you see a bar you are not in the Mall. You are Downtown. Make the most of it.

—PATRICK BUTLER.

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You're an adult. They're teenagers.

If you start lecturing them, they'll turn you off. They already know drinking is a pleasure reserved for adults. And they're fully aware of the legal drinking age.

So, it's not so much what you tell them, it's how you tell them.

We have a suggestion: tell them by showing them.

Show them that a drink taken socially is fine. As long as it's taken sensibly and moderately.

Show them that the legal drinking age is not a license for irresponsibility, but a recognition of maturity—mental as well as physical.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Truth, Crushed to Earth, Just Lies There

IF SOMEBODY SAYS, "You got a minute? Let me tell you a very funny true story that happened to me," you can bet me that nine times out of nine you will discover two flaws in that statement. It will take more than a minute, and it won't be funny.

It will be true, no doubt, just as is the story my wife has been telling about the hassle she had with a maid. One night when we were driving home after she had regaled some friends with that long, dull, pointless story, and had them sleeping in the aisles, I said to her: "Jane, you ought to stop telling that true story. It's not funny."

"What do you mean it's not funny? They were all smiling."

"Yes, when we were leaving. At least get a different finish for it."

"Different finish? But that's a true story—the way it happened. It's a true story. I can't go around half-crocked making up a different finish."

She has not taken the story out of her repertoire, which consists entirely of other long, pointless yarns that she still tells, half-crocked or no. I tried to explain that just because a story is true it doesn't necessarily follow it is funny. I even demonstrated with a few examples I had heard over the years, which, even though true, did have a funny point to make.

I told her the story about a niece of ours who is a teacher of a preschool class of tots in the Midwest. On a wildly snowy day, the little boys and girls came to school wearing their rubbers, which they were told to stack neatly in a corner. When class was dismissed, they ran to reclaim their rubbers, except one little boy who was left behind.

"I can't find my rubbers," he said to the teacher.

"These are yours," she said to the five-year-old, pointing to the only pair remaining.

"No," he said "they ain't mine."

She searched in every closet—no other rubbers. "They must be yours."

"No," he said, beginning to cry. "I'm gonna tell my Mommy."

"Why are you so sure these aren't yours?" she asked.

"Because mine had snow on them," he replied.

Then there was the story of a girl we know named Carol. When she was seven she went to summer camp—her first time away from home. Her worried parents accompanied her to the train, and loaded her down with stamped, addressed envelopes, and told her she must write a letter every day without fail.

The first letter came two days later: "Dear Daddy and Mom: Camp is wonderful. The first day we swam, and raced, and sat around the campfire at night and roasted marshmallows. P.S.: Please excuse my handwriting, I can hardly write, because the train is going so fast."

Then I told her the story of Carol's older brother, Jimmy, who at age five was walked to school every day by Alma, adored by the kids she had helped to raise since their infancy—Alma, happy, loving, 250 pounds, and black.

One day Jimmy came home a disheveled wreck. His mother asked what had happened to him. Jimmy had had an altercation with a boy at school. "He asked me," said Jimmy, "if Alma was my mother."

"What did you say to him?" asked his mother.

"I said, 'Of course not, my mother is much thinner.'"

I also told her a true story I had heard from a man at lunch about the day he and his wife phoned a woman they knew to ask after her health. The man also asked how her son was getting along in a local college. And for a finish, the story made a pointed commentary on the lives of confused parents these days.

"He's getting along fine," she replied.

"I'd like to talk to him," said the man. "Is he there?"

"No," said the mother rather plaintively, "he's spending the night in his girl friend's apartment."

There was an awkward pause as my man searched for an appropriate comment. But the mother continued, almost to herself, "I wonder if they have enough to eat."

Finally, the story Jack Benny tells. When he was six years old, his father sent some funny thing Jack had said to the OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES editor of the local newspaper. The story was printed, and the paper sent Jack's father a dollar, which he gave to Jack. He still has it.

That story may be apocryphal. That he still has it, is not.

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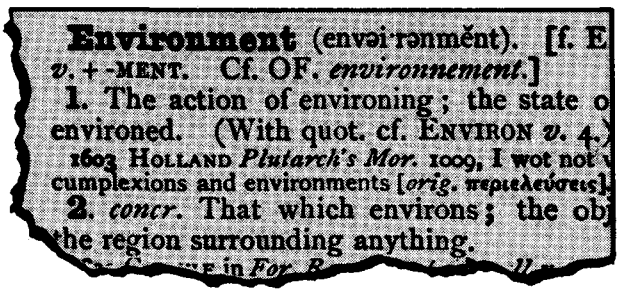

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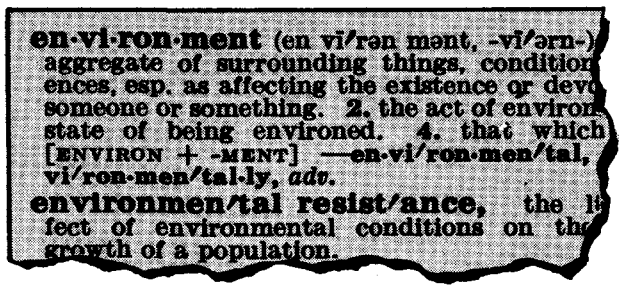
v. + -MENT. Cf. OF. *environnement.*]
1. The action of environing; the state o
environed. (With quot. cf. ENVIRON *v.* 4.)
1603 HOLLAND *Plutarch's Mor.* 1009, I wot not
cumplexions and environments [*orig.* περιελεύσεις].
2. *concr.* That which environs; the ob
the region surrounding anything.
E in *For. R.*

1897 Oxford English Dictionary



en·vi·ron·ment (en vī′rən mənt, -vī′ərn-)
aggregate of surrounding things, condition
ences, esp. as affecting the existence or deve
someone or something. **2.** the act of environ
state of being environed. **4.** that which
[ENVIRON + -MENT] —**en·vi′ron·men′tal,**
vi′ron·men′tal·ly, *adv.*
environmen′tal resist′ance, the
fect of environmental conditions on th
growth of a population.

1969 Random House Dictionary

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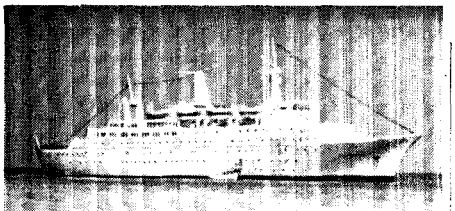

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Review of the Week (from *The New York Times Children's Book Review*):

LEE KINGMAN
THE PETER PAN BAG
In this timely novel, 17-year-old Wendy makes her bid for freedom by joining the hippie world of communal living, crash pads and pot.
Ages 14—up. $3.75

"What," asks Anne Walden of Rego Park, New York, "next?" Who knows, Miss Walden, who knows? But never mind—let's hear it, gang, for Tinker Bell. Anyway, if this weren't enough, Mrs. Audrey Osmer of Denver favored us with a Want Ad from the University of Denver *Clarion*:

WANT TO live with your boyfriend but need respectable address and apartment in case? Call 722-9517. The more the merrier (and cheaper)! Call! Close to campus. **20.**

Twenty *what*, we want to know—men or minutes? In any case, Sinclair Cohen of San Mateo came up with a third communal living note—a TV movie tease in the San Mateo *Times*:

9 PM: "Friendly Persuasion" starring Gary Cooper and Dorothy McGuire. The story of a Quaker family who live in peace and contentment on their land in Indiana until caught.

As if peace weren't bad enough, now they want contentment. Returning to the book field, Jack Byrnes of Chicago located the following in *Book Production Industry*:

Jerry Korn has been appointed editor of *Time-Life* Books. He succeeds Maitland Edey, under whom a total of 161 titles were produced and 30 copies were sold.

Gee, if only they'd reversed it—produced the copies and sold the titles. One thing was certain—it was a big week for our Mispronunciation Derby (pronounced "Darby"). Henry Steele Commager no less, of Amherst College, asks us why we gag at "lugsury" when, he writes, "Everybody from the President up or down says 'Congradulations.' Now," he asks us, "start a campaign to put the 'u' back in 'due.'" Mrs. Norma Jacob of Syracuse suggests we could get our extra "u" from "popular" trees and adds that we could even pick up an extra "h" from "heighth." Meanwhile we "pertikuly" liked, from Dorothy Bechhold of Coral Gables, Florida, "pome," "reconize," and "Dezember," and from Mrs. Donald Frisk of Chicago, "vetinary," "arthuritis," and "Febuary." Jan Mitchell of Citrus Heights, California, asks us please not to forget all the "nucular" physicists with their "adams," while Florence Brobeck of "Noo" York declares she heard in one day, on one TV station, "secetary," "libary," and "Toosday." Tuck Stadler of New York's WINS heard the conductor of his subway call out "Too Hun' Twenny-Fith," and, last but not least, *SR*'s own Richard Tobin begs us not to forget "baskaball." Indeed, "athaletics" in general was far and away the worst offender. In baseball, for example, we ourselves listened to one pitcher's "dool" which had terrific "ketches" not only in right and left "feel" but also in "cenner." Wunnerful game, though. Strictly "Big Lig."

The nonfiction crime book that has created the greatest stir since Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* and that has even been compared to James Gould Cozzens's classic novel *The Just and the Unjust* is a book called *The Great Fall*. It was written by Mildred Savage, the author of two previous novels, *Parrish* and *In Vivo*, and is the story of the murder of a young Connecticut housewife—a crime for which one suspect was tried not once but twice, and which involved, before it was over, just about every angle of justice and jurisprudence now under examination.

We met the author of this extraordinary book, a Connecticut housewife herself, and soon discovered that not the least remarkable thing about her was her method of work. "When I was on my novels," she told us, "and the kids were young, I used to get up at five in the morning." We shuddered. "You can't lie around in bed," she continued brightly, "when your people are talking to you. My husband used to say, 'Can't you say anything but your people are talking to you?' But I couldn't. They were. I found, if I began the day cooking breakfast and fixing lunch boxes for the kids, then I was in a drudging mood for several hours, and it took me a long time to get back to hard-nosed thinking. But at five o'clock on a cold morning, when you're all up anyway, you might just as well do some hard-nosed thinking—and then, after that, the breakfast and the lunch boxes become just a kind of coffee break."

We learned that Mrs. Savage's son, now in the Army, is also about to produce a book—about his Yale room-

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mate, the Olympic swimming champion Don Schollander. "The trouble with the teaching of writing," Mrs. Savage told us, "is that too often it's taught either by non-teachers or non-writers. What I think *can* be taught falls somewhere beyond grammar but short of real creativity. If you can teach a young person to accelerate his pace toward his chance of success, then you've done something—simple things like explaining how he's not the first to feel certain emotions and therefore what's important is what's different about the way he's telling us. Things like, is it clear? What is the forward urge? Why should the reader turn the page? What is he waiting to have happen?"

We got so nervous at this point we could hardly take notes—we could just feel the readers stopping as we lost our forward urge. "And finally," Mrs. Savage continued, "the most important thing of all is, does it say what you want it to?"

We asked Mrs. Savage if her book did. "Yes," she said slowly, "at least it comes closer to satisfying me than anything else I've written. We talk about this polarization thing. There's really no polarization like that involved today with the whole approach to justice. On the one side you've got the law and order people saying you're just going to have chaos—and shoot them. On the other, you've got the lawyers trying to seize on any technicality to get anybody off."

Mrs. Savage paused. "One lawyer told me about someone in his office who had just defended a man who had raped his own daughters—three of them. One was only seven, and another had to go to an institution—and this lawyer was so proud that his office had gotten the man off—on a technicality."

On the other hand, Mrs. Savage pointed out her book starts with a quotation—"A criminal trial is not a game in which the State's function is to outwit and entrap its quarry. The State's pursuit is justice, not a victim."

"It's actually a quotation from Mr. Justice Fortas," Mrs. Savage told us quietly, "but the publishers decided not to use his name."

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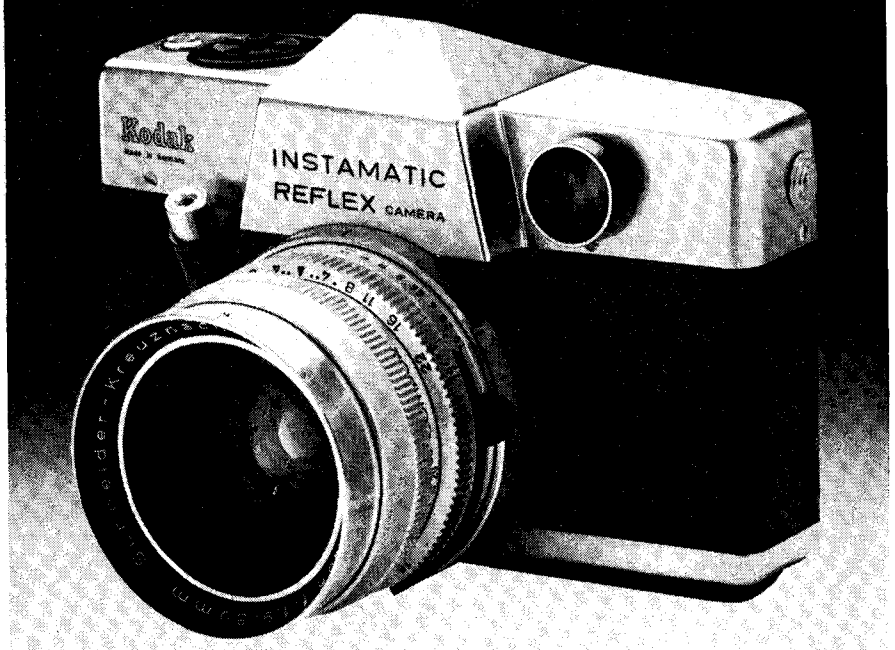

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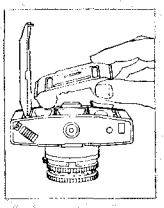

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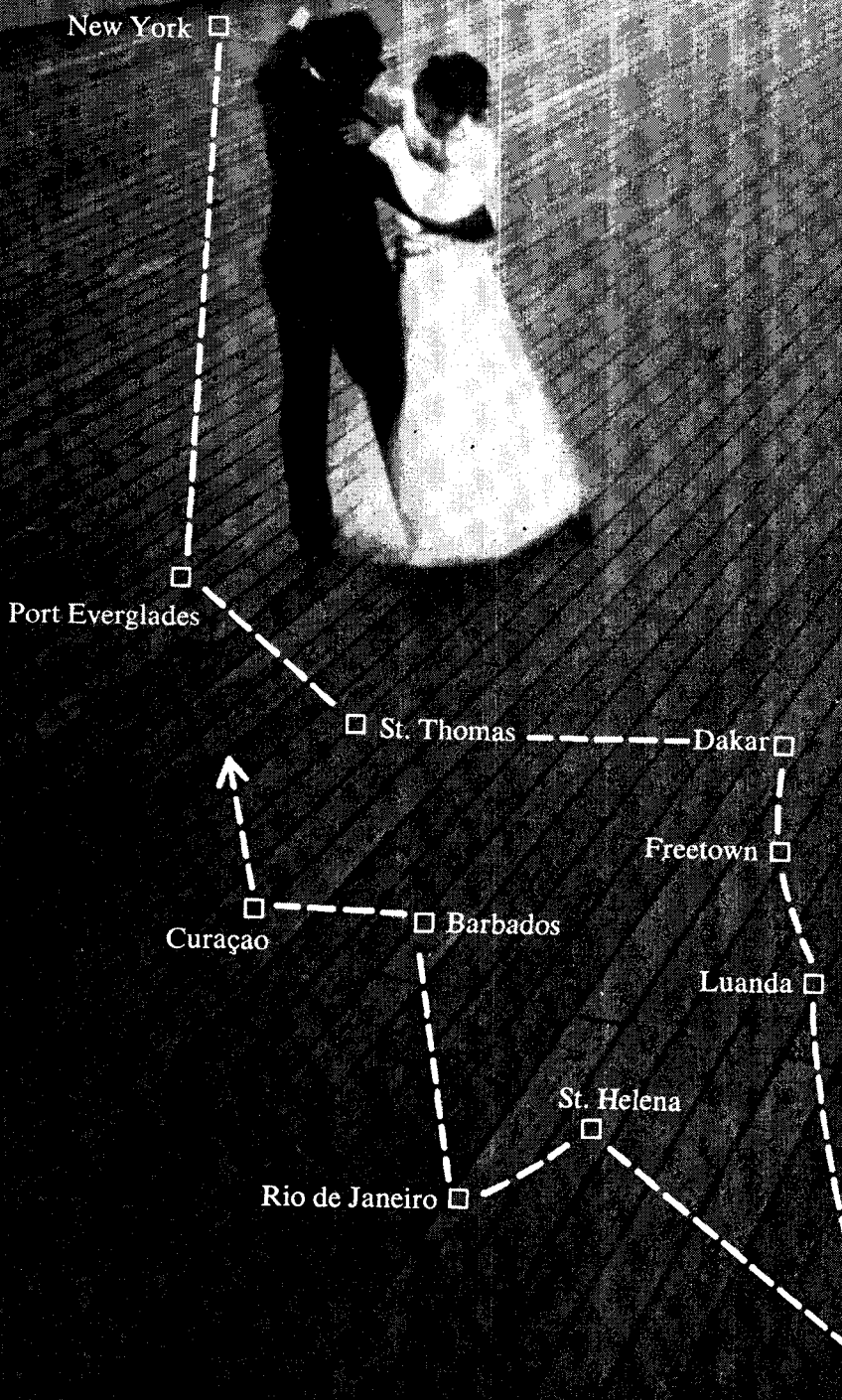

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Saturday Review
June 20, 1970

Turning History Upside Down

A radical Neo-Marxian interpretation of America's past has been educating many of the young to new historical insights and now is poised to infiltrate the textbooks of the Seventies.

by CLIFFORD SOLWAY

Attending a convention of the American Historical Association is not everyone's idea of fun. It smacks suspiciously of one of those bleak nodding-doodling survival contests, painful in any season but plain punishment at Christmastime in Washington when even Congress has the sense to get out of town.

But there was nothing stupefying about last December's academic affair. It turned out to be a riveting occasion, the setting, in fact, for some quite curious hints at the character of the American 1970s, a projection still well beyond the range of the tunnel-visioned, poster-fixated news media. The few newsmen present missed all the excitement, of course; they went rushing off to witness the resurrection of poor Walt Rostow at a meeting on the nation's less-than-triumphant Far East policy presided over by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., perhaps the dullest, least pertinent exercise of the entire convention, certainly where the action wasn't.

The excitement also passed over the heads of the majority of professional historians present. These were the gentlemen at whom C. Vann Woodward of Yale aimed his sharpest shafts in a shrewd presidential address pinpointing the "antihistory animus" of the times and the diminished esteem for the craft within the intellectual community; immediatism, existentialism, the historian's own obsolete pretensions as mediator between the arts and science all helped create the mood, but mainly it was the product itself, history as written, those romantic entertainments of the book clubs, "bland, banal, or Philistine . . . morally obtuse, esthetically archaic, intellectually insipid," that has accounted for a modern aversion to the discipline. Naturally, the Philistines ignored the message and cluttered the endless corridors of the Sheraton-Park, telling each other what a waste of time it all was; "these days have been energetic all right," one would hear, "but beyond the pure joy of seeing old friends, I don't know if anything's happened."

Well, something *was* happening. In plain words, this annual gathering of 7,000 college professors and graduate students served notice that a radical Neo-Marxian explanation of American history and foreign policy is now an important fact of American life, that the process of legitimizing and domesticating it within a native historical tradition is already well advanced, and that it is winning the support of many of the educated young and conditioning their view of the society and its politics. This is, just on its face, an extraordinary development. For one thing, it means that a Marxian social critique feels anything but alien to today's young; it fits their picture of the here-and-now world out there better than any other approach. The crude, ponderous, forced application of Stalinism to the America of the 1930s has no parallel here; *this* radical analysis, we are told, is home-grown and springs directly out of the nation's horrifying predicaments of the 1960s.

To set the record straight and before J. Edgar Hoover presses some sort of button, this does not mean that the American Historical Association was "captured" by Maoists, Cuban guerillas, or the SDS. Far from it. Radical historians failed in their attempt to elect one of their own as this year's president, or even to pass their particular antiwar resolution. They did not fail, however, to infuse the proceedings with what historians refer to as "present-mindedness," the projection of the present into the past. It penetrated paper after paper, historical analogies popping up like the morning toast in every epoch discussed. It set off a bitter name-calling debate between the radicals and their No. 1 enemy, the consensus (or end-of-ideology) school, history's liberal Establishment. Present-mindedness succeeded, ironically, in bringing out radical history's own intellectual trappings and contemporary rationale, precisely the elements missing in those televised moments of high activism we call confrontation. Now, finally, it was right up front, visible to all those who were dutifully attentive to the historiographic context of the unseemly shouting.

Consensus history, the target of most of the invective, is a way of describing the American past that conveys unmistakable resonances of the 1950s, the period when it came to the fore. The success of the national experiment in democracy is due, in this version, to an Eisenhowerian spirit of compromise

CLIFFORD SOLWAY is a free-lance writer specializing in politics and the humanities.

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that imbues the American character from the Founding Fathers on; Americans, it seems, prefer a horse-trade to a fight. Conflict is peripheral to dyed-in-the-wool acquisitiveness; the natives feel a profound distaste for ideological dispute. According to Louis Hartz's 1955 exposition of the thesis, *The Liberal Tradition in America*, this is because they are "born equal" into a post-feudal society in which there is no class distinction and, therefore, nothing really to argue about. Free of Europe's hang-ups, Americans broadly agree on social goals, enjoy a climate of opinion "huddled around the Lockean center" (to use Richard Hofstadter's tidy phrase), and bask in a consensus that is "liberal" and largely unopposed.

The consensus school includes in its ranks some of academia's most prominent personalities: Schlesinger, Eric Goldman, Oscar Handlin, Daniel Boorstin, to name a few. Several found a superior niche in the infrastructure of recent Democratic administrations. Inured to *Realpolitik*, proud of their realism in coping with past and present, they exude (as far as radicals are concerned) an Establishment's perfect certainty about how things were, are, and should be, not to mention a galling complacency about the "objectivity" of their own account of recent events.

In spite of a shiny scientific veneer (in the 1950s, history developed improved methods of gathering data—one historian, Forrest McDonald, calls the phenomenon a "factual explosion"—and appropriated the analytical tools of statistics and sociology in particular), consensus history has been buffeted by serious criticism that has left it more or less in shreds. The assault began in 1962 with John Higham's stinging attack "Beyond Consensus: The Historian as Moral Critic," published in the *American Historical Review*. It may have ended when Richard Hofstadter conceded, in his 1968 book *The Progressive Historians*, that among the chapters of the past the consensus thesis failed to make sense out of were the Revolution, the Civil War, and, indeed, American society, which, he found, was "saturated" with conflict—social, ethnic, and religious.

The consensus school, however, is still entrenched within the profession, probably because it celebrates, in Woodward's phrase, what is appealing or virtuous in the American experience and glosses over the seamy side. But its complicity in the gaffs of recent foreign policy, from the Bay of Pigs to Vietnam, makes it a choice target. And its rather lofty contempt for "committed" history, the kind in which the past is enlisted in the service of the present, merely provokes radicals to holler hypocrisy. Indeed, the force and temper of the radical offensive at the AHA meeting said something profound about the sheer impact of institutional put-down in the academic world. Radical invective pelted audiences like so much fallout from a long series of scholarly slights: jobs lost, grants withheld, revisions scorned, politics rebuffed.

The radical assault reached its climax on the last afternoon with a remarkable presentation by Jesse Lemisch of Roosevelt University. Lemisch, the dissenters' signal-caller, subtitled his paper "Anti-radicalism as a Goal of American Historical Writing Since World War II." It was a plea for recognition that spelled out the mounting indictment against consensus history: By now no more than an apology for the system, the consensus viewpoint was riddled with present-mindedness (the very thing radicals were accused of), and was trapped by its own profitless cold war assumptions; it was a mere last hurrah for the status quo, for failed institutions, and for archetypal national character that expressed the debased values of the market place. The consensus vision, in other words, was worse than a distortion of reality; it was, in the context of the times, a lie.

There was something hauntingly familiar about these intramural proceedings in Washington. Looking on, a contemplative nonprofessional, given to drawing bright, ironic, and perhaps tentative analogies on his own, might have recalled that startling spectacle, the Goldwater convention of 1964—clearly one of the key political events of the decade—which domesticated a blinking, frustrated fringe Right inside the Republican Party by feeding its passions and resentments into the political mainstream. It also humiliated Nelson Rockefeller and the traditional liberal wing, launched the party's rightward lurch, and prepared the moment for the return of Richard Nixon, whose first act was to hatch Spiro T. Agnew, the politician most in tune with the times.

Libraries of unreadable books attest to the deceptiveness of historical analogy. But this academic conclave managed to convey the uncanny sense that it also was some kind of a signal, now on the Left. No doubt the feeling was helped along by the very nature of an occasion that dealt with dominant historical forces and burrowed deep (so to speak) into the substratum of winning politics; one could almost feel Jim Farley and Everett Dirksen standing overhead, taking soundings. And there was the unmistakable way it all played, as the Menopause of a Movement with Intimations of a New Order, a spent ideology being belted around by a hip new action-philosophy.

Still, the signal came through, ringing and authentic. It announced the surfacing of a much-put-upon counter-tradition in American historiography, finally and at long last both timely and appropriate. This counter-tradition consists of a Marxian analysis of the contradictions of American society contained within a native, utopian idealism. It is an approach that establishes radical goals for America; young people in the educated middle class buy

"I'm lonely. What we need is a population explosion."

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it, believe it, and to some extent act on it, because it seems to lend some sense to their lives. And the radical offensive at the AHA convention was no less than a sustained, vehement brief on its behalf.

The new currency and appeal of this counter-tradition rest on two of its critical insights. It assumes the success of the welfare-liberal (or, as radicals have it, corporate-liberal) state, on the state's own terms. The present system has largely achieved its goals—an institutionalized middle-class way of life tied securely to continuous economic growth, guaranteeing the permanent well-being of its upwardly mobile citizens with plenty of leisure built in. Millions of people enjoy this life, the rest aspire to it. The westward tilt celebrates the fact; the reward that glitters most is euphoric California, that ultramontane, frondy Disneyland of the mind.

But this triumph of the system, which much of American history has conspired to arrange, involves two contradictions that limit and impugn it drastically. First, it is based on exploitation—the sweat of blacks, the faceless poor, floaters, losers, and, finally, the world's helpless, underfed billions, all of them beyond its beneficence. Second, it is a hollow success, cheapened, overcommercialized, consumerized, tranquilized (if not by drugs and alcohol, then by spectator sports and television), a life finally made pointless because its price is the social impotency of the individual who is blackmailed into a condition of pliant affluence and permitted no say in the decisions that affect his very existence.

The counter-tradition claims to pinpoint both contradictions. On the one hand, classic Marxism and Lenin's Theory of Imperialism isolate the exploitative base of the system; America underwrites middle-class prosperity by keeping an informal empire in economic subjugation, policed by corporate *Realpolitik* and military hardware, its raison d'être being control of the world's raw materials and a protected market for the corporate industrial machine's huge surpluses. On the other hand, a native utopianism disqualifies middle-class success as the ultimate reward for being American, spells out its squalid, consumer-oriented vacuity, and offers a dazzling new version of the good life.

Radical history is not, therefore, something put together in protest against the Vietnam War. It is actually the latest expression of a hybrid tradition of dissent within American historiography: Progressive idealism infused with Marx. At the AHA convention, it surfaced in the name of historical revision to dispute the going version of the Great American Success Story (the legend of invincibility that, as C. Vann Woodward puts it, tends to make Americans think they are somehow immune from the forces of history) and to put forward the claims of *another version, one closer to a reality now* featuring Watts, Newark, and Mylai.

"This is not a working lighthouse. This is a recording. . . ."

Revisions are, of course, cyclical; history, if it is to make *any* sense at all, has to make contemporary sense. Alert, uncommitted historians rather enjoy revision—there is a nice creative tension about the play of opposites that jazzes up their own work and makes the whole field more interesting by advancing the mother-lode synthesis. But the point of the radical revision, so its intimations run, is not academic fun and games; it is literally apocalyptic: the re-education of America to make it see both past and future in a very different way, as expressions of a redeeming New Reality demanding to be realized. The point of the future is to make it happen.

Like Virginia Slims, history's counter-tradition has come a long, long way. Its roots are deep in Progressivism, a turn-of-the-century Weltanschauung devoted to ameliorating the more brutalizing side-effects of a raw, burgeoning capitalism. As a social force, the Progressive movement of the 1900s left a permanent mark on the nation's natural leaders. As an intellectual frame through which to view the past, however, it separates contemporary historians the way pot separates the generations. To get a grip on it requires some agonizing mental gymnastics, especially for adults who felt the effects, one way or another, of the Great Depression; they almost have to climb out of their skins. (Radicals call this "transcending the self," and lay it down as the minimum requirement for absorbing the counter-tradition.)

The trick is to see recent history in a perspective *not* formed by the New Deal, by FDR's fireside rhetoric and Eleanor's running shoes. The trademark of the locked-in, or knee-jerk, liberal is precisely his (sometimes comic) inability to do so; try as he may, he cannot disengage his mind and emotions from the trauma of the 1930s, and from an almost personal identification with the father figure. His thought processes are as inflexible as a Marine drill; all things flow from that inaugural exhortation about freedom from

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Collecting for Clio

Bored with a noble forehead, fame suddenly may swing its spotlight to an ugly chin or clay feet.

by THOMAS B. ADAMS

History is a powerful force in the shaping of human actions, and those who write it have responsibility. That they may discharge their trust honorably depends first on the truth of their sources. Only very great libraries of manuscripts and rare books can provide these sources and the means to investigate them; thus to discover truth out of the past and use it as a means to design an acceptable future.

The great research library is the laboratory of thought. From it develop such diverse products as the foreign policy of the United States, the Gettysburg Address, "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," and the play *John and Abigail*. The library is the necessity of civilization. All the trappings of Babylon, of Rome, Athens, or New York will not suffice against the barbarous in nature. Behind the culture that is seen must live the invisible culture of the mind. It thrives in the library of ultimate resource.

Thought must be tested. New evidence keeps turning up; perspectives keep changing. Rebels become patriots, and patriots in their turn have to deal with rebels. Heroes crumble to dust; the obscure become famous. But fame refuses to stand still. It points its spotlight unexpectedly, flashes it or dims it in unpredictable ways, and, bored with a noble forehead, may suddenly reveal an ugly chin or clay feet.

Consider the case of Paul Revere. He definitely was not one of the "better sort." For at least fifty years after the American Revolution chroniclers got no closer to him than notes about what the British troops were up to, such as "The utmost precautions could not prevent intelligence of these movements being transmitted to the country militia." Or the bare statement that "a report reached the neighboring towns very early." Fortunately for Revere, and for us, too, who have enjoyed his acquaintance these many years, he was known to Jeremy Belknap, one of those singular beings to whom posterity always owes so much, a passionate and discriminating collector.

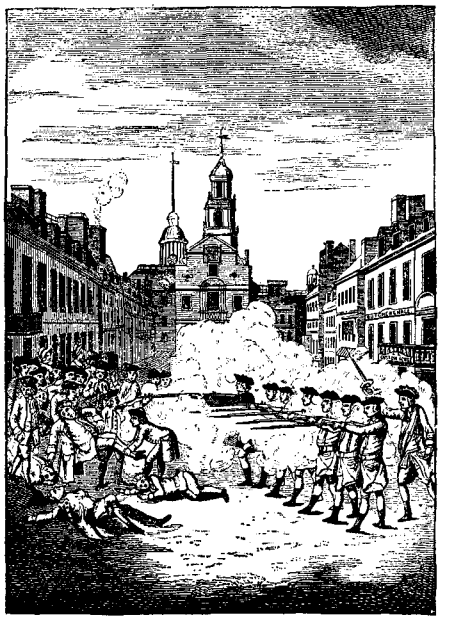
A hawk-nosed and hawk-eyed minister of the Congregational gospel, Belknap had founded the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1791. His precepts, laid down at that founding, have guided his society ever since: "There is nothing like having a *good repository*, and keeping a *good look-out*, not waiting at home for things to fall into the lap, but prowling about like a wolf for the prey" and "We intend to be an active, not a passive literary body; not to lie waiting, like a bed of oysters, for the tide (of communication) to flow in upon us, but to *seek* and *find*, to *preserve* and *communicate* literary intelligence, especially in the historical way."

The devoted Jeremy, using what means we do not know but can imagine—notes, personal calls, threats, and cajolery—succeeded in getting a manuscript out of his friend Revere:

> Dear Sir, Having a little leasure, I wish to fulfill my promise, of giving you some facts, and Anecdotes, prior to the battle of Lexington, which I do not remember to have seen in any history of the American Revolution. . . .

Indeed Revere had not seen them there. The Battle of Lexington, for reasons thoroughly understood by Sam Adams, had needed to be described as the deliberate murder of peaceful citizens by a regiment of bloodthirsty executioners of the will of a cruel tyrant. "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" Sam Adams had exclaimed as he heard the crash of musketry on Lexington Green. As at the notorious Boston Massacre (as engraved by Paul Revere), the Redcoats had fired first on the citizens, who, martyred, fell or fled, unresisting.

But now it was 1798. The Revolution was won. Who did what on Lexington Green could be safely discussed—even such testimony as Revere's: "I saw and heard a gun fired, which appeared to be a pistol. Then I could distinguish two guns, and then a continual roar of musketry." Belknap, interested in Revere's "facts" and "Anecdotes," printed them in the "Collections" of his new society. There they lay, to be noticed or to be ignored, by poets or historians or journalists.



—Engravings by Paul Revere, from Culver

Boston Massacre—Who fired first?

In fact, they were ignored for a very long time. Not till 1824, when Samuel Hoar, welcoming the Marquis de Lafayette, celebrated Concord as the firing place of the shot Emerson still later was to apostrophize as heard round the world, did Lexington wake up to the dangers of passive resistance. Some Lexington survivors of that famous day then remembered that they had fired on the British, and one of them mentioned Paul Revere. George Bancroft included the whole story in a volume of his great *History of the United States* that came out in 1858, giving equal play to Revere and his companion on horseback, Dawes. Then Longfellow abruptly made Revere immortal in 1863.

But not till 1960 did Revere's descendants give to the Massachusetts Historical Society a draft of a deposition Revere had made in the very year of the great happening. This deposition, probaby because it did not serve the purpose of proving that the British fired first at Lexington, lay long forgotten. It seems almost to indicate the contrary. The edited and retrospective story Belknap printed in that long-ago issue of the "Collections" seems pallid by comparison with this original hot-in-memory account that graphically tells one of the most revealing episodes of that epochal evening:

"God damn you! Stop! If you go an inch farther you are a dead man."

These words—they happen to have been spoken to, or shouted at, Paul Revere—express as well as any in history the meaning of imperial power and what it takes to resist it. They

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THOMAS B. ADAMS is president of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

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were backed up by four loaded pistols pointed at Paul's head. Revere did stop. But not for long. And so the rebel became patriot. His latent murderers have disappeared into the obscurity of historical mistakes. We, who have since had some experience that way ourselves, can view them at least sympathetically: soldiers caught up in a useless struggle to maintain an unwanted past.

All pasts have forward effects. Let the Old Testament bear witness. American history, too, has stamped its heroes with a characteristic style. The postures change, but the style remains. It is simple. If you will, childlike. Talleyrand sneered at it. But it endures in its simplicity, like the Norman arch. Washington began it.

Among the items chosen by the Society to illustrate its collections is an arresting document in the hand of the father of his country. The Newburgh Address is unique. No man in American history could so easily have become a dictator. No man ever set his face more firmly against the totalitarian view than did Washington in this great address. He found it necessary to deliver it to his officers, long unpaid, to persuade them to disregard the seditious efforts of certain enemies of liberty who were urging a military takeover of the government of the United States.

The content is important. It was successful. But style is our immediate concern. The address begins "I was among the first who embarked in the cause of our common country" and ends "you will, by the dignity of your conduct, afford occasion for Posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind, 'had this day been wanting, the World had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining.'" Washington's soldiers were caught up in the great style that has echoed down the years—"four score and seven years ago," "a day that will live in infamy," and, most recently, passages of John Kennedy's inaugural address. How different from the "*Veni*" of Caesar, the "Soldiers, I" of Napoleon!

Yet Washington's right-hand man was Alexander Hamilton. It is curious to turn from the Newburgh Address to one of the last letters written by Hamilton in which he refers to "Our real disease; which is Democracy." The highly principled John Adams, who had some strong reasons for disliking Hamilton, relieved his feelings by referring to him as the "bastard son of a Scotch Peddlar." Washington somehow made these two, and others as far apart, pull together and make the new government work.

If history were a simple affair of heroes and villains, precise theories would have been devised long since. Why precision is so difficult is made evident by a glance at the immense documentation in the Society that is available to the student of race relations.

Among the first American abolitionist publications was *The Selling of Joseph*, written by Samuel Sewell in 1700. This remarkable man also kept a diary that gives deep insight into the mind and life of Puritan New England. Not only could he plead for slaves, but he could be all wrong about witches and, though a rich merchant, unlike Cotton Mather, recognize his mistake and publicly abase himself.

Thomas Jefferson was no less perplexed. In his handwriting we can read a draft of his Declaration of Independence, with its noble preamble, and from his "Notes on the State of Virginia" such passages as "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions." And "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just."

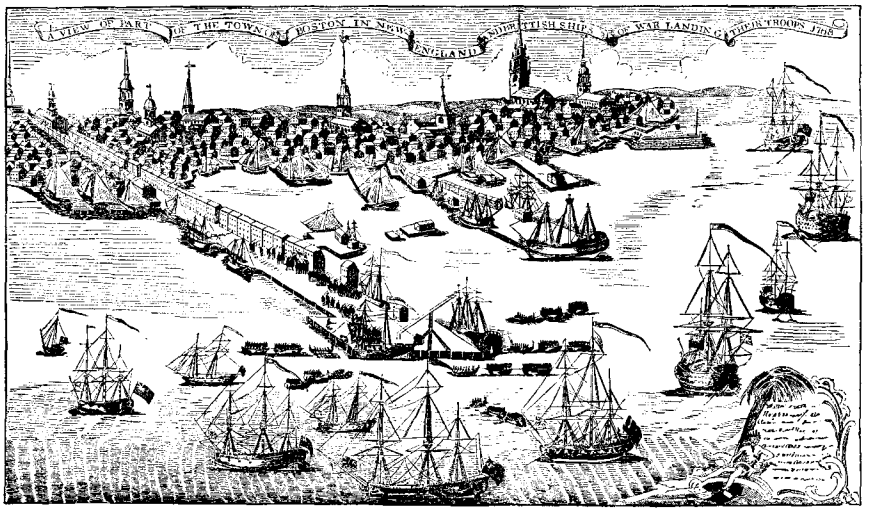
John Brown had no doubts. In his mind he was the very personification of the justice of God. He could await execution, calmly confident that his death "will do vastly more to advance the cause (I have earnestly endeavored to promote) than all I have done *in my life*."

And Harriet Beecher Stowe testifies, "Today, I have taken my pen from the last chapter of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I feel as if I had written some of it almost with my heart's blood. I look upon it almost as a despairing appeal to civilized humanity."

The development of the American conscience is no simple matter. Long before John Brown and Harriet Stowe, the humanitarian Roger Williams was writing *A Key into the Language of America* and John Eliot was laboring to save the souls of the Indians by translating the Bible. At the same time John Winthrop, a truly devout, practical, and conscientious Puritan, was explaining the necessity of savagely murdering quite a lot of them in *A declaration of former passages and proceedings between the English and the Narrowgansets*. A pathetic footnote is added by a beautiful sketchbook, in vivid colors, made by Indian prisoners at St. Augustine, Florida, in 1877. And the old war of conscience is carried into the present by such items as letters from Theodore Roosevelt applauding Senator George F. Hoar for his attack on the American Protestant Association and from John Galsworthy to Ellery Sedgwick on the Sacco-Vanzetti case: "There isn't evidence enough here to hang a hedgehog in this country."

The documents available to thinkers in the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society are indeed the materials for building more stately mansions. The society's published volumes, beginning in 1791, now exceed 200 and include its "Collections" and "Proceedings" and such diverse pieces as William Bradford's "Of Plimoth Plantation" and *The Education of Henry Adams*. There are already five volumes of Winthrop Papers and thirteen of Adams, with countless more projected. To these add Saltonstall and Paine. And beyond the letterpress editions are innumerable booklets, photostats, and microfilms.

Of all libraries, the research library is the most important because it disseminates the record of the folly as well as the wisdom of the past. The life of the great democracy depends upon its services. The Society's highest award is the John F. Kennedy Medal. On it are engraved his words: "Liberty without learning is always in peril and learning without liberty is always in vain."



Boston, 1768—"New evidence keeps turning up; perspectives keep changing."

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Needed: A New Dream

For more than two hundred years, the sense of a Promised Land has imparted a glow to the whole of American history and served as a charmed magnet for the rest of the world. Despite all its ordeals, errors, and flaws, the United States has never lost this enchantment, nor have the world's peoples ever ceased to regard us with wonder and envy. For America is a country that has readily lent itself to dreams. It has offered the promise of growth, space, mobility, confidence, recognizable paths to glory, and liberation from ancestral rigidities. An individual might be overwhelmed by the size and magnificence of America, but he has always known, somehow, he would not be lost.

In country after country, the pursuit of a workable national design has had its inspiration in the American dream. Even in the Soviet Union, the attempt to catch up with or surpass the United States in industrial and agricultural production has long been a national obsession. Throughout the world, most of the yardsticks for measuring progress and well-being in the world are notched with American units. What is the per capita income? What is the per capita production? What is the per capita food consumption? What is the average life expectancy? How many automobiles, television sets, refrigerators, pianos, electric hair curlers, electronic computers?

But the dream is dated. For nothing would be more dangerous today to the human future than if the American standard were to be achieved in country after country. Consider what would happen if the present level of American industrialization, electrification, transportation, and consumption were extended to the rest of the world. A tidal wave of prosperity would sweep across the globe, but within a very few years the Earth would become uninhabitable. For it is not just affluence but the things that go with it that must be taken into account. If the American way of life were to be universalized, the world's atmosphere would have to sustain 200 times more sulphur dioxide and sulphur trioxide than it does now, 750 times more carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, and benzopyrene, 10,000 times more asbestos. The streams, lakes, and oceans would be burdened with 175 times more chemical poisons. The Earth's forest areas would be reduced by two-thirds. Thirty million acres would be taken out of cultivation each year to make way for spreading cities and highways.

The total result would be the onset of another Ice Age. For the massive increase of smoke and dust in the air would diminish sunlight and produce a significant lowering of the Earth's temperature. Even without respect to the cooling off of the Earth, an even greater danger would be the depletion of the world's oxygen supply caused by the chemical poisoning of the oceans and the consequent impairment of the process of photosynthesis.

What gives grim point to all this is that most of the world's nations, not excluding the Soviet Union and Communist China, are now resolutely bent on a program of intensive and massive industrialization as the best means of serving their peoples. Thus, whether with respect to the United States or other governments, there is little sense of global responsibility, little awareness of the need for planetary planning or of the fact that the most important questions and problems of our time are world-wide in scope, requiring a world philosophy to deal with them.

For years many Americans had no hesitation in prescribing their way of life as a comprehensive remedy for the ills of mankind. Terms such as "the American Century" or "the American Mission" reflected their conviction that we had created a design for living within the reach of all men who were ready to accept our institutions, and who were bold and ingenious enough to apply them. But now we must confront the stark fact that this design is contrary to the human interest.

The implications will of course be viewed differently by different people. Some Americans may find it difficult to adjust to the realization that the American dream no longer fits the generality of men. Some of them may feel that a freeze ought to be imposed on further development elsewhere, now that the adverse consequences of a high degree of industrialization are measurable in global terms. Other Americans, however, will recognize that the most useful thing we can do right now is not to try to shut everyone else off from the largesse we have enjoyed, but to bring our dominant energies to bear on the need to bring life into balance in our own land. What is required are not only new methods and programs for preventing and controlling pollution, but new ideas and values directed to a future made safe for man. In such a future, the good life would be measured more in terms of an improvement in human relationships than in any increase of the gross national product. Satisfactions would be reckoned more in terms of the full creative and moral development of the individual than in the pleasures made possible by generating vast quantities of electric power. There would be genuine joy in being able to draw a deep breath of clean air, scoop up a handful of rich loam, or put one's mouth to a cool brook. The restoration of the natural environment and the discovery of how to live at peace with it would become a national purpose. It is possible that the rest of the world would find this new purpose even more compelling and worthy of emulation than the present one.

Maybe this is what our young people are trying to tell us. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Welfare and Priorities

JOSEPH C. WILSON'S guest editorial "Welfare and Pragmatism" misses the point made distinctly clear by Richard M. Elman in "If You Were on Welfare" [*SR*, May 23] ("The trouble with celebrating the fact that we may now be prepared to give an entitlement of $1,600 a year to every poor family is that it allows us to evade once again the question of what the good life should be."). Obviously, it is immoral and unjust to endorse President Nixon's Family Assistance Plan simply because one agrees with it in principle when it is admittedly not viable in its present form. Certainly, Mr. Wilson doesn't follow this policy when marketing products for the Xerox Corporation.

Also, it was interesting to see the comprehensive approach that Mr. Wilson took in developing what may well be a good picture of the true costs of poverty. Unfortunately, neither he nor any of the contributing authors to *SR*'s special section "Welfare: Time for Reform" focused on what has by now become a very overworked and tired, but nonetheless accurate, thesis: the relationship between military spending and all of the socio-economic ills besetting this nation, the West, and the world. The world has thrown away *$1-trillion in the last six years [on military spending]*; the United States alone has "invested" this much since the end of World War II.

I can see Joseph C. Wilson now, giving the peace sign to Thomas J. Watson, Jr. Right on!

FRED EIBELL,
Collingswood, N.J.

BREAKING LOOSE from the "poverty trap" will never be accomplished by supporting excessive and irresponsible human reproduction through increased grants of money. The proposed programs are designed to support a continuation of the poverty trap by granting funds, when, as a matter of fact, the need is to help birth rate groups, families, and individuals to understand that they create their own poverty by excessive human reproduction. This understanding can be accomplished by massive and continuous radio and television programs designed to make clear the consequences of excessive human reproduction, and to provide information on how to use and where to get contraceptive materials. If a program of this kind were carried on over a period of years, millions of Americans—black and white—now doomed forever to the poverty trap would be able, through their own efforts, to become self-supporting and proud human beings.

REX M. JOHNSON,
Springfield, O.

The Facts and Cambodia

AS A graduate student in Southeast Asian studies, I was deeply impressed by N. C.'s editorial "Cambodia" [*SR*, May 16]. At a time when emotion has come to dominate reason, his literate discussion of some of the facts of our involvement in Southeast Asia was a worthy contribution.

Attorney General Mitchell has complained that many of the people opposed to the war are "abysmally ignorant" of the facts. Unfortunately, their ignorance is at least partially due to the present administration's distortion of these facts.

A democratic form of government is dependent upon a literate and informed citizenry. It is not dependent upon a citizenry that blindly follows its leaders without question. The point is that the President and the people must work together. But when one or the other is deprived of the information necessary to make intelligent decisions, the system breaks down.

MRS. ANN W. WANG,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Voice of the People

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON in "A Listening Ear" [TV-RADIO, May 30] "proved" that the communications media are open in this country for dissident elements. He cited the CBS special *Campus in Crisis: Three College Presidents Speak* and the dramatic *(?)* way in which their request for network time was immediately acted upon by CBS.

Well, bravo—and it *was* a good program. But it didn't prove a thing about the possibility of dissident *people's* gaining a respectful hearing. Three prestigious college presidents are not likely to be turned down on anything. Three prestigious college presidents are not likely to play by anything but the carefully contrived rules. Three prestigious college presidents are *not*—repeat *not*—college students themselves, nor middle Americans, nor workers, nor mothers, nor anything else real that has to take the slams and bangs of our national priorities.

My big objection is: When the high schools are investigated, we send a college president to interview high school principals. When the views of college students require some attention, we ask college presidents. When the Army's policies in Vietnam are questioned, we interview commanders or Wall Street bankers elevated to Cabinet rank.

When the networks—or the magazines—open their facilities to ordinary people who have only to prove in advance that they are reasonably intelligent and self-controlled, the nation may learn what is going on during these pre-revolutionary days.

MRS. DOROTHY SAMUEL,
Baltimore, Md.

Bahr on Hemingway

IN COMMENTING on my novel *Holes in the Wall* [TRADE WINDS, May 30], Jerome Beatty said I was the only writer for whom Hemingway ever wrote a preface. Actually, I am the only American fiction writer to have this honor. He also wrote a preface for Elio Vittorini's *In Sicily*, as well as introductions for several nonfiction works.

As for my stating in Hemingway's presence that Faulkner was the greatest living American writer, I said it as an answer to what I considered a foolish question asked by another guest. What I should have said, perhaps, was, "If nineteenth-century Russia could have Tolstoy and Dostoevsky at the same time, certainly twentieth-century America is big enough for Faulkner and Hemingway."

JEROME BAHR,
Alexandria, Va.

'Hello, is this the sanitation commissioner? Well, one of your new trucks has just started collecting garbage on our block, and it's much quieter than those infernal noise-makers you used to have that kept us up half the night. You can hardly hear the new ones. Hang on while I hold the phone out the window so you can listen, too. . . ."

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

A May Diary

A THREE-DAY drizzle and mist with only an hour or two of sun between clouds has made a tropic of the yard. There never was such green. Or if there always was, we forget it our winter through and need the fact of it to remind us, finding gratefully again that the fact is itself unbelievable. The ground in the flower beds is a conflagration of woody and mossy rot. Put a finger into it and a baby will take root. Nothing can *not* grow in such weather.

What was it Frost said in "Home Burial"?

> Three foggy mornings and one rainy day
> Will rot the best birch fence a man can build.

Rot weather is growing weather.

The first green this year was the lawn. The boys set the blades too low on the tractor-mower and scalped the grass where it now shows brown, but in such weather as this three days is already more than an inch of growth and the scalped places are healing. I put in 150 pounds of grass seed to thicken it and endless sacks of turf builder to boost it, plus a crick in the back to make it mine. I traveled last spring and had to neglect it, but it's coming back. Another boost next year should bring it around if it doesn't summer-burn.

Everything else is overdoing joyously. The flowering trees are past. I finally had time with my wild apple tree. The tree is round and spreads sidewise at the base in a tropical-looking gnarl and makes a tent twenty feet high and thirty-five feet across. There's a place where you can duck inside it, and when it's in flower you can sit on the gnarl of the lower limbs with your feet on the ground and be in the father of all flower shows. For the last three years I had to be away when the tree was at its best, but this year I could stay home, and I had it all, including the blisters I got pulling out Virginia creeper to give the buds full sun in which to open.

The elm, too, has come through. With what I've paid for sprays and tending, I am ready to claim that tree as a tax dependent. Who could deny that the nation is richer for it—for as long as I can keep it alive? So far it has had only its dormant spray, but the leaves have come glossy and full with only one here and there eaten lacy by the leaf borers.

The first limb takes off from the trunk just at the window of my third floor landing, which is on the way to the study. I stopped there today to look at it, and there was a squirrel hunched in the curve of that first limb chewing at a moldy looking acorn. Its tail was wet and looked like a small-scale peacock feather daubed with mud and then run backwards through a piece of pipe—a sad excuse for any Bushy Tail—but the squirrel didn't seem to mind, and the nut must have tasted better than it looked, for the squirrel chomped it down, gave a swish of its bedraggled tail, and disappeared into green in a single leap.

I couldn't stand the study, puttered, gave it up, and went outside to mess a bit with the tomato plants that didn't need messing with. I only wanted to be out in the green mist. It's azalea time out there in huge red splashes. We'll have peonies in three days—perhaps even in one if the sun comes out full. With or without sun there will be roses tomorrow.

Only the rhododendrons are skimpy. Knowing friends tell me it's because they are under the elm, which sets up an alkaline condition. I must give them an acid treatment for a quick boost and cottonseed mash for the long run. By next year, I'll know if it works.

Nothing bothers the mountain laurel. Under elm, pine, spruce, hemlock, rotting old apple tree, dogwood, or red maple it comes on full, ready to open in a week.

The tomatoes are an experiment. I may yet put in a vegetable garden some year, but I haven't yet. I want to see if I can make ornamental bushes of these by keeping them wired. They can be attractive plants when gardeners don't let them draggle and get dusty.

I was late in getting in seed for the annuals, but they should be popping through in another few days and ready to transplant soon after that.

A week ago the fern was no more than fiddlehead sprouts among the lilies-of-the-valley. Now it's a green comber rolling out of the hemlocks, and the lilies-of-the-valley are drowned in it, though I can part the wave and find the white bells sparkling under it on a green reef.

Every green is another color. I look up at the spruces, and they are fifty-foot green waterfalls, the light green of the new growth like spray on the dark shaft of the fall.

I should have come back to the study earlier, but Dippy began yapping and begging in the garage with his eye on the Frisbee. Dippy is German shepherd and decided three years ago when the boys and I were tossing a Frisbee on the lawn that only he had the right to snatch the thing out of the air. I was without a fingernail for three months after I made the mistake of reaching for it just as he leaped. Since then his right has been unquestioned. We have it down to a routine now. He sits in front of me as I hold the Frisbee, circles behind me on signal, and goes sprinting off across the lawn while I flip the thing just over his head. If the throw is right, he will lunge like a tarpon four feet into the air, twist, and come down with the thing in his mouth.

On wet days his claws tear the grass when he leaps, and all four paws tear it when he comes down. The last thing on such days, therefore, is to replace the divots. At that they are not as bad as the rips Benn made when he decided to practice-drive the VW on the lawn, blast him. But let the divots fly and energy tear. So long as there is green enough everything can be put back.

I wait for Dippy to bring back the Frisbee—he has to worry it a while first—and I watch the green explode. No, you can't see it all at once. But you can see it from last week, and, so seen, it is nothing less than an explosion. I could prune for weeks and the place would still be a tangle. Let it tangle—within reason, to be sure, but let it tangle. Whatever tangle will let it grow without choking is within reason.

I'm glad of that crick in the back, and of the blisters I've had of it. It was the former owner who put in these plantings and loved them up to this riot of green. It's the blisters and the cricks that will finally, really make it mine.

May every man inherit green and then—if only partly—earn it. My one dark mood when it comes on me is that there is not green enough to keep enough people connected to a first sense of themselves—and that green may not last at the rate we are poisoning the root. We are a torn and fearful society without green enough to our thinking. Give every man his green acre, help him to keep it green and his, and the race will suffer nothing it can't live in to good enough ends.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Kidvid Ghetto

Is ACT OVERREACTING? Only the FCC can tell us for sure. ACT is Action for Children's Television, a rapidly expanding citizens' organization created by a group of mothers in Boston who are concerned over the generally poor quality of children's television and its crass overcommercialism. We reported in this space [TV-RADIO, Mar. 7] that ACT had formally petitioned the FCC to make a rule banning commercials from children's programs, as well as the use or mention of specific products, services, and stores, and to require stations to present a minimum of fourteen hours a week of unsponsored children's programs.

The FCC, in a surprising move (it rarely ventures into the sensitive areas of content and program categories), published the ACT proposal and invited comments on it from interested parties. It did not make a rule but said, in effect: "Here's a noteworthy idea. Shall we make a rule adopting it?" All the comments now are filed; the commission's staff is digesting them; and in due course it will recommend a decision to the seven commissioners. ACT's petition could be dismissed; a rule based on it could be proposed (which would mean lengthy hearings, expert testimony, and a formal collision of opposing views); or the FCC might combine the children's television problem with other matters involving charges of overcommercialism of the medium and hold a general hearing.

There have been signs that the FCC might be warming up to move in this last direction. In a recent speech Chairman Dean Burch asked the broadcasters whether they could really say that they were serving children's needs. Since everybody is getting into the act and giving the FCC advice on how it should act, I suggest to the commission that the answer to its to-rule-or-not-to-rule question lies in the opposition brief of the National Association of Broadcasters (NAB), representing 551 television broadcast stations.

Among other things, the NAB told the mothers of ACT that they were overreacting. Don't lose your perspective, the association said. TV is not "some sort of omnipotent juvenile brainwash. . . . Children may talk a great deal about what they see on television; they may sit glued to the television set . . . and they may beg for their parents to buy them a particular item or product . . . but it is an overreaction on the part of parents to think that the children watch TV because it is compelling rather than simply because it is there, or that they really want a particular product so badly that parents cannot resist their pleas with impunity."

ACT's mothers may not be reassured, however. The excellent brief they filed in support of their proposal not only documents the economic determinism that governs children's TV programming, but also alludes to the widespread hostility and resentment of mothers everywhere at the exploitation, often "cruel and inhuman," of children who are rocked from soul to psyche by the bombardments of the toy, cereal, candy, and even vitamin manufacturers.

The NAB, in effect, is saying to the FCC, "Don't you overreact either. Our television code takes care of overcommercialism on the networks. We're not opposed to getting better, of course, but creativity and flexibility are superior to making rules." In turn, the FCC ought to reply: "We understand that the gross annual revenues of the three networks for Saturday morning children's programs (the 'Kidvid Ghetto') are up around $90-million. But you don't really need all that excess revenue. ABC advertised in *Playthings*, the toy industry publication, 'IF TV CAN MAKE US RICH, MAYBE WE CAN MAKE YOU RICH.' We propose to adopt the ACT suggestion as a rule. You'll never miss the $90-million. Since TV is so influential, you'll find other sources of revenue to make up your loss. You might even find new ways to subsidize children's programs, by attracting high-class underwriters instead of just sponsors. You might even make more money in the end."

The result, naturally, would be an importunate yowl of pain from the NAB, which would come to the hearings with expert lawyers and beg for dismissal. But ACT et al. would be there too, with its own lawyers, begging for adoption. The consequent action would be invigorating and educational. Out of it would undoubtedly come many (f)acts that would permit the commission finally to make up its mind on whose importunity—ACT's or NAB's—best serves the children of America. The FCC could then act with impunity.

"Relax. They sent our note back with this memo! All requests for assistance and/or information directed to the U.S. Navy Department must be sent in triplicate; typed or printed on one side. . . ."

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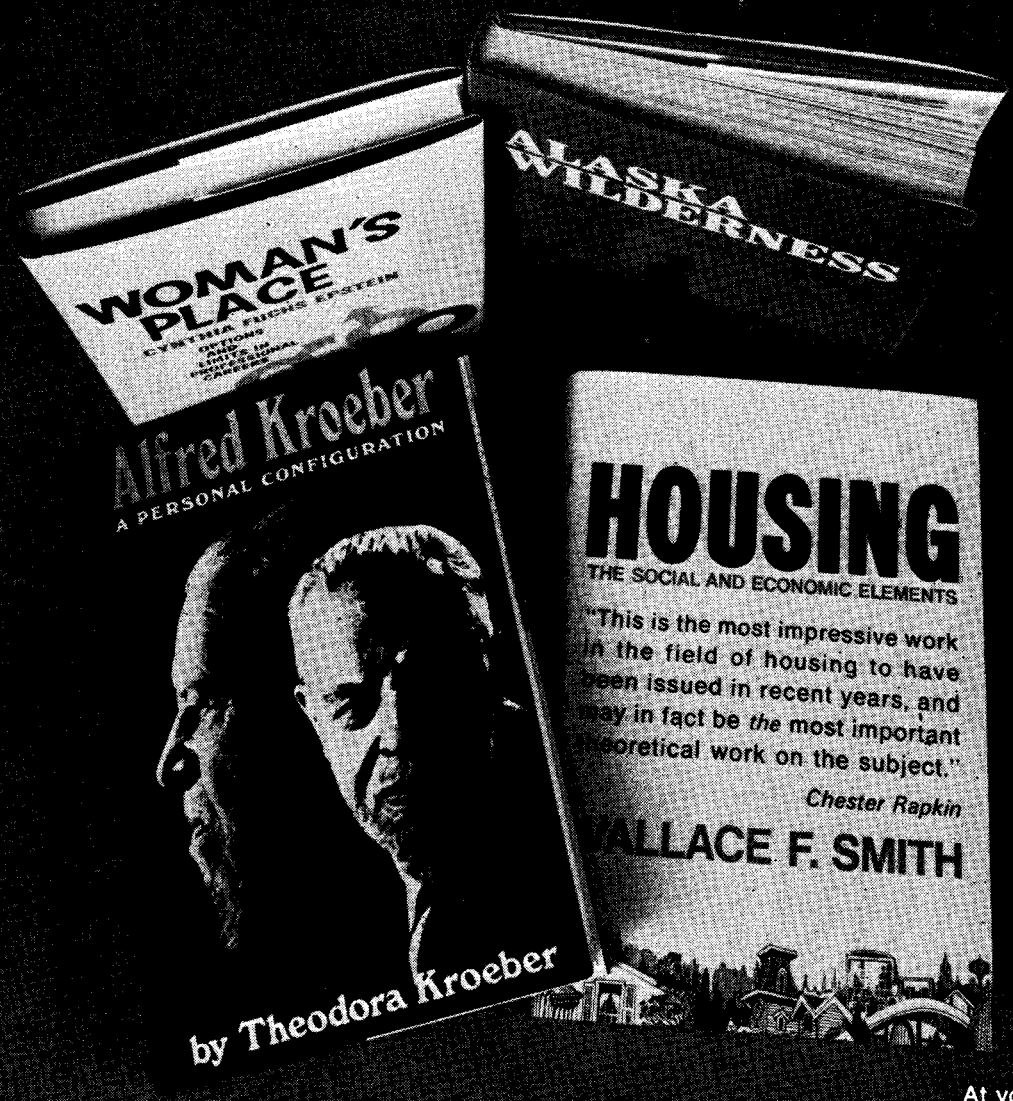
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The Supreme Commander as Organization Man

by RONALD STEEL

THE PAPERS OF DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER: The War Years

edited by Alfred D. Chandler, Jr., and Stephen E. Ambrose

Johns Hopkins, Vols. I-IV, 2,696 pp., Vol. V, 414 pp., $75

Like George Washington, whom he resembled in other ways as well, Dwight Eisenhower was first in war, peace, and the hearts of his countrymen. He led the great wartime coalition (the "crusade," he called it) that defeated Hitler's armies; returned home amid wild acclaim to preside in the White House during eight years of what we would now call "benign neglect," and so embodied all the virtues of Middle America that his reputation both as General and as President has become nearly as sacrosanct as the flag.

But, like the flag, it has a new meaning to a generation of young Americans who barely remember the Eisenhower Presidency, and who were not even born when the Allied armies finally crushed Hitler's Germany and lifted the scourge of Nazism from Europe. To them V-E Day, whose twenty-fifth anniversary was marked by the publication of the first five volumes of the Eisenhower papers, must seem as remote as Gallipoli or Austerlitz. All the more reason, therefore, to welcome these papers, which cover the war years from December 1941 to May 1945. Not only do they provide valuable historical documentation of the military and political decisions made during the war; they also afford an insight into the way Eisenhower carried out his responsibilities as Supreme Commander of Allied forces in Europe.

None but a university press would have the patience, the resources, the will to publish such a collection, and these five handsomely bound and printed volumes are a credit to Johns Hopkins. The editing of these papers, which must have been an extremely arduous and demanding task, has been admirably accomplished to make their contents easily accessible to the reader. Although the explanatory notes are concise, they contain the information essential to a full understanding of the documents.

Indeed, the only shortcomings in these four volumes of documents and a fifth volume of bibliography, notes, glossary, maps, and index are that the maps—in a work dealing with battlefield operations—are hopelessly inadequate, and reappearing code names for various operations and personalities are explained just on first appearance, leaving the reader of later volumes either to guess at their meaning or resort to the glossary in volume V. Aside, however, from these two minor objections, this is an editorial accomplishment of the highest order and one that promises for the scholar and interested reader even further rewards in the forthcoming volumes covering the postwar years, the two Presidential terms, and the early years prior to the Second World War.

Some may feel that this supplies more than we need to know about a man who has written voluminously about his own career, and whose *Crusade in Europe*, published in 1948, covers precisely the period of the current volumes. But they are the raw stuff of history, rather than the unavoidably biased version a man puts upon the events and decisions of his own life. As such the papers offer the historian the vital material for his profession: the reconstruction of the past.

Through these volumes we gain new insight into the disputes among the Allies over policy and strategy, into the problems of organizing a mass army over a front covering two continents,

RONALD STEEL is the author of *Pax Americana* and *The End of Alliance*.

SR: BOOKS

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and, above all, into the personality of a man whose genius lay not in strategy (several of his subordinates, particularly Field Marshal Montgomery, were far superior to him in this respect), but in an ability to organize, delegate authority, and mediate. Eisenhower dealt with the Allied armies the way he dealt (less happily) with the Presidency —as head of an enormous bureaucracy.

Ike was, in many respects, the ideal bureaucrat: patient, firm, charming, nonintellectual. He was a committeeman who forged a consensus from the advice given him, and turned it into a plan of action. As Alfred Chandler, the editor of these volumes, notes, one of the unique qualities of these papers is that there exists "no comparable record of the thought and activities of the head of a huge modern bureaucratic enterprise." It was as a bureaucrat that Eisenhower contributed his greatest service in reconciling divergent opinions among such forceful generals as Patton, Montgomery, Clark, and Alexander, and in coping with such stubborn political personalities as Churchill, de Gaulle, Giraud, and Darlan.

Eisenhower did not interfere in politics and never overstepped the role assigned to him. But, as these volumes make clear, he took actions that were essentially political—*e.g.*, the famous deal with Darlan to end the resistance of the Vichy forces in North Africa. He disagreed forcefully with Churchill over the strategy for defeating Hitler and circumvented Roosevelt's hostility to de Gaulle by conferring directly with the Free French leader on problems concerning France. In disputes between political leaders regarding strategy he would be the bureaucrat-diplomat, defining his position in military terms and expressing his readiness to be overruled on political, but not military, grounds. Because there was considerable disagreement at the top, Eisenhower's position often carried the day.

Eisenhower was elevated from obscurity because of his ability to organize, speak frankly, and act decisively. A year before the outbreak of the war he was only a lieutenant colonel. His first involvement in high-level planning did not begin until a week after Pearl Harbor, when he came to Washington to serve in the War Plans Division. There he won the admiration of George Marshall, who catapulted Ike along the road that within a few months led to his becoming Commander-in-Chief of Allied forces in Western Europe, and eventually President of the United States. It is one of the great success stories of our time, and it is no less a tribute to Eisenhower to note that his achievement was based to a large degree on his bureaucratic talent. "Others could—and did—provide expert and experienced leadership in the field," Chester Wilmot wrote in *The Struggle for Europe,* "but nobody else revealed Eisenhower's remarkable capacity for integrating the efforts of different Allies and rival services and for creating harmony between individuals with varied backgrounds and temperaments."

Eisenhower gave his subordinates considerable freedom in carrying out their assignments and, for the most part, ignored their excesses (Patton's, for example) when these did not interfere with basic strategy. But, for all his charm and willingness to accommodate minor differences, he could be adamant when he felt a vital issue was at stake. One of Eisenhower's tasks on arriving in Washington in December 1941 was to forge a unified command from the British and American units. Having managed their campaigns by a committee of commanders, the British were against the idea of a supreme commander. Instead they proposed that a committee, the Combined Chiefs of Staffs, conduct the war. Marshall agreed to this but in the end Eisenhower, through the force of his personality and the administrative arrangements he worked out, succeeded in creating the unified command structure that the CCS had formally denied him.

The integrity of the unified command structure was his guiding principle, and he defended it with grim determination. The most serious challenge to his conception of the Supreme Commander's role came from Field Marshal Montgomery, who in the autumn of 1944, after the unexpected swift Allied victory in France, sought to place all available troops and matériel under British command for a single thrust to Berlin. The plan was a daring maneuver to end the war quickly by capturing the Ruhr and destroying the German war machine.

Eisenhower, however, favored a broad-front strategy based on the capture of all territory west of the Rhine and an advance into southern as well as northern Germany. When Montgomery —a daring loner who was the antithesis of Ike's genial committeeman—asked Chief of Staff Walter Bedell Smith to place him in command of the 12th Army Group in order to achieve his goal, Eisenhower's patience snapped. The indecisiveness with which he had been charged by Montgomery and Alan Brooke was replaced by an assertion of his authority as Supreme Commander.

The problem, he wrote Montgomery, was not the integrity of battlefield commanders, but the fact that in a "battle-front extending from Switzerland to the North Sea, I do not agree that one man can stay so close to the day-by-day

—From the book.

Eisenhower in 1944—a compromiser?

movement of divisions and corps that he can keep a 'battle grip' upon the *over-all* situation and direct it intelligently." Eisenhower stressed the need for agreement on command arrangements; he also emphasized his decision that first priority must be the capture of the port of Antwerp, and stated that if Montgomery continued to "feel that my conceptions and directives are such as to endanger the success of operations, it is our duty to refer the matter to higher authority for any action they may choose to take, however drastic."

Montgomery loyally acceded to Eisenhower as his superior, and the crisis was resolved. But the dispute over the wisdom of Ike's strategy has continued. Part of the difficulty lay in the difference of personalities: to Montgomery the easygoing geniality of Eisenhower often seemed like vacillation, and he agreed with Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who found Eisenhower continually shifting, "inclining first one way, then the other." Such charges grew out of Eisenhower's lack of battlefield experience, his willingness to give his field commanders wide latitude, and his desire to work out a compromise whenever possible. He would issue a *diktat* only if he felt that it was unavoidable. Montgomery's strategy posed both a military and a political problem.

Montgomery's plan to seize the Ruhr in a lightning thrust was indeed bold but it involved halting Patton and confining the Third Army to a defensive role. It was obvious that this would trigger a political uproar on the home front, which might have been tolerable had Eisenhower been convinced of the merits of Montgomery's strategy—

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which he was not. Instead, he preferred to stick to his policy of advance on a broad front for, like Marshall's, his faith lay in the smashing power of overwhelming force. Ike's formula for an offensive, it has been said, was that everybody should attack all the time. He stuck firmly to this theory, dividing his supplies between Montgomery in the north and Patton in the south.

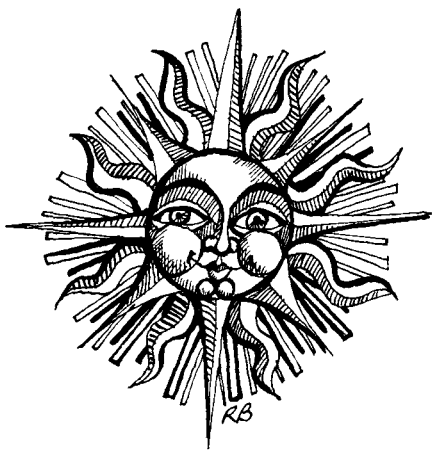
The result was that neither commander had the resources to attain his objectives. Refusing to choose between the two rival plans, Eisenhower gave limited approval to both and hoped for the best. But the very situation he feared came to pass: his armies were stretched over a long front and immobilized by a shortage of supplies. By trying to seize both the Ruhr and the Saar-Frankfurt area he delayed the opening of Antwerp; to quote Chester Wilmot, "[Eisenhower] failed to capture the one objective in the West that the Germans could not afford to lose, and he had failed to secure the one port the Allies had to have if they were to maintain the broad front on which he had deployed his armies."

Although Eisenhower's strategy misfired—the Allied armies became bogged down and the Germans had time to regroup their forces and counterattack at the Battle of the Bulge—there is no assurance that Montgomery's plan would have worked. It depended on massive supplies, which Eisenhower contended could not be delivered through the Channel ports. Montgomery's own staff had grave doubts about the wisdom of his single-thrust scheme and believed he would run into fanatical German resistance once the Rhine had been crossed. Montgomery, however, argued that Eisenhower's policy would not guard against such resistance and would simply result in a long war of attrition that would sap Britain's strength and delay her recovery. For him time was of the essence, and he believed he could reach Berlin by winter and end the war. The risks were great, but Montgomery felt they were worth it, and he was convinced that Eisenhower had failed to take advantage of the opportunities to destroy the German army before winter.

At the core of the dispute over the single thrust versus the broad front lay an inescapable political reality that Eisenhower could not avoid. Not only would American public opinion have been inflamed were Patton halted and Montgomery given priority, but Eisenhower needed a broad front on which to deploy the American divisions that were piling up. To end the war without using those divisions would have been politically embarrassing to Marshall and Roosevelt. And, above all, as Stephen Ambrose points out in his excellent essay on the broad-front dispute, the fact was that "no matter how brilliant or logical Montgomery's plan for an advance to the Ruhr, and no matter what the nature of Montgomery's personality, under no circumstances would Eisenhower willingly give all the glory to the British. The American people would not have stood for it, nor would Patton, Bradley, Marshall, or Roosevelt."

We shall never know if Montgomery's strategy would have worked for it was never tried. All we know is that Eisenhower's did not. The war dragged on through the winter with enormous casualties, and the Allied armies never did reach Berlin. The American strategy rested on killing as many Germans as possible, which meant encounters resulting in an appalling rate of American casualties. This, with certain modifications, was also Westmoreland's strategy in Vietnam, and it produced equally terrible losses before he was returned to Washington and replaced with an abler commander.

More than one kind of politics was involved in the different strategies proposed by the British and the Americans. We know that Churchill, who put high priority on the capture of Berlin, tried to dissuade Eisenhower from his plan to move toward Leipzig and Dresden and to meet the Russians at the Elbe. "If the enemy's resistance should weaken," he wrote on March 31, 1945, ". . . why should we not cross the Elbe and advance as far eastward as possible?" In a subsequent letter to Roosevelt he stressed the urgency, in the postwar negotiations, of not letting the Russians believe they had defeated Germany. Churchill maintained that in this sense Berlin had great symbolic importance even though the postwar occupation zones had already been established. Eisenhower admitted these political considerations but quite properly, as befitted his role, stressed that military factors came first. Once the Allied forces had linked up with the Russians at the Elbe, the British, he promised, would be given what they needed to reach the Baltic and Berlin. In this Eisenhower had the approval of Marshall and Roosevelt.



After the disintegration of the wartime alliance and the subsequent cold war dispute over Berlin, Churchill's strategy for outflanking the Russians gained many converts. But it is well to remember that the scheme was contrary to the spirit of Allied cooperation, and that it no doubt fueled the Russians' suspicion of Western motives—a suspicion that later led them to consolidate their hold over Eastern Europe by the most brutal means. Churchill's policy was based on minimizing Russia's postwar political influence and maximizing Britain's; Eisenhower's on destroying German power and emphasizing military considerations designed to end the war as soon as possible. It was inevitable that they would disagree on questions of strategy because these also involved politics.

Eisenhower shared the belief of American military and political leaders that a second front should be quickly opened in Europe. Here they ran into the staunch opposition of Churchill, who by grim determination and wily diplomacy was able for two years to stave off the cross-Channel invasion and divert Western forces to North Africa and Italy. When Eisenhower arrived in Europe in June 1942 to take command of the European theater of operations, the British had—largely from a fear that the Americans would divert their resources to the Pacific—accepted Washington's plan for a cross-Channel invasion in 1942 or '43. But Churchill reneged, announcing instead that the British favored a landing in North Africa. The Americans reluctantly allowed themselves to be persuaded, and for the next two years were bogged down on the periphery of the Nazi empire.

Stalin was furious at what he regarded as a betrayal of the Allied promise to open a second front in Western Europe no later than mid-1943, and he suspected that Churchill wanted to see the Soviets bled white by the full force of the German army. It was only under the strongest pressure from Stalin that Churchill finally agreed to a cross-Channel landing in June 1944. Whether or not Stalin's suspicions were correct, Churchill also favored a peripheral strategy of gradually tightening the noose around Germany because he wanted to keep down casualties and avoid trench warfare. Churchill put a high priority, too, on air power as the means of destroying Germany's war machine. Also it is clear, as later critics have suggested, that he wanted to exert

(*Continued on page* 65)

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One Thing and Another

John K. Hutchens

MADISON, WIS.

To the delegates to the annual meeting of The Association of American University Presses:

Some 250 of you have been gathering on this site to begin your three days of deliberations, but for the life of me I don't see how you are going to get much work done, and I think you may have made a grave mistake in accepting the offer of the University of Wisconsin Press to be your host. As is his yearly custom, your dutiful correspondent has been conducting an advance survey of the scene of your assembly, and he is obliged to report that this time it is altogether too rich in tempting diversions.

It was one thing to convene several years ago at New Brunswick, N.J., where there was nothing in particular to do but gaze at the murkily polluted Raritan River. It will be something else again to find yourselves on this campus bordering upon beautiful Lake Mendota, whose waters invite the sailors and swimmers among you, and the fishermen in search of pike and perch. Four golf courses await you, and for the flora and fauna buffs there is the enchanting University Arboretum with its 1,300 acres of plants, trees, birds, and animals native to Wisconsin. If you are so inclined, you may even spend an afternoon at the Bowman All Star Dairy, on Fish Hatchery Road, watching two expert dairymen equipped with the latest in lacteal technology milk 180 cows in three hours.

How is a panel discussion on Production: Case Histories of Computer Composition going to stand up against all that?

But, of course, it will, because university press people, publishers, editors, production men, sales managers, *et al.*, are almost notoriously conscientious. Furthermore, the theme of this year's convention is a provocative one: the role and function of the university presses in the 1970s. Three plenary sessions will be devoted to the theme, to be addressed by, respectively, two university administrators, two author-scholars, and two publishers. More than a score of specialized sessions relating to the editorial and business aspects of university presses will fill out the program.

"It is my hope," says UW Press Director Thompson Webb, Jr., "that these won't be platitudinous, backslapping sessions, but that they'll really deal with the publishing that defines university presses—how they changed in the last decade, what is to come in the next one."

Mr. Webb (A.B., Princeton, '39, M.A., Harvard, '40) has his own definition of a university press, at least of the kind he deems right for UW. It is a press that essentially, through the publication of scholarly works of the first order, contributes to the sum of human knowledge; is not a regional publisher but values worthy books about Wisconsin and the Great Lakes area and is concerned that books by and about major Wisconsin figures should be kept in print; addresses itself both to scholars on one level (the book containing the results of research) and to the educated lay reader on the other (the book that interprets research).

"By and large," says Mr. Webb, "the word 'scholarly' applies to about everything we've published, with a few exceptions like recollections of pioneer days of Wisconsin and a volume of Civil War letters, and even those were submitted to scholars for judgment."

Within its scholarly framework the UW Press's list has an agreeable flexibility. Founded in 1937, the Press has published about 550 books, of which some 400 remain in print, about 100 of them in the paperback line established in the Fifties. Most of these paperbacks are reissues of works first published by the Press in hardcover, and sometimes a book's career in the two formats has been quite astonishing. Back in 1955, for instance, Edmund David Cronon's *Black Moses: The Story of Marcus Garvey and the Universal Negro Improvement Association* began with a modest 2,500 copies. It had been reprinted twice when, in 1966, the book came out as a paperback and really took off. With three reprints in the last twelve months alone, it has become the Press's all-time best-seller. Garvey's present niche in black folklore, as an ardent Negro chauvinist and pioneer in the separatist movement, is of course a factor. The success of Glenn Thomas Trewartha's *Japan: A Geography* was no surprise. Even upon its original publication in 1945 the work had the air of a classic in its field and is the Press's record-holder in hardcover sales. Now and again there comes an item known to the trade as a sleeper.

One of these, Mr. Webb recalls with pleasure, was Merrill Jensen's *The Articles of Confederation: An Interpretation of the Social-Constitutional*

"Well, that ought to stave off sex and drugs for six more months."

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History of the American Revolution, 1774-1781. A 500-copy launching seemed about right for that one in 1940. However, it simply kept selling, because *The Articles* turned out to be the only first-rate book in its field. The title moved on to the paperback list and now must be printed every other year. In this business you can sometimes build a better mouse trap without knowing it.

If all this smacks of the marketplace it isn't meant to, as such, but merely reflects the fact that, with some books having to pay for the cost of others, a university press director like Mr. Webb must have some notion of what a book's market is, and to plan accordingly. In his own case he is grateful for the experience he acquired in his first publishing job, as sales manager for the University of California Press at Berkeley in 1946, the year before he came to Wisconsin.

"It was a good place to begin," he recalls now. "You remember that old description of a university press book—one that's popular with a few people. But even if you're selling to a relatively small number, the product must be attractive." And sales income *is* important, even in an operation that finds UW subsidizing its Press to a substantial degree.

In this instance the Press is more fortunate than counterparts in certain states where backroom legislators look askance at intellectual life and campuses. To an amazing extent UW has had grass-roots support through the years. Or perhaps it is not so amazing. Rural Wisconsin has had reason to appreciate the University's agricultural college and its many discoveries and achievements, from research in butterfat to more sophisticated innovations. (Even Senator Joseph R. McCarthy in his heyday was careful not to stalk victims in Madison.) Some of those discoveries, having been patented, led to the founding of the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, from whose considerable income the Press has received support for about thirty years.

—*Hays (Monkmeyer)*

University of Wisconsin lakefront cafeteria—can a panel discussion compete?

Thus, the UW Press backlist has no arbitrary cut-off point. A book stays there as long as a consistent demand for it, however small, exists. To Mr. Webb this is analogous to a course in Greek taught for a class of two; obviously, the overhead for that course would exceed the tuition income, but the reward would be its availability.

About half of the UW Press's books have originated within the University, including the one longest in print, *Science in a Tavern: Essays and Diversions on Science in the Making* (1938), by Charles S. Slichter, then dean emeritus of the Graduate School. The University's history from 1848 to 1925 is told in two volumes by Merle Curti and Vernon Carstensen, a massive enterprise the Press proudly considers in the class of Samuel Eliot Morison's history of Harvard, while some of its saltier aspects were recorded in 1960 by George Clarke Sellery, late Dean of the College of Letters and Science, under the title *Some Ferments at Wisconsin, 1901-1947—Memories and Reflections.* A veteran of one of the most memorable of those ferments, the Experimental College created by President Glenn Frank and Alexander Meiklejohn in the 1920s, the old Dean was still fuming thirty-odd years later over that highly controversial experiment in pedagogy—a failure at the time but rather fondly and respectfully remembered now.

In fact, his little book is a reminder that the intellectual life at UW has more often than not been lively, usually in a liberal tradition bearing the stamp of the La Follette dynasty. "I owe what I am and what I have done largely to the inspiration I received while there," wrote Robert M. La Follette, class of 1879, in his autobiography. He recalled that when he became governor of Wisconsin he "sought the constant advice and service of the trained men of the institution in meeting the difficult problems which confronted the state." The autobiography, an invaluable political memoir, was reissued by the Press in 1960 and is properly a favorite on the paperback list.

To the two UW Press record-holders noted earlier, you might add another and unique one, a pamphlet by Professor J. Thomas Shaw, *The Transliteration of Modern Russian for English-Language Publications.* The Press's contract with its author is longer than the work itself. Time was when a UW Press book had to pay its publication cost before its author received anything more than the satisfaction of seeing his prose in print, but that changed as the Press matured into the highly professional operation it now is, with an over-all staff of fifty dedicated to the editing, designing, production, and distribution of books and the publication of eight scholarly journals (but no college catalogues, student publications, etc.). The distribution reaches abroad—more than 12 per cent of the sales are outside the United States—and a London office is maintained jointly with seven other American university presses.

The university press world being an intimate one, in which everyone seems to know what everyone else is doing, you may by now have seen the UW Press's 1970 spring catalogue. If so, you will have noted that it presents a characteristic and attractive view of the UW Press in action. Item: The first three volumes of the complete works of Washington Irving. Item: *A Concordance to the English Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins.* Item: *The Père Marquette Documents: An Exploration.*

In the general catalogue of the Press one famous literary name in UW history—William Ellery Leonard (1876-1944), poet and professor of comparative literature—appears only once, and then as co-editor with Stanley Barney Smith of *De Rerum Natura: The Latin Text of Lucretius*, probably as nearly definitive as such a project ever can be. Will the UW Press someday present Leonard the poet? The Press, said Mr. Webb, would like to present a Leonard collection, including his searing chronicle of his tragic first marriage, the sonnet sequence *Two Lives.*

It certainly would seem that the poet-scholar deserves at least that much of the institution he served so long and so notably. Purely by chance the narrow brick house in which Leonard lived at 433 N. Murray Street, to which his neurotic terror of space largely confined him for several decades, still stands, but with no plaque recalling him. It is now the Office of Student Housing. Strolling across the campus as his survey of your convention site was ending, your correspondent flagged down a placard-carrying student peacefully demonstrating against the administration of UW on behalf of something or other.

"Our case against the faculty . . . ," the picket began.

"Have you ever heard of William Ellery Leonard?" your correspondent asked. The picket was suspicious. "What does he teach, and whose side is he on?" he asked in turn.

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A Bill of Rights for Wronged Translators

by ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

"The time has come for translators to come out into the open and to agree on a common course of action. For too long they have been the lost children in the enchanted forest of literature. Their names are usually forgotten, they are grotesquely underpaid, and their services, however skillfully rendered, are regarded with slightly patronizing and pitying respect." So began the *Manifesto on Translation* issued eight months ago by the Translation Committee of P.E.N. International, American Center. The eight-page *Manifesto* proposed a conference to be held in early 1970 for the purpose of instituting a Bill of Rights for Translators. It set forth preliminary objectives which should be ratified at the conference. First of all were such practical questions as continuing royalties and rights; a model universal contract suitable to publishers, authors, and translators; mention of translator's name on the title page in type two-thirds as large as the author's; advances for work on a fixed fee of no less than $20 per 1,000 words; an honorarium to cover the cost of special dictionaries; public recognition of the translator's role in revising U.K. translations. A precise monetary figure-per-word was not definitely proposed, since "it would be absurd to pay a translator of Thomas Mann or Paul Valéry at the same rate as a translator of any 'sexpot' novel."

The *Manifesto* went on to dream the impossible dreams: professorships of translation in all major universities, exchange professorships with foreign countries, exchange translators to come to America and meet translators here, more translation prizes, an index of translations (what's the matter with UNESCO's monumental annual *Index Translationum*, by the way?), and an Index of Works to Be Translated (sic!). Finally, they want a journal for translators in every country.

P.E.N. acceded to this petition for a conference, and the result was the lively forum held in New York May 11-15. On the very first day two publishers reminded the public of the multiple problems they face in getting and financing quality translations. In his discussion of this "Publisher's Dilemma," Theodore Purdy, consultant editor of Hawthorn, dwelled on the various types of costs and risks, finally proposing that P.E.N. itself organize a translation fund. John Macrae III of Dutton acknowledged the existence of a vicious circle of small translation fees and consequent hack translations, which must somehow be broken. The five days of discourse crystallized into a Bill of Rights for Translators:

> Since translation of works of literature by the very nature of the task is the creation of a new work, the translator must be regarded as sovereign. The translator's chief obligation is to create the work in a new language with the appropriate music and the utmost response to the silences of the original. The unit in translation is the entire work: and the imagination of the translator is concerned above all with this unity. The privileges of the translator therefore include the right to be regarded as the maker of a new work, and he should be recompensed accordingly. . . . The honor of translation demands that translators of literary works shall . . . be regarded as artists rather than as skilled craftsmen.

Accompanying this lofty Bill of Rights, and implementing it, are nine articles of a single-minded, no-nonsense character. They read:

1) Translators shall receive contracts similar to those which are entered upon with authors.

2) The translator shall enjoy a *continuing* share in all the earnings of his work.

3) All payments made to translators shall be considered as installments against future earnings.

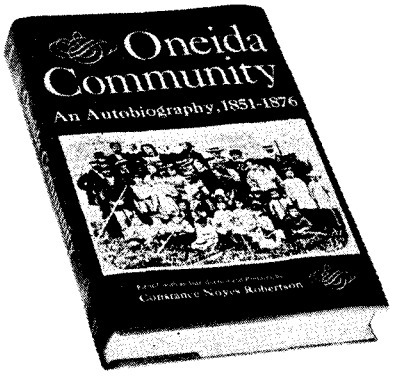
4) The translator's share in the royalties and subsidiary rights shall not be less than the equivalent of one-third of the author's.

5) The copyright of the translation shall be in the name of the translator, and it shall be the publisher's responsibility to renew the copyright in his name.

6) The publisher shall make no

ROBERT J. CLEMENTS, as associate editor of the Gotham Library (NYU) for more than a decade, has had the responsibility of selecting literature for translation.

Notably relevant . . .



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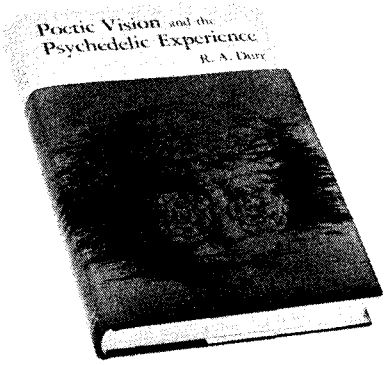

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changes in the copy without the approval of the translator.

7) The name of the translator shall be prominently displayed on the jacket, the title page, and on all publicity concerning the work.

8) The translator shall receive ten or more free copies of his published translation.

9) The translator and the publisher shall agree that any dispute arising from the contract shall be referred to the American Arbitration Board, and their decision shall be binding.

The Bill of Rights, with its nine articles or "recommendations," is even now being mailed to the major trade houses and selected university presses that engage in translation projects.

At the New York conference there was no official speaker representing a university press. To learn just what might be the current headaches and possible solutions of the UP's confronting the problem of translation projects, I queried the editors of the university presses at Chicago, Columbia, Duke, Harvard, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Nebraska, North Carolina, Princeton, Rutgers, Stanford, Texas, Washington, and Yale. Almost all responded. The following are the three major questions I asked, with a summary of the replies:

1) *Are you able to find within the teaching staff and student body of your university the necessary personnel to do your translating into English? Or do you seek personnel outside?*

Not a single university press, even in those institutions with eminent language departments, relies largely on its own faculty or personnel for translating. Some do not even utilize the foreign language departments for advice.

J. G. Bell of Stanford answered typically, "We use mostly professional translators," a reply to bring joy to those gathered at the P.E.N. conference. Despite the belief of the P.E.N. delegates that universities should be centers of translation courses and exchange programs of translators, their language personnel are little involved with the presses. Some employment of local linguists does exist, of course. Nebraska was able to find translators from Icelandic, Greek, and Hungarian right on its own campus.

2) *On what basis do you pay for translation? By the word, by the hour, by the foreign language page, by the English page, or by the total completed job? Have you access to outside funds for translating?*

The most common payment reported was by the English word, although only one press specified its going rate: David Horne of Harvard quoted $15 to $20 for 1,000 words. One or two editors pay a flat fee for the completed translation, negotiating with individual translators. Since three articles of the new Bill of Rights concern continuing royalties and rights, it should be noted that only three of the contacted presses pay royalties to the translator. Two comments are pertinent. Lysander Kemp of Texas writes, "When we lack funds, we propose that the translator and author split the royalties fifty-fifty, usually with an advance to the translator." Lambert Davis of North Carolina goes directly to the heart of the matter: "The P.E.N. is on record as advocating regular royalties for translators. This is fine, but I think that P.E.N. should follow up by urging that authors should ask for less than full royalties on translations of their work, so that the publisher of a translation does not have to pay extra for publication of a translation. So long as the publisher does have to pay extra, the publication of translations is going to be at a minimum, especially for the kind of works that university presses are interested in, which promise no great sales." Nebraska, according to

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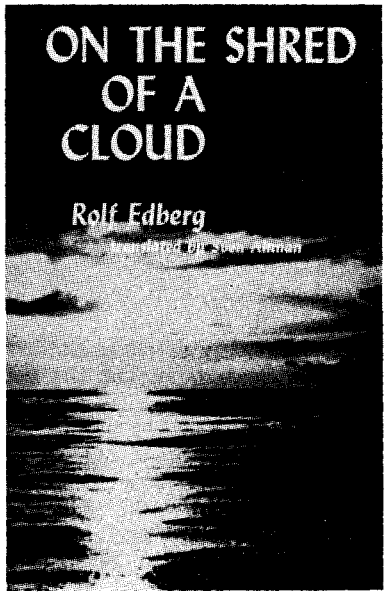

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Virginia Faulkner, distinguishes on this point between long and short works, paying royalties on the former and flat fees for the latter. Finally, Carol Orr of Princeton concludes: "We have tried every method I think. The best, in our experience, is so much per 1,000 English words, one-half the total fee (based on an estimate of the total word count) to be paid on signing the contract and the balance sometime (usually upon publication) after our receipt of the completed translation." Two or three editors noted that the fee and its time of payment vary with the extent of the translator's responsibility, whether he checks proof, and so on.

3) *Are the many problems in getting satisfactory translations a deterrent to your including translations in your publishing program? Does your answer to this question vary according to the individual foreign language?*

The answers indicated that the vast majority do find translation problems a deterrent, but to only one press were they a definite impediment. Ashbel Brice of Duke wrote that his press "never commissions translations and seldom publishes those submitted to it." Lambert Davis said, "We publish almost no translations of our own selection. The major reason for this lies in the fact that when a book is in copyright and the original author wants regular royalties, the cost of translation, whether in the form of a flat fee or another royalty, is an added cost which makes it almost impossible to publish anything that doesn't promise to be a best-seller." Texas alone answered the above question with a flat "no." Responses did not vary because of the language involved. Only German received special mention. Anthony Meisel of NYU Press commented in part: "Perhaps the most difficult language to get translated decently, and with grace, is German. However, so far, we have been spared the agony." Bernard Perry and Miriam Farley spoke for Indiana: "We have had a particular problem getting good German translators for difficult scholarly material. In fact, we had to abandon one project for lack of a translator."

Editors were also asked if they had used computers on translation projects. All replied in the negative. Reporting other incidental problems involved in translation projects, the editors pointed to time, scheduling, checking the translation, and satisfying the original publisher and author with the translation—in general, the very difficulties which had come up during the New York conference. Bernard Perry remarked ironically, "We would suggest to any university press contemplating a translation of a scholarly book that in his contract with the original publisher he allow himself ten years to get the translation published." Parallel texts (Michigan's splendid *Poems and Fragments* of Hölderlin by the prestigious Michael Hamburger comes to mind) were mentioned. Virginia Faulkner noted that the high cost of composition requires "pricing these works at a relatively steep figure, which automatically limits the market. We know of no solution to this problem." Helen Stewart of Rutgers reported another concern: "Transliteration. Some of our translators have been Australian or English, and their translations have to be carefully edited to conform to Lippincott and American usages and spelling."

It is clear that the university presses appreciate the importance of fine translation and, with one or two exceptions among those polled, are committed to translation programs. They have not yet met the terms of the new Bill of Rights, and their acceptance of the nine articles (especially numbers 4 and 5) of that Bill will be as difficult for them as for the trade publishers, probably more so. The publishers who addressed the P.E.N. conference stressed the financial risks of translated works. John Macrae noted that "the publisher who is willing to take the necessary financial risk to insure a quality translation for a little-known work must realize that there is little chance that the work's sale will repay the investment." As Lysander Kemp, speaking for the UP's, remarked, "More attention from the national review media would help our sales and thus allow us to publish more translations. For instance, *Cumboto*, by Ramón Díaz Sánchez, translated by John Upton, was one of the five books nominated for the latest National Book Award for translation—yet it has not been reviewed in any of the major periodicals." In sum, said J. G. Bell of Stanford, "There is one big problem: money. We have found no satisfactory solution for it."

When he was addressing the P.E.N. conference of translators Mr. Purdy observed, "Save in the case of a few nonprofit university presses and foundations, all book publication is a speculation, a gamble." Later he said, "The university presses and specialized publishing houses can enjoy subsidies expressly for such purpose [translations]." Several hundred members of the Association of American University Presses could only retort that these two sentences sound like a mistranslation of the original facts.

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Historic Bundles from Britain

by KENNETH ROSE

BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS

Irish University Press (White Plains, N.Y.), 1,000 Vols. (570 available), $52,500 the set

I have hardly ever read a history of nineteenth-century England that did not trumpet 1832 as the most important date of the epoch. For that was the year of the first Parliamentary Reform Bill: a measure which, although limited in its scope, made inevitable each further advance towards universal suffrage. Male and female, rich and poor, young and old, sage and simpleton—all have since become equal in the sight of the electoral officer.

Sophisticated observers, however, may prefer to choose 1835—the year in which the reports of Parliamentary Committees were first put on sale to the public—as a more significant landmark in democratic progress. "In this development," to quote that most illuminating of Victorian historians, G. M. Young, "Parliament reflected a movement in the national mind. It was the business of the 1830s to transfer the treatment of affairs from a polemical to a statistical basis, from humbug to humdrum." And he rightly concludes that no community in history has ever been exposed to so searching an examination of its administration and institutions.

Throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, in first a trickle and then a flood, seven thousand volumes containing five million pages poured from the Parliamentary presses. Without them—and it is a sobering thought—Karl Marx might never have been able to construct his *Capital*. As it was, he spent years poring over them in the reading-room of the British Museum and paid tribute to their stern search for truth in the preface to his *magnum opus*. He regretted that other nations did not follow the lead of Great Britain by appointing commissions of inquiry armed with plenary powers, and he doubted whether it would be "possible to find for this purpose men as competent, as free from partisanship and respect of persons as are the English factory inspectors, her medical reporters on public health, her commissioners of inquiry into the exploitation of women and children, into housing and food."

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(*Continued on page 67*)

KENNETH ROSE, a scholar of Britain's nineteenth century, is the author of *Superior Person: A Portrait of Curzon and His Circle in Late Victorian England.*

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SWEET MEDICINE:
The Continuing Role of the Sacred Arrows, the Sun Dance, and the Sacred Buffalo Hat in Northern Cheyenne History

by Peter J. Powell

Oklahoma, 2 vols., 1,028 pp., $25

THE IROQUOIS CEREMONIAL OF MIDWINTER

by Elisabeth Tooker

Syracuse, 189 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Vine Deloria, Jr.

■ "If we could produce warriors as fast as scholars can produce books about us," one Sioux recently remarked to another, "we could conquer the world yet." It certainly seems to Indian people that an inexhaustible supply of books about them has been rolling off the presses of late, many of them purporting to describe the esoteric religions and rituals of the tribes.

Symptomatic of the fascination today of outsiders with Indian religion are two books recently published: *Sweet Medicine,* by Peter J. Powell, and *The Iroquois Ceremonial of Midwinter,* by Elisabeth Tooker. Powell's work is a major opus of two volumes with numerous photographs illustrating the various stages of the Cheyenne ceremonial. Elisabeth Tooker, on the other hand, has produced a slim volume concentrating on the ritual sequence of the Iroquois ceremonial, with frequent footnotes citing scholarly works of the past.

Comparing the two books is extraordinarily difficult. *Sweet Medicine* is the religious history of the Cheyenne, a tribe of the Northern plains now split into two groups, one in Montana and the other in Oklahoma. Its purpose is to unfold the various events of Cheyenne history within the context of a living religion, starting with the Sinaitic experience of the hero Sweet Medicine at Bear Butte, located in the present state of South Dakota. It was there that Sweet Medicine received the Four Sacred Arrows, which signified that the Cheyennes were Maheo's people, a holy people set apart from all others in the world.

From this beginning the experiences of the Cheyennes are traced: their relations with their long-time allies, the Sioux; their fierce enmity for and rivalry with the Skidi Pawnees, who captured the Sacred Arrows in 1830, bringing disaster on the tribe; and the contemporary struggle over the Sacred Medicine bundle. The importance of this kind of presentation can be seen by comparing it with Tooker's description of the Iroquois ceremonial.

Tooker, by her own account, visited the Tonawanda Seneca Reservation in New York State in 1958 "to figure out how the Iroquois ritual worked." Combining her field notes with the writings of earlier tourists, she has produced a technically accurate account of the sequence of the Midwinter ceremonial, after the fashion of William Fenton and others who pretended for years to

be friends of the Iroquois in order to spy on them. Hence the orientation of the volume is toward problem-solving rather than describing a religious community as it is experienced from the inside, from within the hearts and lives of Indian people.

Powell appreciates that to the Indians their ritual is a vital integrating core that has enabled them to maintain their tribal life against the desperate attempts of non-Indians to destroy it. Thus *Sweet Medicine* brings the history of the Cheyennes up to date, with every expectation that tribal life will continue and experience new crises and triumphs. Tooker's description of the Iroquois assumes that the "conservative minority" of traditionalists will soon vanish into the mists of history. Actually, the Longhouse religion is surging through contemporary Indian affairs like a much-needed adrenalin, making it one of the most significant movements of our time.

However, because basically Tooker's work is written from a point of view outside Iroquois culture, its very objectivity constitutes a virtue to all non-Iroquois. By presenting facets of the Iroquois ceremonial structure, and demonstrating that they are fundamentally rituals of thanksgiving, she makes her study useful for other Indians and for students of religion. In the sense that it indicates the religious forms people still have as live options in today's world, *The Iroquois Ceremonial of Midwinter* may be quite valuable to the younger generation now working its way out of the drug scene via "Let It Be," "Bridge Over Troubled Waters," and "Spirit in the Sky."

The reverse may be equally true of Powell's viewpoint in *Sweet Medicine.* Powell, an Anglo-Catholic priest, expresses awe at the manifold "Old Testaments" inherent in tribal religions, finding in them a prefigurement

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of Christianity. He has thereby thrown down the gauntlet for Indian and Christian alike. One must read the book, immersing oneself in the Cheyenne way, and then decide whether or not it is really comfortable with Christianity. It is only as Powell's extraordinary awareness of the sacred animates the pages of *Sweet Medicine* that one becames conscious of the problem he has posed for his reader—or, at least, for the person who understands religion as a historical process.

In books on Indian religions there always appears to be an unwritten chapter. The artificial distinction between church and state stemming from Western political history does not exist in Indian life. Most studies blithely ignore this fact as unworthy of note. But it is the crucial point in understanding the religious aspect of Indian culture. Thus ultimately Tooker's work is much like every other book on the Iroquois. Although it has a certain fascination for non-Indian readers, allowing them to glimpse the procedural practices of the religion, the stress on "ritual" makes the Iroquois religion seem merely a series of specific acts.

In *Sweet Medicine,* however, the ritual is but one part of the story of a people arbitrarily chosen by a power above them to be *his* people. Roman Nose, Dull Knife, Erect Horns, and Henry Little Coyote live through the Sacred Arrows. The tribe keeps moving toward the horizon.

If you want to move with them through history, read and understand *Sweet Medicine.*

Vine Deloria, Jr., a member of the Standing Rock Sioux tribe, is the author of "Custer Died for Your Sins."

CLOSE THE 49TH PARALLEL ETC.: The Americanization of Canada

edited by Ian Lumsden

Toronto, 336 pp., $10

Reviewed by L. L. L. Golden

■ Anti-Americanism is not a new phenomenon in Canada. It has existed since the United Empire Loyalists left the American colonies after the Revolutionary War. As distinct from Canadian nationalism, strong opposition to the USA has waxed and waned throughout Canadian history. In some ways it has been necessary for Canadian survival, overwhelmed as the Dominion is by a powerful and often heedless neighbor. The Fathers of Confederation knew when they brought Canada's provinces together in 1867 that it would be difficult to maintain an identity for a country that did not flow from east to west but from north to south. Canada's Atlantic provinces have more kinship geographically with the New England states than with Quebec and Ontario. The prairie provinces are more naturally a part of the Western American plains than they are of Nova Scotia. British Columbia often finds itself at greater odds with Quebec than with the state of Washington or California. Sir John A. Macdonald, the architect of Confederation, saw the dangers of engulfment by the United States, and many actions of his government, such as the building of transcontinental railroads, grew out of his awareness that it would be difficult to hold together a nation against the pull of geography.

Canadians anxious to maintain their

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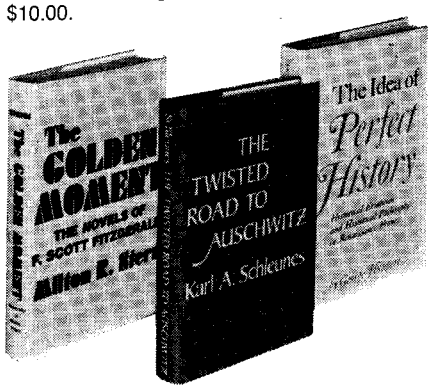
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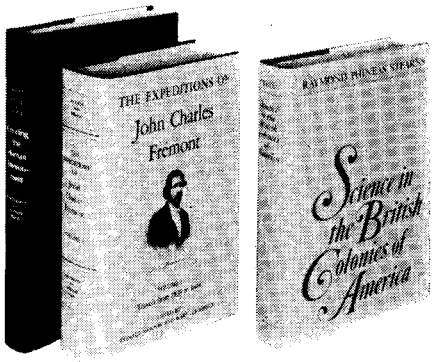

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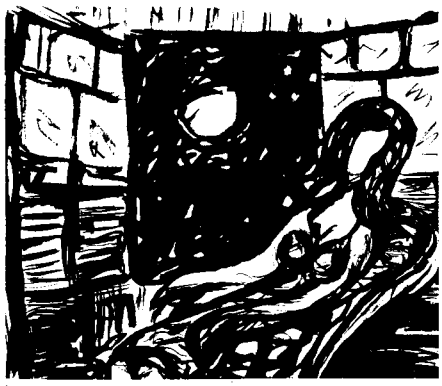

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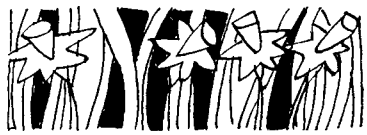
own national identity are understandably concerned because the cultural life of their land is so immersed in television, radio, magazines, music, and painting from below the border. It is also reasonable that there should be an upsurge of both nationalism and anti-Americanism in a Canada troubled today because her western wheat farmers are beset with diminished markets, and her basic and manufacturing industries are overwhelmingly controlled by American corporations.

Enlarging upon Canada's historic grievances about the United States, twenty-one academics who have contributed essays to *Close the 49th Parallel Etc.* ring variations on its editor, Ian Lumsden's assertion that "the possibility of developing a saner and more humane world hinges upon the dismantling of the American economic empire, together with its perverted educational and scientific estates. We must accept the fact that the transformation of Canada, Americanized as it is, is now linked to the overthrow of the whole imperial system."

Canada's New Left is well represented in this volume; Canadian liberals, with whom they disagree, come in for bitter criticism. Attacking "the behavior of the bourgeoisie in Canada," D. Drache scores, among others, the



president of the University of Toronto, its chancellor, leading writers such as Bruce Hutchison, and prominent diplomats (George Ignatieff, A. D. P. Heeney, and their like), along with top civil servants, including Robert Bryce —all, of course, Liberals. The current Prime Minister, Pierre Trudeau, his predecessor, Lester B. Pearson, and party head Louis St. Laurent—again Liberals—are castigated because "all three are obsessed with internationalism, believing that if all states turned internationalist, the majority of the world's problems would disappear."

Yet, despite the tone of much of this uneven volume, and the philosophy of many of its contributors, *Close the 49th Parallel Etc.* is worth reading by Americans who wonder what Canadians are complaining about; Americans, for their part, find Canadians charming, well-mannered, friendly, and capable. They will learn that not only is much of Canada's major industry dominated by American companies, but its plants are run as branches, with the important decisions made in the States. Moreover, in the final analysis, exports of Canada's branch plants are governed by U.S. laws, and few wholly-owned subsidiaries of American companies offer their shares to Canadians.

Half the population of Canada, we are told, has direct access to TV stations in the United States; lined along the Canadian border are twenty-three U.S. television stations "to bombard Canadians with American programs," and this is exclusive of American programs seen through the two Canadian networks. Add the fact that *Reader's Digest* and *Time* magazine are in many ways more influential than Canadian magazines, and the result is that Canadians tend to view the world through American spectacles.

Readers in the United States may be surprised to discover that in recent years the proportion of Canadians on academic faculties has been diminishing rapidly: in 1967, of 1,986 university teachers who immigrated to Canada (12 per cent of all college teachers in the Dominion that year) 857 came from the U.S. In 1968, Canadian universities employed 2,642 additional faculty members but only 362 Canadians educators were hired whereas 1,013 came from America. Indeed, the proportion of Canadians in faculties diminished by about 25 per cent between 1961 and 1968.

Close the 49th Parallel Etc. points out that many of the most powerful Canadian trade unions are international, which means their head offices are in the U.S., and Canadian locals are manipulated from south of the border. As further aggravation, Bruce Kidd, the Canadian distance runner, reports that even Canada's national sport, professional hockey, is being commercialized by Americans; it is run by Americans for American spectators, with few professional franchises available to Canadian cities.

Yet whatever solution Canadians work out will have to be within the framework of one fact that cannot be altered: Canada is on the same continent as the USA, and rhetoric will not change geography. Canadians are different from Americans. To what extent they will remain so is, in many important ways, up to Canada. Berating a neighbor will not make her into an island state.

In 1911, the Conservatives won a national election with the slogan "No Truck or Trade with the Yankees." In the 1970s neither the Conservatives nor the New Left can make this come true. For better or worse, both nations are so closely interwoven they will simply have to live together.

L. L. L. Golden, author of "Only by Public Consent," and for many years a Globe & Mail editorial writer, keeps a watchful eye on his native land.

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CHARLES KEMBLE, MAN OF THE THEATRE

by Jane Williamson

Nebraska, 267 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Richard H. Gaines

■ Was Charles Kemble a great all-round actor? In my opinion, he was not. Is this book then worthwhile? Decidedly.

Kemble was born in 1775 in Brecknock, Wales. His sister, the renowned Sarah Siddons, was also born there twenty years earlier—very nearly in the middle of her parents' performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. His older brother, John Philip, equally famous, was not only an actor but the manager of Drury Lane, where young Charles made his London début as Malcolm in *Macbeth*. He was to play for forty years at Drury Lane and the other patent house, Covent Garden, of which he himself finally became manager; and it was at the latter playhouse, huge and filled to the brim, that he made his farewell appearance in 1836 as Benedick in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Jane Williamson's biography of Charles Kemble, the first and only account of his life, rescues a buoyant and lovable spirit from oblivion, and it adds light to a relatively dim era in theater history. The book is marvelously researched, comprehensively annotated, and beautifully written. It should be obtained by libraries, students of drama, critics, and all general readers who would like to know what the stage was like before Artaud.

The four sections of the book deal with Kemble's "apprenticeship"; his performances as Hamlet, Mercutio, and Faulconbridge; his period as manager of Covent Garden, and his appearances with his talented daughter, Fanny, in America, followed in London by his remarkable farewell to the stage.

Charles Kemble excelled in high comedy, in lovers' roles, and in certain chivalric parts; he was less successful in tragedy. Could an actor who was habitually stately, a man clearly joyous, kindly, modish, well-bred and given somewhat to external devices of elocution—could such a man play Hamlet, whose motivations lie deep within, who is wounded, spontaneous, hell-ridden? I think that in tragedy Kemble remained largely Apollonian, that his nature, and to a certain extent his technique, would not allow him to descend (or ascend) to the Dionysian.

That for twenty years he played secondary parts before appearing in major roles was not, I'm sure, good training for Kemble as an artist—not in a period when classics had to be wedged into the welter of farces, pantomimes, melodramas *à la* Pixérécourt, crying comedies, and bourgeois dramas dripping with sentimentality that delighted the Romantic Age. (Don't laugh, fellow Americans; that insubstantial pageant was probably more entertaining than our own current offerings of *schmutz* and *kitsch*.)

Kemble triumphed as Romeo, Mirabell, Charles Surface, Mercutio, Benedick, and other such parts—indeed, he was well received in almost everything, even Falstaff. As manager of Covent Garden he made important production innovations and achieved, despite financial troubles, many a brilliant artistic success.

As a consequence, he was one of the most celebrated men of the era, and came in contact with many other notables: Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, Edward Fitzgerald, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, Hazlitt, Queen Victoria, and, in America, such personages as Washington Irving, John Marshall, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Sumner, and President Jackson.

Widely loved and admired, Charles Kemble, that gentle, high-spirited, knightly man of the theater, illumined his way—and all those about him—from Brecknock to Silence.

Richard H. Gaines, whose forebears were from Brecknock, is an actor, director, and professor. He also contributes as a critic to The New York Times and other publications.

YEATS

by Harold Bloom

Oxford, 500 pp., $12.50

UNCOLLECTED PROSE BY W. B. YEATS
Vol. I: First Reviews and Articles 1886-1896

edited by John P. Frayne

Columbia, 437 pp., $17.50

Reviewed by Harry T. Moore

■ William Butler Yeats called himself one of "the last Romantics." Harold Bloom's challenging new book about him, written for seasoned readers of the Irish poet and not intended as a mere guide for beginners, deals with Yeats primarily if not almost exclusively as a Romantic rather than as a metaphysical or esoteric or predominantly Celtic writer. In fact, "his ancestors in English poetic tradition were primarily Blake and Shelley," Harold Bloom observes, "and his achievement

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will at last be judged against theirs."

Mr. Bloom ranks Yeats high among recent poets, despite "much nonsense" in his thinking and "much that is necessarily pernicious from a humanistic (or even merely humane) point of view," because the poet's wisdom ultimately outweighs the nonsense. Mr. Bloom mentions the poets of our time writing in English with whom Yeats is usually ranged. T. S. Eliot customarily heads such lists but, for Mr. Bloom, Yeats's two peers are Thomas Hardy and Wallace Stevens. As for Eliot and Ezra Pound, they "may prove to be the Cowley and Cleveland of this age."

That qualifying "may" typifies the author's approach throughout this reference-crowded but lively volume. Some of his heterodox judgments may be distasteful to previous Yeats critics, but Mr. Bloom is almost always carefully undogmatic. In an age of growing critical rudeness, Mr. Bloom puts forth his conclusions modestly enough. For example, in discussing *A Full Moon in March* he makes some harsh comments on the play, but at once admits that no single critic or group of critics can make ultimate decisions in such matters, and he invokes Dr. Johnson's "Common Reader," who, rather than the literary theorists, will finally determine the value of a work. "Will he," Mr. Bloom wonders, "be deeply moved by *A Full Moon in March*?"

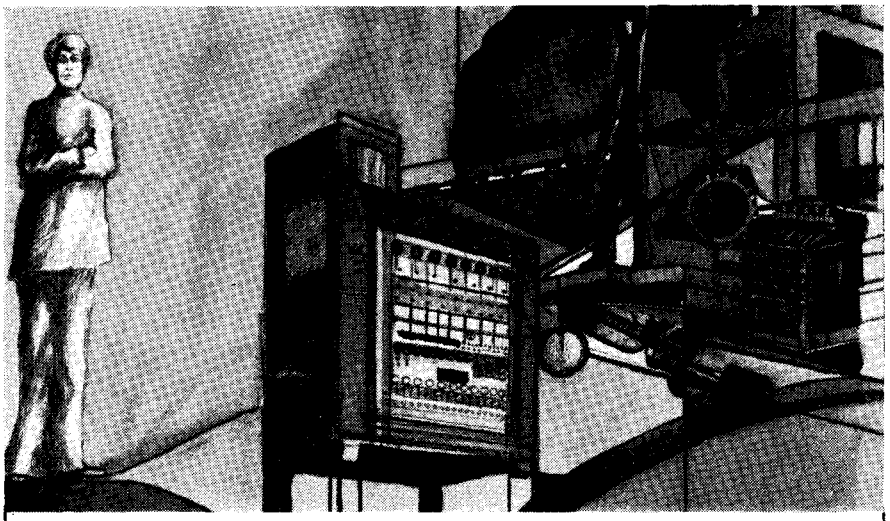
Yeats was fairly popular during most of his career, partly because of the bright images and attractive cadences of his early poems and partly because of his always interesting personality. Yet the mature Yeats, despite many poems of almost folkloric simplicity, is not always easy to read, especially since he brewed his own mythology out of Oriental and other sources. Mr. Bloom devotes two full and revealing chapters to *A Vision*, the book in which Yeats presented much of the formula for his mythic system. A departure from many earlier explicators, and from Yeats himself, is Mr. Bloom's refusal to furnish diagrams to illustrate obscure points in *A Vision*. He finds the book continually fascinating but to some extent a failure, partly because it is inadequate "to Yeats's own imagination"; and, though *A Vision* is "wisdom literature" primarily, "it is sometimes very unwise." The symbols are "comprehensive enough to be coherent," yet their coherence is incomplete.

Mr. Bloom accepts the usual division of Yeats's writing career into three periods—1885-99, 1900-14, 1915-39. Otherwise he doesn't go along with much of what has been written about the poet, though he is occasionally in full agreement with the opinions of others, whom he generously cites. He regards some of the earliest poems as among the best, particularly "The Wanderings of Oisin": "I would much rather reread it than rehearse again, to myself or others, the mere complication of 'Among School Children' or the blatancy of 'Under Ben Bulben' and 'The Gyres.'" Once again Bloom expresses himself largely in terms of preference, though in discussions of the individual poems he often takes a firm stance.

"Under Ben Bulben" he finds "bad and distressing," partly because it is a celebration of violence. "The Gyres" (Yeats pronounced his pet word for historical cycles with a hard *g*) is in Mr. Bloom's estimate another work that rejoices in violence, and he even rather fallaciously suggests that it has a fascist tinge, though typically the author states his position modestly when he ends by saying that he doubts whether this poem "always will be admired as so many among us have admired it."

Similarly, his comments on Yeats's plays often upset their orthodox status. He finds great fault, for instance, with the late-period drama *Purgatory*, which has been highly praised. He believes that Yeats as a writer for the stage was at his best in *Four Plays for Dancers*, composed at a time when he was experimenting with the forms of the Noh drama of Japan. Mr. Bloom in this connection makes one of the most rewarding critical statements to be found in this volume, and it helps to explain why he gives Yeats's later plays a fairly low rating: "The paradox of a formal invention is that it sometimes works best in a poet's initial mastery of it, even as he engages in the process of learning it."

Throughout the book, Mr. Bloom



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One thing I like is long walks—especially when they're made by people who annoy me.

—FRED ALLEN.

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keeps his focus on the relationship of Yeats to the Romantic Movement, and of course to Shelley and Blake, along with various other influences. He also provides full analyses, item by item, of most of Yeats's important works. What may seem heresies to many will probably kick up some useful controversies about a great poet.

John P. Frayne's compilation of Yeats's early prose (1886-96), nearly all of it previously unpublished in book form, has the value of giving us a fresh introduction to Yeats in his formative years, when Irish literature held his attention so strongly. (Mr. Frayne is now preparing a second volume of the poet's uncollected prose, covering the period from 1896 to his death in 1939.) Though the subtitle promises only reviews and articles, the book also contains four stories. The young Yeats wrote the critical material in this collection for bread-and-butter reasons, but he often put the best of himself into it. And, as Mr. Frayne says, "fortunately for his criticism, Yeats had, aside from his grandiose theories, a good nose for poetry, and despite a weakness for the nebulous, he was a good judge of fakery."

To locate the material for this book, Mr. Frayne has industriously hunted through all the possibly relevant journals of the Nineties, American as well as British. He explains that he has avoided the temptation of including a number of anonymous articles that have a Yeatsian ring, and he gives sound reasons for the one unsigned piece he does attribute to Yeats. For each of the items he prints he provides extremely interesting headnotes about circumstances and origins, relegating other material to footnotes. Yeats was a poor speller, and Mr. Frayne's placing a "[*sic*]" after the poet's reference to Oscar Wilde's mother as "Lady Wylde" is proper scholarship. But sometimes his editorial zeal runs away with him, as in the case of an 1893 article about a book by T. F. Thistelton Dyer, after whose name as it appears in Yeats's text Mr. Frayne drops a "[*sic*]." One wonders why, since Yeats is shown as using the name exactly as it appears in Mr. Frayne's headnote and in his bibliography. Also, why bother to identify Lord Beaconsfield? This note is amusingly ironic, because Yeats is quoting him as having "said that the way to give a successful supper party was never to ask anybody who had to be explained." It would have been far more interesting if Frayne had supplied some identification of a man he mentions as one of Yeats's fellow-speakers at the first meeting of the Dublin Hermetic Society—a man with the tantalizing name of "Mr. Smeeth."

Yeats's early reviews and critical articles at times dealt with significant writers of the day; for the most part, however, they concerned themselves with Irish literature, old and new, for which Yeats had made himself both interpreter and propagandist. Indeed, in its total effect this book is a spirited introduction to Irish literature. But it also shows with what intensity Yeats involved himself in his country's writings, leading up to his important statement of 1897, "The Celtic Element in Literature" (reprinted in *Essays and Introductions*, 1961), which too few Yeats commentators seem to have noticed. In its revelation of the Celt's essential vision of the natural magic in life that essay gives us a clue to Yeats's own enduring poetic vision—enduring through all the complications of his eclecticism and through his late-period intellectualized and epigrammatic verse. This is a subject not taken up in Harold Bloom's critical study. In 1932 Yeats wrote in "Vacillation": "While on the shop and street I gazed/ My body of a sudden blazed;/And twenty minutes more or less/It seemed, so great my happiness,/That I was blessed and could bless." Almost any Romantic poet could have felt his body blaze up, but the poet who also feels that he can bless is a Celt.

Harry T. Moore, a research professor at Southern Illinois University, frequently writes about Yeats and other modern authors.

VACHEL LINDSAY:
Fieldworker for the American Dream

by Ann Massa

Indiana, 310 pp., $10

Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

■ The title of Ann Massa's book is deceptive. One is led to expect an interpretive biography as well as an analysis of the man and his work. But, except for a few sketchy pages in the introduction, the human being never emerges. Lindsay's dual nature—the genuine poet and the ingenuous pamphleteer, the buoyantly naïve and bitterly disillusioned creator—is barely suggested.

There is no clear picture of the life Lindsay lived alone or with his colleagues, who were also his critics and often his collaborators. Not so much as a mention is made of Sara Teasdale, his Gloriana, his inaccessible if not impossible She, "the golden queen for whom I wrote the best songs of my days," and to whom he sent daily impassioned letters but who refused to marry him. Amy Lowell is dismissed as "a middle-of-the-road Imagist spokes-

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man [who] occasionally seemed to take a left-wing, Lindsayesque stance." The only reference to Robert Frost, whose proposed collaboration with Lindsay on "John L. Sullivan, the Strong Boy of Boston" turned into the extraordinary parody "John L. Sullivan Enters Heaven," is an offhand remark to the effect that "his [Frost's] simple, reflective poetry made him accidentally rather than intentionally something of a poet of the people."

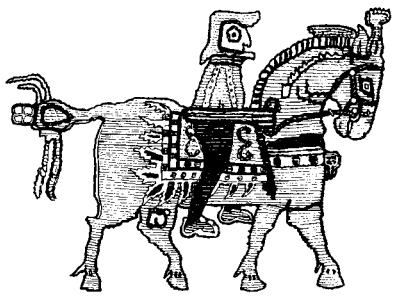
Miss Massa's attempts to penetrate Lindsay's inner disturbances, which made him turn against his wife and drove him to suicide, are both cursory and unconvincing. Lindsay's crippling and all-too-obvious mother fixation, a compulsion that kept him safe from "the lure of the cup and the sin of the flesh" and preserved not only his celibacy but also his virginity until he was forty-five, is shrugged off as "a normal involvement of love, duty, and difference."

If the book fails as biography—and the author might protest that, in spite of the implication in the title, it was not intended as such—it is equally vulnerable as criticism. Lindsay's idiosyncratic contribution to the culture of his day is recognized, yet Miss Massa's appraisal of his position as a poet and her estimate of his achievement are all wrong. She states, for example, that only a few of his more spectacular poems—she cites "The Congo," "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven," and "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan" —are regularly read, and that his more literary (and, she implies, better) work remains virtually unknown. Actually, Lindsay has his secure place not only in the anthologies but also in the volumes about him that continue to appear. It is in the exuberant chants, the jazz spirituals, the indomitable energy of what he called the Higher Vaudeville, that his characteristic tone is manifest. Too much of his other writing is marred by sentimental, almost girlish improvising, and by a loquacity that mixes eloquence with lacy, Valentine-like versifying.

Miss Massa's insistence that Lindsay was prevented from expressing himself leads her to "deplore the circumstances" that made him unable "to secure a hearing," and claim that his failure was "a consequence of the generally dense reception of his work in literary and critical circles." Nothing could be further from the facts. Lind-

An exciting chapter in archeology that is unfamiliar to most readers of English was the excavation during the 1920s and 1940s of burial mounds in the Altai mountains of Western Siberia. There, through the accident of climate, artifacts created 2,500 years ago were preserved by refrigeration in an unparalleled state of freshness. They provide clues to the culture of a pastoral people who were contemporaneous with the Black Sea Scythians described by Herodotus in the fifth century B.C., and apparently had much in common with them. The Russian anthropologist Sergei I. Rudenko, who led the excavations, published his description of his finds in 1953, and it has now been made available in English translation as *Frozen Tombs of Siberia: The Pazyryk Burials of Iron Age Horsemen* (California, $30). Magnificent drawings, photographs, and color plates display especially the lively animal art that attracted the ancient Altaians. As breeders and sellers of thoroughbred horses, they came in contact with the more advanced civilizations of the time, and Persian, Assyrian, and Chinese influences can be seen in many of their designs. The Altaians were illiterate and left no written records; the discoveries at Pazyryk open a window on their fascinating world.

Decoration on saddle-cover: tiger seizing mountain ram



Pile carpet: horse and rider

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say was one of the most popular of all the poets and platform performers of the period. He relished the popularity and, at the same time, complained of it. He wanted to reach the man in the streets with his Golden Dream. But he was overwhelmed by repeated demands for the barrel-house music of "The Congo," the steam calliope of "The Kallyope Yell," and the cornet and drum-banging of "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven," when he wanted to charm his listeners with the sweet, soft strains of "The Chinese Nightingale." Hailing the uncommon hero in the common man—his pantheon of heroes incongruously included Johnny Appleseed and Jane Addams, Abraham Lincoln and P. T. Barnum, St. Francis and Henry George—he hoped to uplift "the popcorn crowd, blow the proud folk low, humanize the dour and slow."

At the height of his fame he turned against that which had made him famous; Lindsay had given himself too vociferously and he refused to "roar in public." "You see, Louis, it is too easy," he wrote to me. "The house full; the check promptly paid; everybody pleasant, and nobody giving a damn." Somehow, Lindsay hoped his Gospel of Beauty fused with the New Localism would change America. He did not want so much to revolutionize it as to renovate it, to recondition it with parks named after poets, with Village Improvement Parades, and with Plato's *Republic* transmogrified as in *The Golden Book of Springfield.*

Little of this is to be found in Miss Massa's book. As Lindsayana it is not comparable with Edgar Lee Masters's *Vachel Lindsay,* Mark Harris's *City of Discontent,* or Eleanor Ruggles's *The West-Going Heart,* works that portray the poet glorifying new and native stuff, the preacher touched with gentle madness trading rhymes for bread, and the prophet finally repudiated and self-doomed. What Miss Massa has made is a thesis-like examination of the ideas and influences that affected

Lindsay from time to time. Her chapters are divided into sections with such captions as "Village," "City," "Society," "The Influences of Campbell and Swedenborg," "Christianity," "Democracy," "Socialism," "Beauty and Religion," "Present and Future," "Springfield and World Government," "Fact and Fiction," etc. For her arduous research she is to be commended if not wildly applauded.

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JAKOB VON GUNTEN

by Robert Walser, translated from the German by Christopher Middleton

Texas, 154 pp., $5.50

Reviewed by Harry Zohn

■ It is apparent that Robert Walser must be regarded as the most significant Swiss writer in the first half of the present century. Only in recent years has this novelist and prose miniaturist attracted the critical attention that is his due. In 1957 Christopher Middleton, an English poet who is now a Germanist at the University of Texas, translated a volume of Walser's short stories. His novel *The Assistant* appeared in London last year. Yet, despite the availability of these books, and of George Avery's scholarly and comprehensive study of Walser, *Inquiry and Testament*, issued by the University of Pennsylvania Press in 1968, the appearance of *Jakob von Gunten* is likely to mean a literary discovery for most American readers.

Walser's career as a writer spanned only two decades. From the age of fifty on he lived *in geistiger Umnachtung* (in spiritual darkness), to use the marvelous German euphemism for insanity. Always unstable, Walser, at his sister's urging, entered the psychiatric clinic at Waldau in 1929, when he was fifty-one. Four years later he transferred to the sanitarium at Herisau ("I'm not here to write, but to be mad"), where he was found dead in the snow on Christmas Day of 1956.

It is indicative of Walser's stature that many men of letters greatly admired him. The impressive list includes names like Franz Kafka, Max Brod, Robert Musil, Christian Morgenstern, Walter Benjamin, Hermann Hesse, Carl Seelig, Walser's longtime guardian and editor, and, among the younger generation, the writer's German namesake, Martin Walser. As early as 1913 Max Brod called Robert Walser a "triple-layered writer" who was at once simple and complex, and he pointed to the streak of irony sandwiched between layers of artlessness and Swiss naïveté. Walser was one of Kafka's favorite authors; he particularly admired *Jakob von Gunten*. In his *Diary* Kafka noted that Walser resembled Dickens "in his use of vague, abstract metaphors." Walser's influence may be discerned in several of Kafka's stories and in *The Castle*.

Jakob von Gunten was Walser's third and last novel. It is one of those modern works that transformed German

literature with their exposure of the moral ambivalence of the age and their relentless questioning of the entire basis of modern civilization. It takes the form of undated journal entries by an adolescent boy who has run away from his successful father. Resolved to "lapse from every proud tradition" and "start from all the way down," he has enrolled in the Benjamenta Institute, a seedy and somewhat surrealistic school for servants. Jakob lives in a kind of suspended animation on an urban magic mountain. Like Hans Castorp, he is an empty vessel and hungry for experience; his psycho-sociological drolleries are reminiscent of Felix Krull. His interior monologue, or extended analytical soliloquy, really adds up to an interiorization of the picaresque novel and a parody of the *Bildungsroman*. Unlike Parzival, who progresses from simpleton to sage, Jakob, in his cellular isolation, changes from "a wholly outstanding fool" to "a fool . . . but in a way that is finer and friendlier."

Jakob's main contact with the outside world is through his blasé older brother, a successful artist. Most of Jakob's other associations and confrontations are with his schoolmates—particularly the proletarian Kraus, the school's prize pupil—and the ambivalent Benjamenta family. Herr Benjamenta, the principal, is by turns a stern patriarchal figure and a man pathetically longing for love and companionship; his sister Lisa is the only active teacher, the others being in a limbo between somnolence and nonexistence. The school teaches submission, self-denial, and depersonalization. Instruction is limited to rote learning of "a little, but thoroughly" and an inculcation of rules for comportment in the school and in a future master's service.

A clownish seriousness and charming eccentricity pervade Jakob's sententious jottings and ambiguous musings. He is both ingenuous and sophisticated, and improvisation seems to be his lifestyle. His home-made *Weltschmerz* leads him to a preoccupation with the minutiae of his own fanciful and pedantically delimited world-in-little. In his daydreams he explores the mysteries of the school's "inner chambers" (with the arcane Lisa as his guide), and serves as a mercenary in fifteenth-century Italy or as one of Napoleon's foot soldiers. He thinks he may one day found a "corporate company for the propagation of beautiful but unreliable

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imaginings." After Fräulein Benjamenta's death (which she has foretold as being due to her having "found no love"), Jakob indulges in his final daydream, or death-watch fantasy: he is Sancho Panza to Herr Benjamenta's Don Quixote. In real life, it seems, the principal will realize his wish to live with Jakob "in deserts or on icy mountains in the northern seas"—two escapees from culture whose slogan is "Away with the life of thought!"

The translation is of such high quality that it may seem like ingratitude or pedantry to list some errors. "*Mag er seinen Mut kühlen*" is not "I hope his courage will cool down" but "Let him vent his rage." "*Beherzigenswert*" is not "adorable" or "lovable" but "worthy of consideration" or "worth knowing." The phrase "laws and commands . . . that prescribe a strict external discipline" should read ". . . that a strict external discipline prescribes." On pp. 36-7 the translator has chivalrously turned a "*ganz unhübsche Frau*" into a "not unpretty" lady. Sentences are missing on several pages, and there are a number of omitted phrases. These, however, are but minor flaws in what is truly a small gem of a book.

Harry Zohn, professor of German at Brandeis University, is currently translating Marianne Weber's biography of Max Weber.

BLACK TORRENT

by Leopold Buczkowski, translated from the Polish by David Welsh

MIT, 200 pp., $5.95

A DREAMBOOK FOR OUR TIME

by Tadeusz Konwicki, translated from the Polish by David Welsh

MIT, 282 pp., $5.95

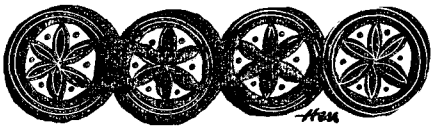
CLOAK OF ILLUSION

by Stanislaw Dygat, translated from the Polish by David Welsh

MIT, 172 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Vasa D. Mihailovich

■ Three recent Polish novels display the vigor of contemporary literature in small countries, so often ignored here. In addition to their intrinsic values, these novels chart important currents in contemporary East European writing. *Black Torrent* (*Czarny potok*, 1954), showing that World War II continues to be a live topic in these literatures, offers a grim record of horror and chaos in wartime Poland, seen through the eyes of the Jews, Poles, and Ukrainians in the eastern part of the country. Without beginning or end, the novel rolls along like a torrent carrying the dead and the living alike. Someone is constantly being pursued, beaten, killed; a continual rattle of guns fills the air like irrevocable Morse messages of death. Those who remain alive run madly in circles, unable to extricate themselves from suffering and death. The fragmented episodes in which the Nazis and their helpers hunt their victims constitute an unbearably frightening picture—a huge, chaotic slaughterhouse. "Who rules



this world?" asks one bedazzled participant. "Shooting," another answers laconically. Fighting back while trying desperately to preserve their integrity and moral values, individuals nevertheless lose their identity and accept death as an everyday phenomenon.

Much of the effectiveness of this Guernica-like canvas is attributable to Leopold Buczkowski's subdued, seemingly disinterested manner of relating his tale of horror. With stark, expressionistic, almost naturalistic strokes, utilizing incomplete thoughts and sentences, hints and allusions, he achieves a staccato rhythm. Most of the novel is in dialogue, direct or reported. A mixture of Jewish and Slavic folklore, manifested in riddles, ominous pronouncements, exalted prophecies and the like, adds strong color to the narrative. Occasional passages of poetic beauty relieve the grim spectacle of man's inhumanity to man. *Black Torrent* also touches upon the thorny question of why the Jews did not fight for their survival. Some did—but, alas, with the same disastrous results.

A Dreambook for Our Time (*Sennik współczesny*, 1963) deals with the second most important topic in East European literature: the aftermath of the war. Tadeusz Konwicki conjures up the phantasmagoric reminiscences of a still young man several years after the war. A former guerrilla fighter who also fought against the Soviet Army but later joined the Communist Party, the hero finds it extremely difficult to establish a firm footing in the postwar world. He is ridden with guilt for his past and present political "crimes," torn by indecision, and lacking in the blessed simplicity of the true believer. The rebuilding of the country interests neither him nor the inhabitants of his village, who continue their centuries-old way of life, hating and fearing the new and engaged in a primitive religious ritual bordering on lunatic ec-

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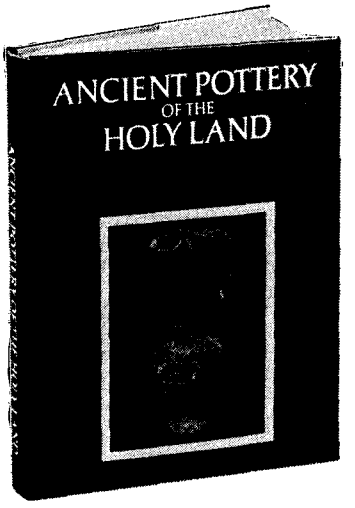

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stasy. The former partisan's efforts to rekindle love end in sexual impotence, just as they do, symbolically, with practically all the other characters.

The author, who is also a movie director, mixes dramatic episodes, flashbacks, nightmarish reveries, and inner monologues with abandon. A wide use of metaphors, symbols, and irony enlivens the style. Though the characters are full-blooded eccentrics, their antics are in harmony with their inner mechanisms. A certain dreamlike quality, a gossamer of things long past yet somehow still clinging to life, pervades Konwicki's facile and poetic narration. As a result, the reader is rewarded with illustrations of the consequences of indelible war experiences and with beautiful prose as well.

The third main concern of contemporary East European literature—the alienation of youth—is amply evident in Stanislaw Dygat's *Cloak of Illusion* (*Disneyland*). As the title implies, a system of illusions is necessary for man's survival in the present world. Marek Arens, a young track star, discovers that the beliefs with which he grew up were false, and that without honesty youth is wasted. He finds in the new hypocritical society little to respect, and refuses to take advantage of what life offers him. But, instead of falling prey to cynicism, he continues to search for a young woman whom he had fleetingly seen at a carnival. He fails to find her; what is more, he is not even convinced that she exists. Yet he is reluctant to give up "the one bright and pure happening" of his life.

Dygat, a highly skilled writer, has chosen not to use his story as a veiled attack on his society. Rather, he is content with presenting the plight of his young Pole as the plight of any youth in any country. Thus the novel gains in realism and universality. Fine psychological insights (somewhat lacking in the two novels previously discussed) add to the deeper meaning of the alienation of modern youth. One is reminded of the surviving children in *Black Torrent*. Figuratively speaking, it is those children who became Arenses and who are now alienated from the world they inherited. Interestingly, *Cloak of Illusion* ends on a hopeful note, thanks to the hero's defense of his integrity and refusal to compromise.

What all three novels, bleak and painful as they are, have in common is a deep concern for modern man and his moral values. But their authors refuse to heed the Communist Party's call for a varnished presentation of socialist realism. They have a lot to say, even to the foreign reader, and the excellent translations are not a little responsible for this. Both MIT Press and David Welsh deserve our gratitude for offering us a glimpse of the important Polish fiction of today.

Vasa D. Mihailovich has translated Croatian poetry for an anthology published by the literary review The Bridge.

THE BOOK OF GOOD LOVE

by Juan Ruiz, translated from the Spanish by Rigo Mignani and Mario A. Di Cesare

New York State, 365 pp., $10

Reviewed by Tom Bishop

■ One of Spain's greatest literary critics, Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, rates *El libro de buen amor* as the third most important work in the whole of Spanish literature, ranking only after *Don Quijote* and *La Celestina*. By general critical agreement, *The Book of Good Love* is not only among the most important landmarks of Spanish letters, as the first comic masterpiece in the language and the first of the picaresque genre, but is also a splendid work in its own right, witty and satiric, at times deeply moving, one of the gems of the Middle Ages.

The Book of Good Love was written in verse during the first half of the fourteenth century by Juan Ruiz, Archpriest of Hita, a town north of Madrid. While claiming to inspire his readers to pursue the "good love" of God, Juan Ruiz dwells mainly on "*loco amor*," or sensual love. Using the first-person singular for his narration (a most unusual technique in his time), he relates fourteen of his amatory experiences, most of which end in dismal failure. These adventures with a variety of ladies are tied together and often interrupted by fables and other allegorical tales, by songs, and by other stories.

As the rogue servant is the common denominator of the later picaresque novels, the personality of the libertine Archpriest serves as fulcrum of *The Book of Good Love*. In an era of loose ecclesiastic morals, he schemes constantly to seduce some attractive widow or beguiling nun in a vast parody of courtly love. Through his escapades and the many "examples" that accompany them, a lifelike and ironic por-

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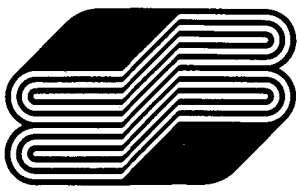

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trait of medieval Spain passes before our eyes: people from many walks of life at work, at play, eating, traveling, making love. Ruiz, of course, occupies center stage much of the time; in fact, his presence is felt even when he is not the subject of the action. As a result, *The Book of Good Love* reveals its author as an individual far more than do most medieval texts.

The second leading character is an old woman, a professional go-between whom the Archpriest employs for most of his hoped-for assignations. Trotaconventos (the Convent-Hopper) became a legendary figure in Spanish literature and the prototype for numerous similar figures, including La Celestina. Trotaconventos at work is a marvel to behold with her skilled mixture of cajolery and idle chatter. Near the end of the story Ruiz is shaken by her death, and even provides her with a stirring epitaph. Other characters include the allegorical Sir Love and Lady Venus, through whom the author proposes a guide for lovers.

Perhaps the most striking episode is a gigantic battle fought between Sir Carnival, aided by roosters, pheasants, and such, and Lady Lent, seconded by oysters, lobsters, and fish. Lady Lent wins an initial battle of mock-heroic proportions, but with the coming of Easter Sunday Sir Carnival wins the war, to everyone's delight.

A serious note is struck occasionally, especially in several lovely songs to the Virgin Mary, but the satiric tone is never long suppressed. Thus, after some moralizing near the end, Ruiz concludes: "I want to cut my lecture short, because I have always been fond of a short sermon, a short woman, and a short speech. . . . I have always preferred a small woman to a great big one: it makes good sense to avoid a huge evil!"

Until recently *The Book of Good Love* was virtually unavailable in English. The first translation, in verse, made by Elisha Kent Kane in 1933, had a limited circulation until it was republished in 1968. It is a spirited but often inaccurate adaptation. The present translation in excellent modern prose by Rigo Mignani and Mario A. Di Cesare is perhaps less inventive but much more faithful. The translators have provided a particularly incisive critical introduction, adequate (and unpedantic) notes, and an annotated bibliography. Thanks to this new English version, American readers will be able to appreciate the youthful spirit, the ribald wit, and the psychological insight of this six-and-a-half-centuries-old classic.

Tom Bishop is professor of French and Comparative Literatures at New York University.

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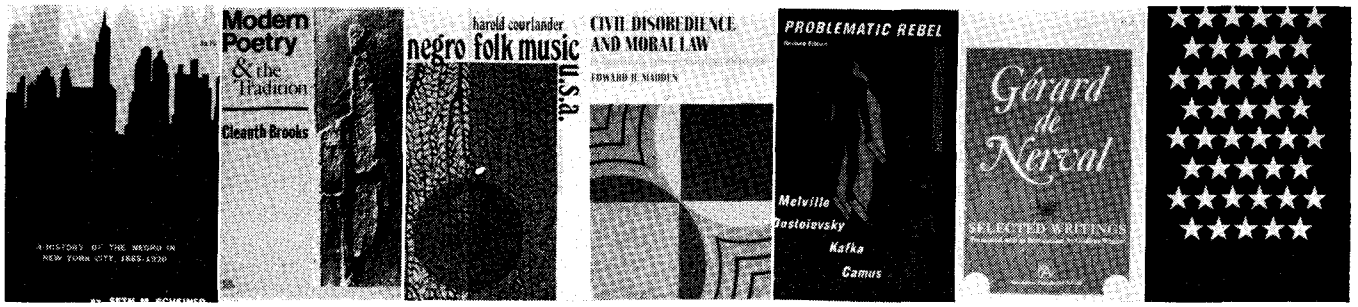

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

The universities today are learning how to live with change; this is especially true of the university press. One that is keeping up with the times is Yale, which Director Chester Kerr propels forward with energy and vision. "It's just not going to be good enough to continue in the old rut of publishing revised theses so that young scholars can get published instead of perishing," he said in New Haven last week. "Of course, the university must provide room for its scholars, but it behooves us in this changing world of new methods of research and teaching to move ahead also."

What Yale has offered is the "fastback." Short, tentative, timely, it's a book produced on a whizbang schedule. The issues dealt with are immediate, such as *The Environment Crisis* or *Black Studies in the University*. Psychologist Leonard Doob's *Revolving Conflict*, just published, represents the kind of instant but incomplete scholarship now available. It reports on a conference on sensitivity training—a whole new area of intellectual activity—at which representatives of battling African states got together in a hotel in the Tyrol and threshed out some issues. The idea is novel, so are the techniques involved, and so too is the publishing schedule: it took less than three months from manuscript to finished paperback. The hardbound will follow next month. "These guys—the scholars—they're on the run," said Kerr. "They have something to say while the work is still in progress, and they don't want to wait three or four years."

"I think the textbook is on its way to becoming fractured," Kerr continued. "The whole method of providing new ways for study is up in the air. My son—Yale '67—was just graduated from Penn Law School. He came home with his entire undergraduate and graduate library. Amazing. You'd be hard put to find a clothbound book."

In Bloomington, Indiana University Press's director, Bernard Perry, reinforced Mr. Kerr's emphasis upon new paperback directions. "We're more concerned than ever with timely publications," Perry reported. "It's no longer good enough to go through the regular procedure of publishing a hardcover book and then, five years later, bring out its paperback edition." Indiana, one of the first university presses to pioneer in the paperback field, has branched out with highly successful books on environment, racial questions, urban problems. "Today so many new courses are offered that books have to keep pace with them. Then, too, students are price-resistant. They want the lower-priced paperbacks." Up until recently trade books were one thing and textbooks quite another. "Not so any more," said Perry. "The line between trade and text is rapidly disappearing. Topical subjects demand topical books. Besides, paperbacks give a professor far greater flexibility in planning his courses."

Indiana is stretching out in all intellectual directions. The press is soon to publish in paperback *The Petty Demon*, a novel by the largely neglected Russian writer Fyodor Sologub (1863-1927). "Russian literature courses used to teach Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, and that was pretty much it," Perry remarked. "Now students care about what's been happening in the twentieth century. I don't know a thing about many of the later Russian authors—but I'm learning fast."

Rollene W. Saal

Black America

Until recently publication of black scholarship was mostly left to university presses, and consequently paperbacks from UP hardcover backlists have always been strong in racial matters. MIT Press's *The Negro American Family* ($2.95), which W. E. Du Bois wrote sixty years ago, is still remarkably timely in its attention to the problems of alienation, shifting parental control, the poverty that thwarted Negroes then as now. Seth M. Scheiner's *Negro Mecca* (New York University Press, $2.75), a history of the Negro in New York City from 1865 to 1920, reinforces Du Bois's book in its analysis of the inner city. Those were the turbulent decades of immigrant influx, and especially telling are the sections dealing with the ambivalent attitudes of blacks toward their Jewish neighbors. Though some turn-of-the-century Harlem newspapers deplored "that in this age of progress and light, so industrious, sober and intelligent a class as the Jews should have to be discriminated against," others complained vehemently that too much attention was being paid to anti-Semitism, at the expense of Negro problems.

About the only thing William White and Horace R. Cayton had in common was their blackness, though the former's skin was fairer than that of many whites. In his autobiography, *A Man Called White* (Indiana, $3.25), he recalls the injustices he encountered during his Georgia boyhood, his determination to identify with a black community though he could easily have passed for white, and his rise to leadership in the formative years of the NAACP.

Horace Cayton had an altogether different kind of life. The grandson of the first Negro elected to a national legislature (in Mississippi) and the son of a prominent Washington editor, he grew up in the relatively free middle-class atmosphere of the Pacific Northwest. Yet his life was a fervid search for his own identity, in a variety of careers from sailor to union organizer to U.N. reporter. Unlike White's calm, almost detached autobiography, Cayton's *Long Old Road* (Washington, $2.95) is charged with the struggle to find dignity as a black man in a white society.

In *Negro Folk Music USA* (Columbia, $3.25) Harold Courlander relates all the varieties of black music—work songs, chants, anthems, spirituals, blues—to a coherent pattern, an in-

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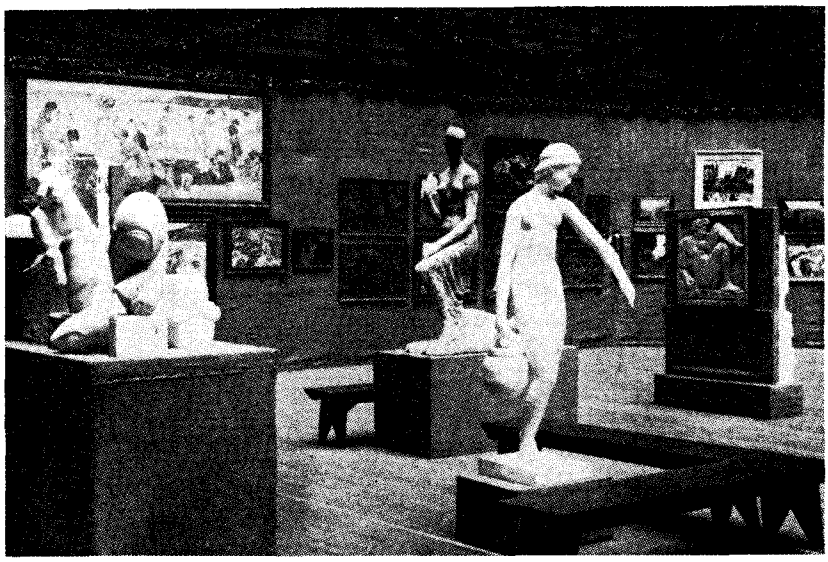
tegral oral literature that belongs to the folk tradition of this country. Music and words are included, from the familiar "Little David, play on your harp, hallelu, hallelu" to strum-along tunes for gutbuckets, frying pans, and cowbells.

Crises

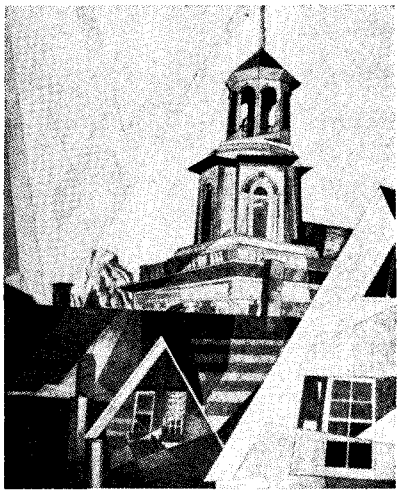
Increasingly the university presses have turned their attention to international events. Such books as Arthur Lall's *The U.N. and the Middle East Crisis, 1967* (Columbia, $2.95) represent the kind of judicious, scholarly heed paid to red-hot issues. Richard Allen's *A Short Introduction to the History and Politics of Southeast Asia* (Oxford, $2.50) surveys for the general reader what the author calls "that fragmented region." Allen sorts out the disparate cultures of Laos, Cambodia, Indonesia, and Vietnam, and reviews the progress of American involvement in the destinies of Asian countries.

The dozen essays by U.S. and British specialists in *Party Leadership and Revolutionary Power in China* (Cambridge, $2.95) probe into usually obscure Communist Party struggles and speculate upon Mao's relationship to his party and his people. Sponsored by Contemporary China Institute Publications, this carefully detailed study is tough going for any but the most informed layman. Browsers beware.

Most current events have a historical precedent, a truth significantly supported by Edward H. Madden's *Civil Disobedience and Moral Law in Nineteenth-Century American Philosophy* (University of Washington, $2.95). Madden's book follows the determined courses of such men as Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry Thoreau, who thought deeply about civil disobedience and made out of it an ethical mode of life.



At the historic 1913 Armory Show in New York City, dazed and dazzled Americans were introduced to the paintings of Picasso, Duchamp, Braque, and Matisse. Art in the USA has never been the same since. In the large, abundantly illustrated *American Painting from the Armory Show to the Depression* (Princeton, $4.95), Milton W. Brown defines the impact of the Cubists and Fauves upon American realism and follows the chain of esthetic events that changed the course of this country's art history.



"Two Heads," by Alfred H. Maurer; "After Sir Christopher Wren," by Charles Demuth

Literature

One of the classic works of the New Criticism is Cleanth Brooks's *Modern Poetry and the Tradition* (Chapel Hill-University of North Carolina, $2.25), in which he chooses the poetry of such men as Yeats, Auden, and Eliot for close textual analysis. Brooks's emphasis was on form in a poem, and when his study was published in 1939 its effect was startling. New Criticism is now history, but its principles opened up a different way of seeking meaning from a poem. In his introduction to this edition Brooks notes: "In poetry that is truly poetry, form and content have merged so thoroughly that to try to detach the content so as to speak of it separately represents a violation of the poem and threatens to reduce the 'form' to a kind of rhetorical husk or envelope."

Maurice Friedman's *Problematic Rebel* (Phoenix-University of Chicago, $3.95) lies somewhere between literary criticism and philosophy. As he explores the depths of Melville, Dostoevsky, Kafka, and Camus, the author is concerned with man as both exile and rebel, Job and Prometheus. In his review of the original hardcover edition Martin Buber wrote, "The theme is the revolt of man against an existence emptied of meaning, the existence after the so-called 'death of God.'"

One of literature's great oddballs was Gérard de Nerval, who glittered in nineteenth-century Paris. A famous eccentric, he carried around with him a skull from which he drank, took his own wigwam along on overnight visits, and promenaded a live lobster on a blue ribbon. He also wrote hallucinatory and pre-Surrealistic plays, stories, and poetry, the best of which are included in *Gérard de Nerval* (Ann Arbor, $2.95), prefaced with a brilliant introductory essay by Geoffrey Wagner.

Noteworthy, too, are the most recent additions to the University of Minnesota series on American writers (95¢ each), which now offers ninety-two essays by first-rate critics. The new works are Leon Edel's *Henry Thoreau*, Gay Wilson Allen's *William James*, Roger Asselineau's *Edgar Allan Poe*, Gerhard Joseph's *John Barth*, and Jay Martin's *Robert Lowell*.

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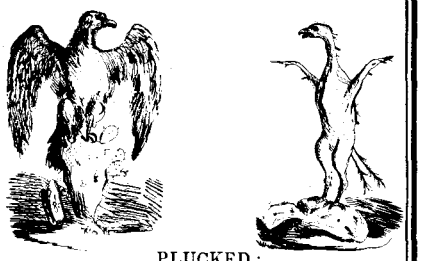

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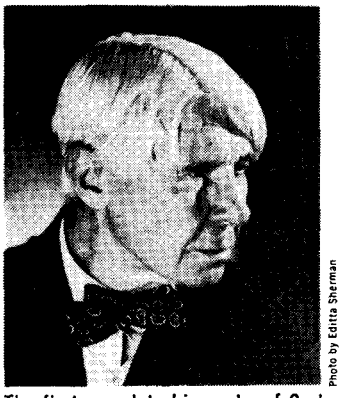
Photo by Edith Sherman

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New York University Press
Washington Square, New York 10003

THE PAPERS OF GEORGE MASON

edited by Robert A. Rutland

North Carolina, 3 vols., 1,488 pp., $45

Reviewed by Richard B. Morris

■ In the year 1776 Benjamin Franklin was seventy years old, Samuel Adams fifty-four, George Washington forty-four, John Adams forty-one, and George Mason, whose letters and papers are now published in a handsome three-volume edition, had reached the ripe age of fifty-one. Any notion that the American Revolution disclosed a generation gap is quickly disproved by these senior citizens' records as firebrands of sedition.

George Mason's fame, however, does not rest on the aura of maturity he contributed to the cause of independence. Rather, he is honored in our time as a great libertarian, whose devotion to civil rights and aversion to slavery seem to render him especially congenial in temper to the activists of our own day. Unlike most of the leading Founding Fathers, he never held high office. Instead, his reputation rests on his role as organizer of revolutionary resistance, as legal and constitutional draftsman, and as author of the Virginia Declaration of Rights, a document that had a worldwide impact.

In view of the approaching bicentennial celebration of the American Revolution, the publication of Mason's papers is a timely service to historical scholarship. The editing by Robert Rutland, who in his own research and writing has already explored much of the ground covered by these three volumes, conforms to the high standards we have come to expect in the editing of papers of American statesmen. The reader will be delighted with his brilliant notes and his uninhibited commentary, and will perhaps prefer the summary of lean notes at the end of each document to the item-by-item footnoting which other editors prefer. One can perhaps cavil at some editorial inconsistencies—spelling out "th" for the obsolete letter thorn (a commendable practice), but allowing shorthand contractions and abbreviations not common today to stand, and using an apostrophe where the letters "e" and "I" are meant. But these antiquarianisms detract little from the pleasing appearance and readability of the text.

These papers document the role of Mason as one of the earliest radicals. Back in 1766 he wrote that he was "unalienably affected to his Majesty's sacred person and government," but he warned in the same letter that "such another experiment as the Stamp Act would produce a general revolt in America." Few others on the Patriot side ventured that far out on the limb so early in the contest.

A crotchety hypochondriac, obsessed with personal and family matters, and absorbed in fruitless but engrossing Western land speculation, Mason was reluctantly drawn into the political fray and withdrew just as quickly as he could. When the Fairfax County voters planned to send him back to the House of Delegates in 1784, he curtly rejected the draft as "an oppressive and unjust invasion of [his] personal liberty." To induce Mason to travel to Philadelphia—the longest trip of his lifetime—Governor Edmund Randolph wrote to Mason, reminding him of "the tottering condition of the United States."

At both the Philadelphia Convention and the ratifying convention in Richmond, Mason argued for a government of limited powers directly responsible to the people. When he declared that he would "sooner chop off his right hand than put it to the Constitution as it now stands," nobody doubted that he meant it. A leading anti-Federalist, Mason criticized the Constitution for not incorporating a bill of rights, and the justice of this criticism was widely conceded. Although the first ten amendments drafted by Madison levied heavily upon Mason's Declaration of Rights, Mason should have been both flattered and gratified. Instead, quite churlishly, he attributed insincere motives to their sponsor.

In perhaps the most magnificent moment of his public life George Mason

electrified the Philadelphia Convention with his denunciation of the disease of slavery. Unless cured, he warned, it would destroy the country. In language brutally frank for a Southern slaveowner, he charged that "every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant." Only fragments of Mason's notes survive to supplement the published reports of the federal and ratifying conventions, but their inclusion herein, with the editor's informed commentary, serve to remind us that Mason was perhaps the most notable exemplar of the original republican goals for which the Revolution was fought.

A strong moral sense pervades these papers. Thoroughly disgusted with the efforts of some Virginians to evade their prewar debts to British mercantile houses, Mason forthrightly remind-

(Continued on page 66)

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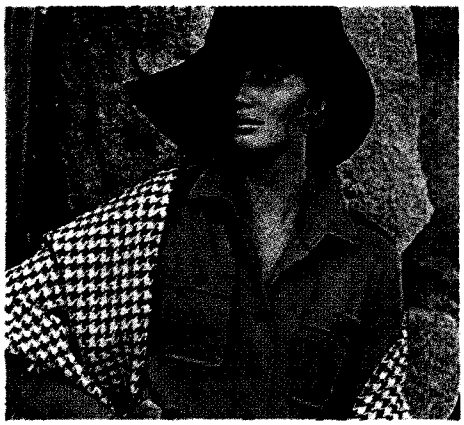

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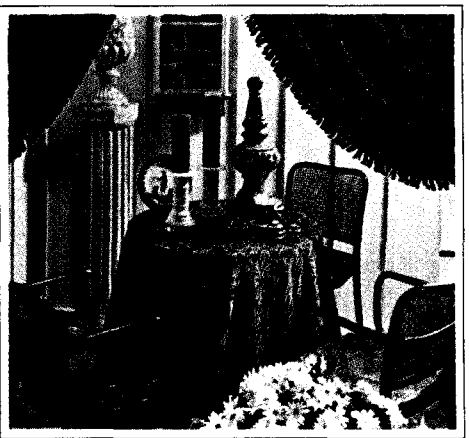

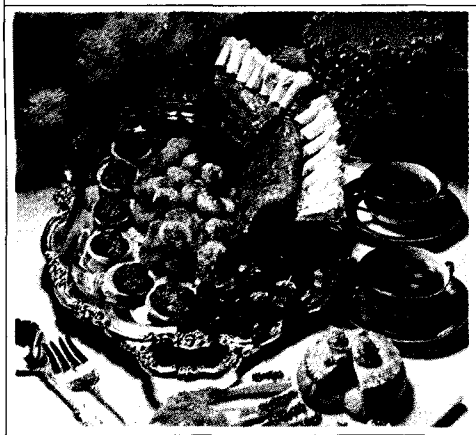

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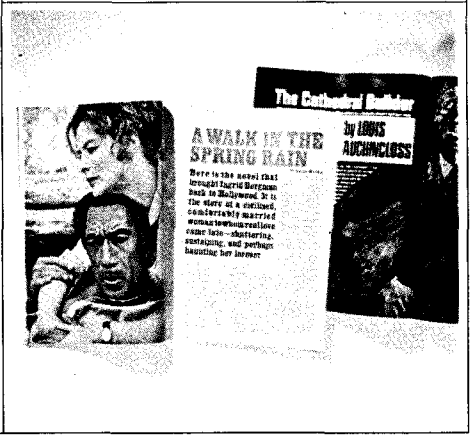

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John Babyak at the Traffic Center "situation board," which reflects the status of every traffic light under computer control.

Giving New York drivers the green light where traffic once crawled.

Every morning New York City must digest a breakfast of three million cars, trucks and buses. But on five main arteries, drivers now average one quarter as many stops. John Babyak's story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.

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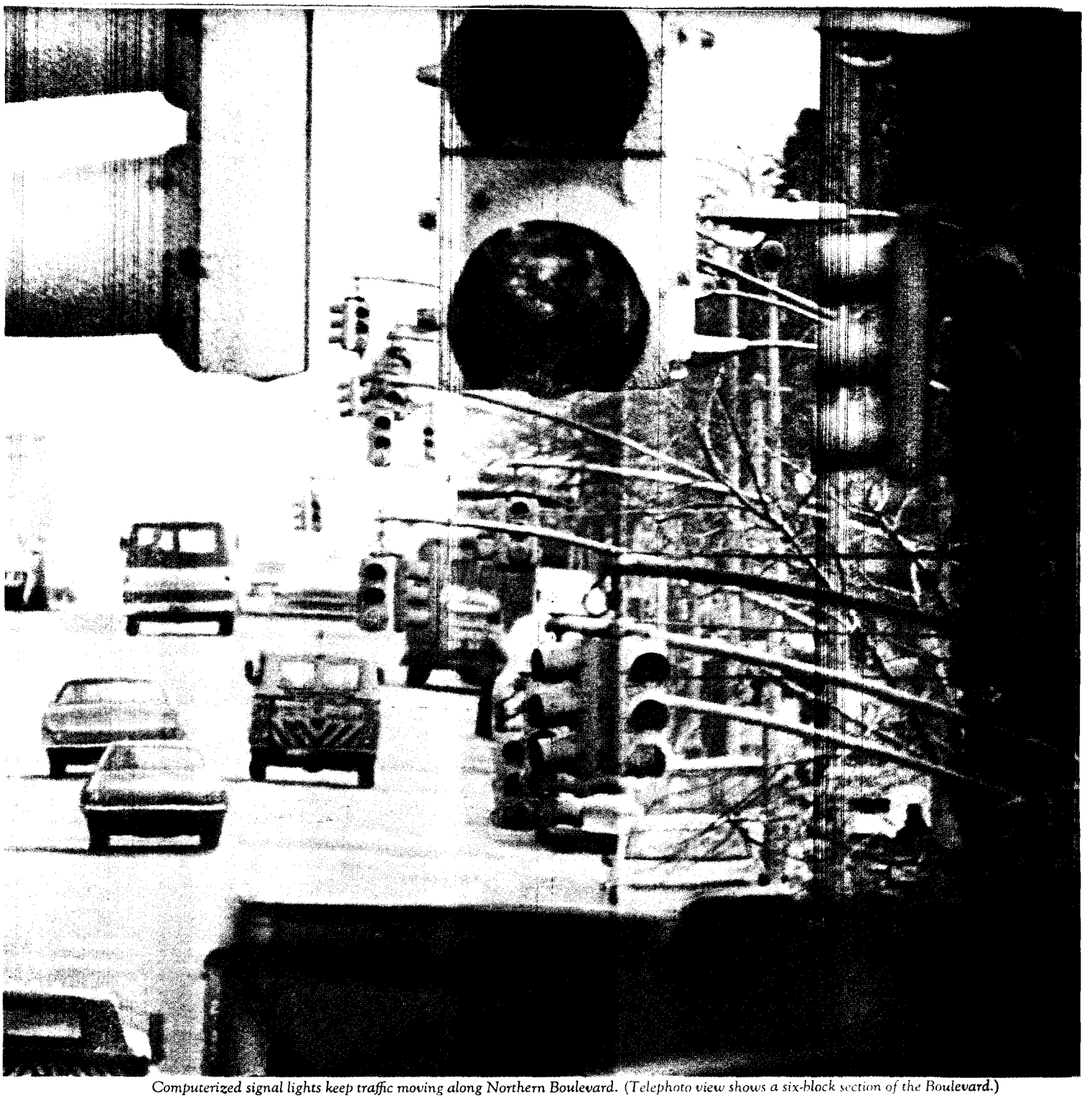

Computerized signal lights keep traffic moving along Northern Boulevard. (Telephoto view shows a six-block section of the Boulevard.)

"Just over a year ago," relates IBM's John Babyak, "a Traffic Department study showed it took 45 to 50 minutes to travel eleven miles of Northern Boulevard in the morning rush hour.

"Along the way, you'd average 23 stops.

"Today, the figures show you can make the trip in 25 to 30 minutes, and average just 7 stops."

The difference is New York's new computerized traffic system which began on Northern Boulevard, in the borough of Queens, and has since been extended to four other main arteries there.

John Babyak, the IBM Systems Engineer assigned to the project, has been working on the application of computers to traffic problems for about ten years.

"In late 1968," says Mr. Babyak, "the City embarked on a program with IBM to develop a system for Queens. By May 1969 we were officially in operation.

"Right now, the system controls over three hundred intersections along thirty-five miles of the busiest roads in the New York area. Overhead sensors provide continuous traffic flow data to the computer. The system then responds to changing traffic patterns.

"These roads carry 130,000 cars a day.

"The Department estimates it has saved drivers up to fourteen hours a month in travel time.

"What's more, traffic engineers point to the fact that fewer stops mean fewer accidents. Especially the rear-end variety.

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"Even so, it's just a beginning."

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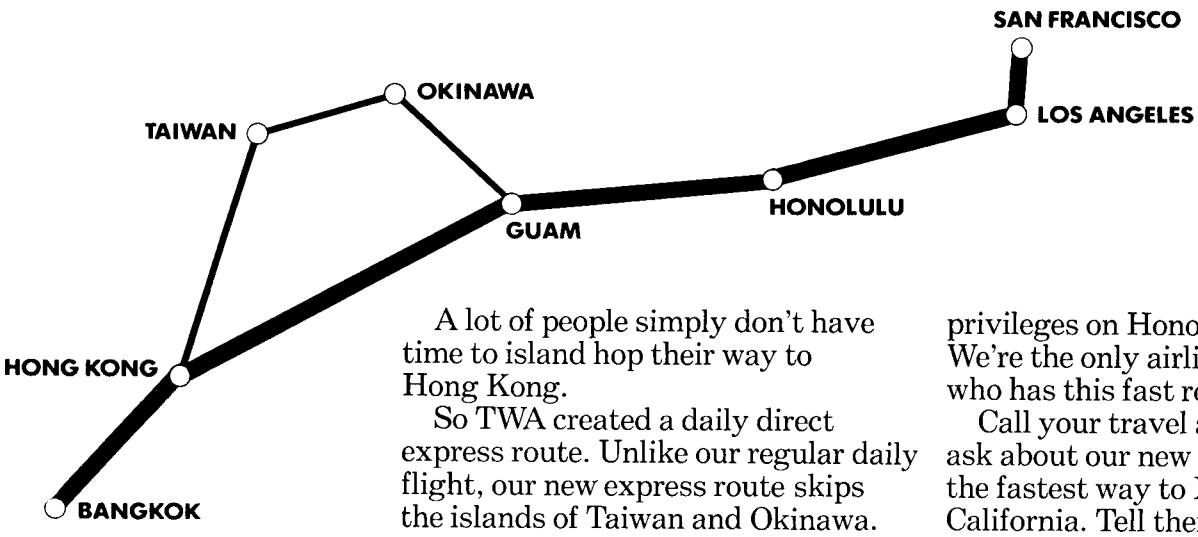

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Home on the Rhine

THERE IS STILL a fairy-tale quality about Germany. The traveler—this one, anyway—might overlook Germany as the land of the Brothers Grimm until, having put down in Cologne on a Saturday in May and having abandoned the Autobahn at the earliest *Ausfahrt*, he finds himself scaling a path above the Rhine to get a better view of the Siebengebirge (seven mountains), where Siegfried slew the dragon, and the Seven Dwarfs once roamed.

There are four routes to the top of Drachenfels (dragon's crag), the most celebrated of the seven peaks: by foot, rack railway, horse-drawn coach, and donkey. The footpath is lined with enough touristic amenities to rival Mont St. Michel, but I was somehow consoled by the fact that most of the signs—on the reptile house, fairy-tale zoo, and such—were in German. Nor was the crest of the hill, topped by the first of countless castles I was to see in Germany, aswarm with my countrymen. The American tourist floods had not yet begun to rise. They would come in the months following, too late for the lilac and horse chestnut blossoms. I might have been late, too, but the whole of Europe had endured a tough winter and spring was arriving on a slow wing.

Whatever the season, one is seldom alone at a German lookout. While forging a reputation since World War II as the widest-ranging tourists in Europe, Germans have by no means turned their backs on the considerable attractions in their own land. Even on this cloudy, drizzly afternoon, befitting the murky legends of the Rhine, my views of the winding river on one side of the Drachenfels and its six sister mountains on the other were shared by clusters of indigenes.

No matter how far a traveler wanders into the gilded pages of fairyland, he can seldom avoid, if his senses are tuned to recent history, the demonic presence of Hitler. On the way down the hill, my companions—an American doctor serving at the U.S. Embassy in Bonn and his wife—pointed to one of the seven peaks, St. Petersberg, where Neville Chamberlain stayed during a fateful meeting with Hitler across the river at Bad Godesberg in the days just before Munich. Twenty-five years since Hitler fell with the Third Reich, Germany still bears the wounds and the memories. Normally, one won't find arrows pointing the way to remnants of the Nazi tyranny, but neither has everything been papered over.

We ate that night in Bad Godesberg in a convivial little hideaway called Michaeli-Stuben, known to local patrons as "Knock-Knock" because you have to rap on the front door to gain entrance. You also have to call for reservations well in advance to combat the streams of embassy and military types who pour in nightly from the many foreign enclaves in the area. On this night it wasn't hard to tell the parties of arriving Americans: They knocked the loudest.

Visitors who pick their dining spots carefully in Germany should be able to avoid the slag heaps of *Kartoffel* and *Knödel*, schnitzel and sauerkraut that block the way. In their shadows wait many restaurants dedicated to the kind of culinary arts practiced on the west side of the Rhine. On my third or fourth day in the country, I talked by telephone with Paul Moor, an American correspondent in Berlin, who asked with half-held breath if I had been using the *Guide Michelin* as a gastronomical map. "You haven't?" he gasped. "I wouldn't go another mile without it. It's the only dependable guide to German eating. Believe me, you'll need it."

The *Guide Michelin* to Germany honors no restaurants with its exalted three-star rating (France indeed is given only a dozen), but it does accord the "Knock-Knock" a single star—a credit to its *chef de cuisine* in skirts, Hilde Jung. German restaurants, starred and otherwise, dispense loads of kitsch, and the "Knock-Knock" is no exception. One of its vaunted dishes is *Drachenspeise*, or dragon food—minced fillets of veal or beef with raw country ham, mushrooms, and peas in a brandy sauce. With that kind of weapon, Siegfried wouldn't have needed a blade. I ordered the favorite (according to the menu) of a one-time U.S. ambassador to Germany, George McGhee—the *Königin Wilhelmine*, a veal steak with slices of Williams pears beneath a slab of camembert, the whole concoction flambéed with cherry brandy.

Fairly sailing on the fumes, I lit out by train at midnight for the nearby town of Koblenz and there boarded the sleek, white *Nederland*, tied up on the Rhine overnight and scheduled to putter south at daybreak. On the forty-minute train ride from Bad Godesberg to Koblenz and on the cab ride to the landing, the heady intrigue and solitude of foreign travel had begun to set in. There were no Americans with whom to muddle through; my German vocabulary was already stretched to the limit. American tourists and soldiers have washed in great tides across the breadth of West Germany in the last twenty-five years, but English does not exactly trip off burgers' tongues.

After checking into my cabin, I followed the night purser's directions to the ship's lounge. I could hear the tinkling of a piano, then voices in song. The first recognizable word that wafted into earshot was "Swanee." In the lounge I found a circle of passengers, mostly middle-aged couples, seated around a plump, blonde American woman who was playing their favorite tunes while they sang along and drank bottles of beer they had requisitioned from the bartender before he closed for the night. As they came to the end of "Sweetheart of

The Rhine—"churned by colorful pleasure boats and long, skinny barges."

—Rapho Guillumette

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CATALOG

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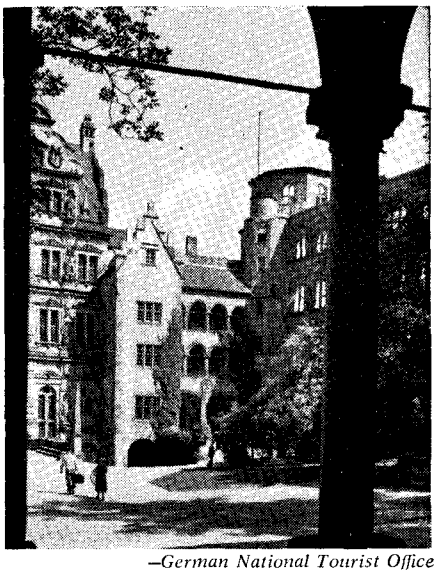
Sigma Chi," a woman held up six fingers and, flashing a tch-tch smile, sang above the others: ". . . the sweetheart of six other guys."

"Hey," an American voice shouted, "how about a German song, seeing we're on the Rhine and not the Swanee," but the closest they got to Germany was a medley of Irish tunes. I sat on the sideline for a while, until the most boisterous woman in the circle took my arm and marched me into the center, while two other women approached from left and right, one handing me a glass, the other a bottle of beer. Too cowed to object, I sat down, and in time gravitated to the most exotic fringe of the group, a small contingent of Australians, New Zealanders, and British. At about 2 o'clock the purser came in to advise that passengers on the lower decks might be having trouble sleeping, so the group put every ounce of harmony and feeling into its finale, "The Whiffenpoof Song," all of them bleating "baa-baa-baa" with a maudlin sincerity that succeeded, almost too vividly, in bringing across the image of a flock of lost, lonely sheep.

The *Nederland*, one of the KD-German Rhine Line's five river boats equipped with overnight accommodations, goes up the Rhine from Rotterdam to Basel in five days and makes the downstream trip in four. Germans who ride the Rhine stick mostly to those vessels that offer only day service between various ports. On the four- and five-night cruises the boats tie up overnight so the passengers can make shepherded rounds of nearby wine taverns and beer cellars. On daytime stops, people may take bus tours into the countryside and then pick up the cruise further along stream.

One of the advertised highlights is passing the Lorelei rock, which looms up around 9 o'clock on the third morning out of Rotterdam, just upstream from Koblenz. I was up at 7:30, not at all surprised to hear passengers in the dining room greeting each other with, "Morning, y'all." Even the dining room captain, a German stereotype with sausage neck and ham hands, did his best to make his customers feel at home. "*Schön* country, *ja*?" he said to one group as steep, terraced banks slipped by the picture windows. The vineyards climbing the banks were just beginning to show green. We passed picture-book villages, their rows of half-timbered stone houses attended by towering chestnuts and red maples. Byron could still call it the "castellated Rhine." Around nearly every bend, a castle—or at least the remaining shell—stands guard on the bluffs.

Most of us early birds watched the scenery float by from the shelter of a



—*German National Tourist Office*

Old Heidelberg—"It is not so big, but it has a special atmosphere."

forward observation lounge, but as the hour drew near, people filtered up to the sun deck and stood in the brisk wind to watch for the legendary temptress. The sun came out just as the *Nederland* rounded a sharp bend and the 433-foot-high cliff showed its brown, craggy face. A spiel about the fisherman who was lured to the deeps by the flaxen-haired fräulein was delivered over a public address system in four languages, and the Song of Lorelei was played, to the accompaniment of clicking cameras and a few wailing voices. An American couple, who had coincidentally emigrated from Germany at the age of two, tilted back and forth in each other's arms. "It gives me goosebumps," said another woman.

The Rhine is so narrow at the Lorelei rock that a specially trained pilot has to come aboard by a small boat to guide the *Nederland*—300 feet long and 40 feet wide—through the channel. Upstream he departed to a round of applause. Pilots are taken aboard at other treacherous points on the Rhine. One marvels at the navigational skills of all Rhine boatmen. The brownish waters are churned by a colorful variety of pleasure boats and long, skinny barges with the daily wash flapping from their decks. "In the Navy," an old sailor told me, "a man would be court-martialed for passing so close." Although Germans are the first to admit their storied Rhine has gone the way of all rivers, stringent laws have kept it free of some of the pollutants tainting American rivers. About the only creature worth catching—other than Lorelei—is a Rhine eel.

I left the ship after dinner at Mannheim, picked up a rented Volkswagen, and drove the short distance to Heidelberg. Expecting to find a quiet univer-

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sity town settling down to a Sunday night of contemplation, I encountered a swirling flock of young humanity plying the narrow streets of the Altstadt, or old town. Guidebooks warn of the summer inundation of American tourists and soldiers (the U.S. Seventh Army has been moved from Stuttgart to Heidelberg, which is also Army headquarters for all Europe), but the celebrants on the streets and in smoky bars and discothèques were decidedly indigenous.

My companion, a twenty-eight-year-old German named Nils Kroesen, had so many places to show me we found only enough time for a walk-through in some, a short beer in others. Most tourists head first for the Red Ox and the Seppl, two of Germany's oldest student bars, which ring with an old-fashioned rah-rah college racket, and indeed are meeting places for Heidelberg University fraternities. Better and more 1970 are the Falle, built out of a World War II bomb shelter, the Lupe, which is owned and operated by a group of university students, and the 1900, Heidelberg's first discothèque, which has an antique Praga roadster in its doorway.

Heidelberg attracts not only students, but thousands of young professionals like Kroesen himself, who has turned down a higher-paying and more appealing job in Westphalia to stay where he is. "For my opinion," he said, "Heidelberg is one of the best cities in Germany. It is not so big, but it has a special atmosphere."

Next day he showed me his city in the bright sunlight, and it looked even better. By a sort of tacit agreement, Heidelberg and Oxford in England were spared destruction by Allied and German bombs. The lovely reddish ruins of the Renaissance castle standing high above the Neckar Valley have been allowed to decay on their own time.

The city government hardly tampers with the many signs scrawled across the ancient stone walls of the Altstadt. AMIS RAUS AUS ASIEN ("Americans get out of Asia") covers a corner of the castle, and a sign on a university building says: DIE POLIZEI IST EIN PAPIER TIGER. When letters two meters high were found one morning on a wall beside the Neckar declaring U.S.—MORDER, the city tourist office commissioned students to alter the meaning slightly, but not to erase the words. They came up with KUSS—MORDER, a nonsense slogan that means, literally, kiss—murder. As Kroesen explained it, the original words were "too heavy," but the city felt to try to erase them would encourage students to post more of the same. So goes the battle of words in old Heidelberg.

Music to My Ears

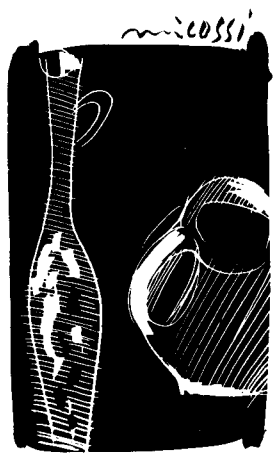
Irving Kolodin

A TV "Peter Grimes" About, but Without, the Sea

As BEFITS its place at the end of the academic year, the NET (Channel 13 in New York) presentation of the BBC production of *Peter Grimes* with Benjamin Britten conducting his own score provided a review course in all that has beset opera on television in the past. There were the nonbelievable settings, the cramped congestion of more people than the camera could encompass or the tube reproduce, the constriction imposed on the sound by the limited response of even the best TV speakers, and, as the drama mounted in tension, stretches of dramatic fulfillment, visual excitement, and musical communication that could not be achieved in any other manner.

The imbalance was, to some extent, inherent in the problem itself, which projects the drama of individuals against a background of East Anglian fisher folk who are, in themselves, factors in the outcome. The rather surprising (and disappointing) revelation was that so competent a musician and skillful a producer as John Culshaw had not been able to reduce the imbalance to, say, a 60-40 equation of negative and positive.

Reading between the scenes, if not the lines that were better sung than spoken, one gathered that the participation of the composer himself, much as it benefited the musical rendition, hindered a rethinking of the drama in television terms. Thus (literally between the scenes) there was an imaginative and inventive use of the opportunities presented by the instrumental interludes to create mood, embellish emotion, and, especially in the Passacaglia of Act III, illuminate something of the paranoia besetting Grimes. It is this guilt, derived from the accidental death of one apprentice (at sea), that creates the conditions that result in the death of another (on land), leading to his own expiating self-destruction.



Alas, the vivid depiction by Peter Pears of Grimes's traumatic action was followed all too swiftly by a return to the static use of the camera as the townspeople filed into his hut, looking for their quarry. This was not merely an explication of the words and movements created for a box stage twenty-five years ago, but a restricted, synthetic likeness of them. A major part of this was determined, no doubt, by Britten's insistence that the production be staged within the Maltings (Snape) Concert Hall, where scenic enclaves could be constructed in a manner permitting the conductor to see the action directly as it occurred, rather than, in the customary TV studio procedure, through a closed circuit monitor.

Doubtless there was an aural advantage, but the visual values suffered dreadfully—especially if one was aware that the actual Borough in which the tragedy occurred and the restless sea itself were available immediately outside the hall. Movement was restricted, the contrast of action and inaction leveled off by constant close-ups. Instead of an authentic atmosphere there was a poor simulation of an artificial one. For one who had expected, from the boldly resourceful Culshaw of London's *Ring* recording, something comparably enterprising, the outcome was doubly disappointing. Should the idea of using the veritable piers, ships, and sea be met with the question "How could you do it?" my rejoinder would be "I don't know," but it could have made for a magnificent visual failure rather than a moderate aural success.

Those who contributed to the values that will make this as a perpetual document of the composer's total purpose were, in addition to the long collaborative partnership of Britten and Pears, Heather Harper, a strong-sounding, rather severe-looking Ellen Orford; Bryan Drake as another in a succession of admirable Captain Balstrodes; and the durable Owen Brannigan—like Pears, a participant in the original production of 1945—as Swallow. But the musical merits of this *Grimes*, rather routinely set by Joan Cross and directed by Brian Large, could not alter the conclusion that it had more the sound of the studio than the smell of the sea.

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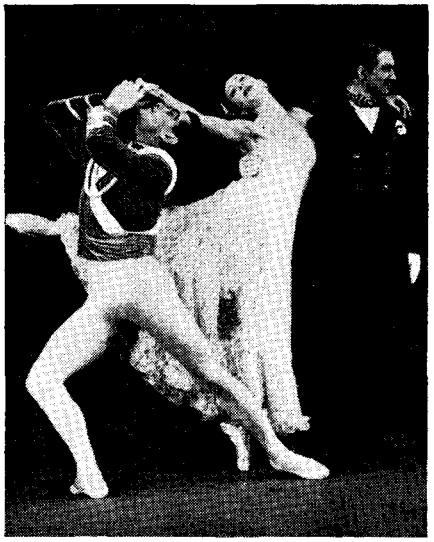
World of Dance

Walter Terry



Antony Tudor's "Jardin aux Lilas," an enduring masterpiece. In the past, one of its greatest casts featured Hugh Laing, Nora Kaye, and Tudor himself.

1940-1970: An American Ballet Image

IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY that a new American image streaked its volant way onto the international dance scene. The maker of the image was Karen Conrad, a girl from Philadelphia (the city that has provided America with major dance figures since the days of George Washington), and the occasion was the debut of a newly organized American company, Ballet Theatre. But it wasn't yesterday, it was thirty years ago that Miss Conrad, in Fokine's *Les Sylphides*, flew comet-like across the huge stage of the Center Theater (in Rockefeller Center) in what veteran balletomanes now recall as only two leaps! The audience gasped, for it sensed that something great had been launched that night, not just a dancer but a whole new era in American ballet.

To celebrate the occasion, the American Ballet Theatre (the "American" was added to the name when the company achieved international status in the 1950s) is holding an anniversary season of four weeks (June 16 to July 12) at the New York State Theater in Lincoln Center. The daring enterprise, significant then, is even more significant now, for the company itself is like no other ballet company in the world. This is not to say that it is the best—what, or who, is best?—but that it is different from our own New York City Ballet, which is the product of a single genius, George Balanchine (occasionally abetted by Jerome Robbins, Frederick Ashton, and a few more), or the Bolshoi and Kirov ballets from Russia, which focus upon tradition and upon classical ballet accomplishments.

It is different in that its repertory includes full-length productions of, say, *Swan Lake*, *Giselle*, *La Sylphide*, and *Coppélia*, which are, in many respects, superior to those of the Soviet troupes or Britain's Royal Ballet, plus choreographic creations of every possible persuasion. It was the dream and the plan of the late Richard Pleasant, its first director, to make this new ballet company of 1940 a theater company. Lucia Chase—dancer, benefactress, visionary—made possible this dream. For twenty-five years now, Miss Chase and Oliver Smith have directed the company, creating the most varied and remarkable repertory in all ballet. They have cherished and renewed the old; they have honored master choreographers and have given unprecedented opportunity to newcomers.

Thirty years ago, Ballet Theatre presented in its repertory an all-Negro ballet, *Black Ritual*, choreographed by Agnes de Mille. It commissioned the first ballet to use extensive dialogue with dance, *The Great American Goof*, choreographed by Eugene Loring and with text by William Saroyan. It introduced Antony Tudor to America. It had a traditional ballet wing, a modern English ballet wing, and an Americana wing. Its prima ballerina, Nana Gollner from Texas, was the first American to become a star of a European ballet. It engaged the veteran Fokine to direct his *Les Sylphides* in a definitive version that took into account Miss Conrad's altitudinous leaps, which Fokine had *questioned* and which Fokine *accepted* when Miss Conrad explained that "sylphs from Philadelphia jump this way"—an early recognition of American ballet style as distinct from Russian (either Bolshoi or Kirov), French, English, etc.

From its *corps de ballet* ranks have emerged stars of the first magnitude, Nora Kaye and Alicia Alonso among them, as well as Cynthia Gregory, a young ballerina of today. The Danish Erik Bruhn grew from attractive minor

—V. Sladon

—Martha Swope

Keith Lee (left), choreographer of a new ballet to a newly discovered score by Cole Porter. Carla Fracci and Erik Bruhn (right)—"deities of the stage."

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soloist to superstar, for ABT has always fostered the male in dance, the durable John Kriza among many.

Choreographers? Well, I can't list all of the world-famous names represented in the choreographic credits of the company, but more than a quarter of a century ago it found that one of its best young dancers was a great choreographer, namely Jerome Robbins. Most recently it has presided over the choreographic flight of the brilliant Eliot Feld, of Michael Smuin, and of new creative forces each year.

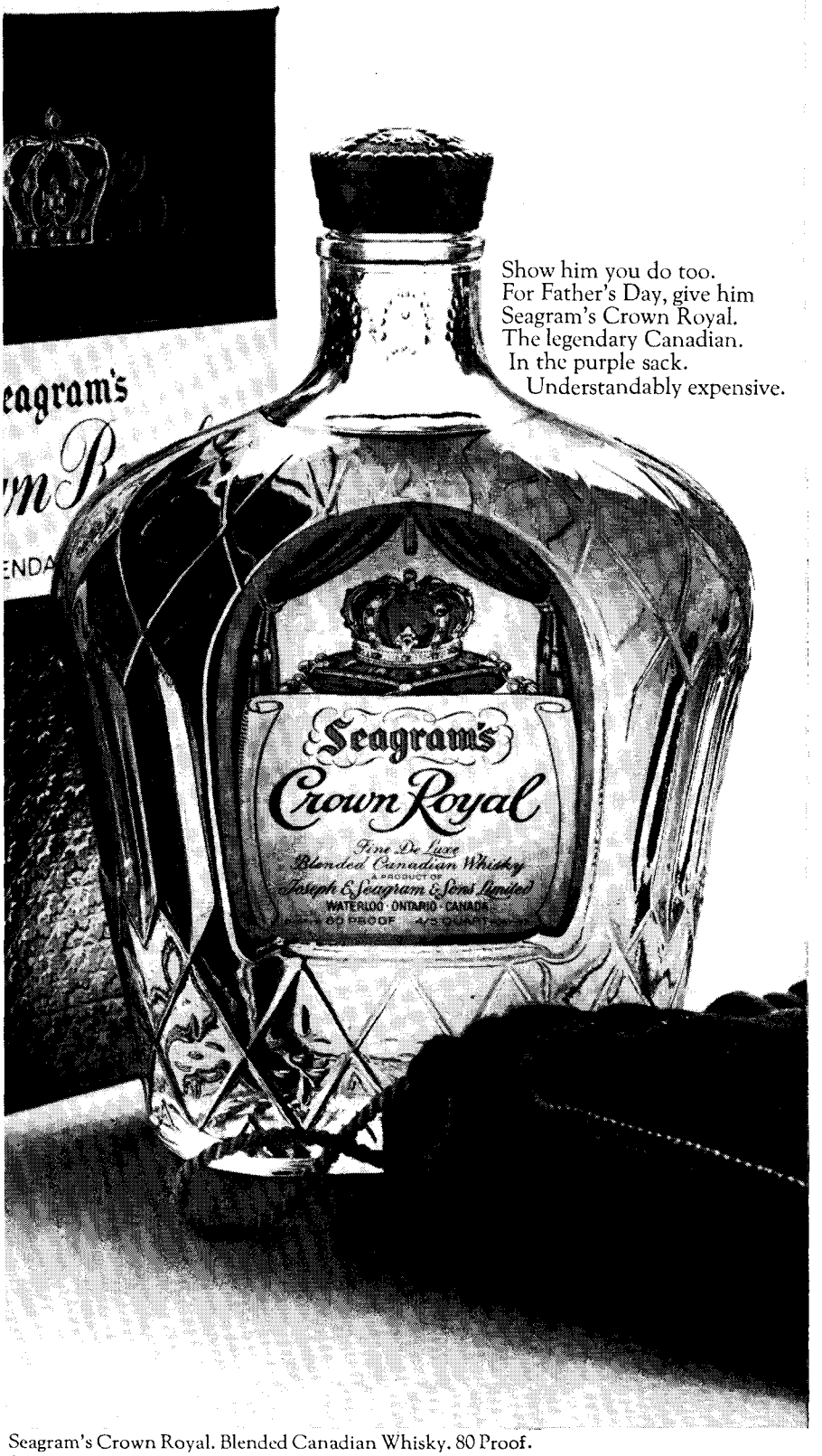
The great theatrical manifestations of choreographic creativity range from the oldest ballet in the world, the frivolous and charming *La fille mal gardée* (1786), through a fabulous production of the first ballet of the Romantic Age, *La Sylphide* (1832—the ABT's version is the 1836 Danish staging), and a dazzling and definitive presentation of *Swan Lake*, representing the golden peak of Petipa's era of classical dance, to such great Americana as De Mille's *Rodeo*, Loring's *Billy the Kid*, Robbins's *Fancy Free*, and avant-garde ballets with roots in Tennessee Williams, García Lorca, Genet, and Strindberg. Music? From Minkus to Mahler, from Pugni to Stravinsky, from Brahms to Cole Porter and Duke Ellington. Eclectic? You bet! And it works.

The American Ballet Theatre, unlike the New York City Ballet, nurtures stars. It always has. It buys them, borrows them, but, most important, builds them. Yesterday, it gave flawless outlet to Markova and Dolin, or Alonso and Youskevitch; today, it has the balletomanes sighing, and justifiably, over Carla Fracci and Erik Bruhn, or Toni Lander and Bruce Marks, or Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez, or Ivan Nagy and Cynthia Gregory, or . . . you name them. Indeed, Fracci and Bruhn are to American ballet what Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev are to European. Pelted with flowers and deafened with cheers, they are deities of the stage, popular with both balletomanes and the general public.

There is another unique aspect of the American Ballet Theatre, and that has to do with the sense of family. True, there are dancers who disagree with Miss Chase's artistic direction and who can deliver themselves, briefly, of invectives, and there are occasions when Miss Chase should fire such dissidents (she doesn't, except sometimes); but the whole, nervous, loving process works to such a degree that dancers, choreographers, former stage crew members can say, as much as twenty years later, "Oh, *we* do it this way," or "*Our* version is better," etc. They can have other jobs with other

(*Continued on page* 64)

Father knows best.



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As Others See Us

PARIS:

Arming with Patience

THE AMERICAN ECONOMY must arm itself with patience. It is useless to establish provisionary balances on a day-to-day basis. For almost a year and a half, the government has been following a coherent economic policy that logically should curb inflation even though it may not stop it. After a few months of severe deflation, it has given greater elasticity to the monetary mass so that production has not suffered too great a setback. It will be only at the end of 1970 that one can judge the effects of this policy. It will, however, be positive because it will have shown that, when the American economy, like the economy of so many other countries, is subjected to inevitable variations, one need not be concerned that these minor incidents set off a world crisis.

—Le Nouveau Journal (edited by the Agence Economique et Financière).

ROME:

Spiritual Travail

IT'S NOT EASY to be an American at the present time. A foreign observer sees a spiritual travail in that country that cannot be laid to a single cause such as Vietnam or inflation. It is, instead, a deep malaise that is only partially exposed by the shootings and the deaths of the dramatic month of May. It is useless to say, as do many Europeans, that Americans "exaggerate" their pessimism. The important thing—as psychology teaches us—is not what one has, but what one *thinks* he has. And, like the English after the Suez fiasco and the devaluation of the pound, Americans see gloom and danger in every aspect of their national life.

The diagnosis is unanimous: The country is going through a crisis of confidence. Youth distrusts the system; Negroes distrust the Nixon government; liberals distrust the country's leadership and the military-industrial complex; businessmen are beginning to distrust Washington; and the Silent Majority, along with the white *petits bourgeois*, distrusts everything. The dynamic American optimism—one of the principal motivators of that country—has suffered a severe blow, all at once, from the bloody swamp that is Vietnam, spreading inflation, growing unemployment, the apparent impossibility of arresting the arteriosclerosis of the cities or the new racial tensions. . . .

But that American society will remain vigorous with a formidable capacity for evolution has been evidenced more by what *has not* happened than by what *has* happened. How many European countries could survive—with their institutions unscathed—the assassination of a John Kennedy, a Bobby Kennedy, and a Martin Luther King?

—Mario Cirello, Stampa Sera.

LONDON:

Students and Politics

AMERICAN STUDENTS have taken the advice of their elders. It is almost too good to be true. Or is it? Some of the politicians over forty who urged students to stop throwing rocks and to work within the system may decide after November's Congressional elections that the rocks would have been better after all. For American students, sick of violence and desperate to end the war, are throwing themselves into political action with enough energy and passion to defeat at least some of the members of Congress who have been slow in sticking antiwar stickers on themselves.

Some observers in Washington sincerely believe that this is the last chance—for the students and for "the system" (which is now accepted in the political vocabulary as "the establishment" is in Britain). If the students do not succeed this time, the argument goes, they will go back to rioting and the police to shooting them down, producing first a mini-revolution and then a maxi-repression. If that is true, then the whole students-into-politics development becomes a very risky business. For the students may produce just a little bit of change in Congress and not a great deal. If so, will they feel that their efforts have been worthwhile?

—The Economist.

TORONTO:

A Ruffianly Lot

BREAKING WINDOWS of Toronto department stores is an odd way to strike a blow against President Richard Nixon; it's also an odd way to exhibit love for peace.

We may be quite sure that for these proclaimed purposes, the demonstration-turned-riot in Toronto Saturday was ineffectual. If Mr. Nixon takes note of it at all, it will probably tend to confirm his view that his youthful opponents are a ruffianly lot.

Ineffectual it was, but not harmless. This apparently unprovoked outbreak was actually a blow at Canada, because it was a step toward the Americanization of our politics.

This is the politics of confrontation, of incitement to violence, of chanting such mindless slogans as "Power to the people." It is the politics that is polarizing the United States into extremes of Right and Left, which both deride due process in law and government.

Note that the rhetoric—and insults—of the Toronto demonstrators are copied straight from the American Left. The speakers do their best to sound like echoes of Jerry Rubin or Abby Hoffman or Norman Mailer; the mob shout "pig" and "fascist" at police who—in this country—are using neither tear gas nor bullets.

Like American subsidiary firms that follow U.S. law instead of Canadian law, the protesters act as if Canada was merely an extension of the United States.

—The Daily Star.

BERLIN:

As the Generals See It

HIS TRAGIC DECISION to march into Cambodia can seem logical only in the eyes

TEHRAN:

Samson and Delilahs

A MAN from Rasht yesterday asked a Tehran family court for a divorce from both his wives after they had entered into a conspiracy to cut off his moustache while he slept.

Mojtaba Toussiezadeh told the court that normally his two wives Sayed and Sadat were continually competing with each other to look after him. For example, he said, when Sayed washed his bed sheets, Sadat would rewash them later on the pretext that they were still dirty.

Toussiezadeh said he was surprised that his wives had managed to come to an agreement to cut off his moustache. When he got up one morning recently, he said, he found his moustache missing, and, on inquiring what had happened, his wives told him cynically that "the cat had eaten it."

—The Tehran Journal (submitted by Laurence Strong of Richmond, Indiana).

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of the generals in Vietnam. Political logic cannot be recognized, not only because of the world-wide effect [of the decision] but also because of the policy of "Vietnamization" carried on up to now. Nixon has now replaced this policy with a new Americanization of the war. This brings up the question of whether the American President has ever really had a feasible Vietnamese policy. Perhaps the world would have reacted differently if Nixon, with his decision, had created a chance for really ending the war.

—Vorwärts.

MOSCOW:

Hotbed of War

THE AGGRESSION of the United States in Cambodia has created a new hotbed of war in Southeast Asia. It shows most vividly that Washington, while seeking—in conformity with Nixon's so-called Guam Doctrine—to "make Asians fight Asians," still regards its troops as the main strike force. By sending them into Cambodia, the United States reaffirmed the fact that the war in Indochina is a predatory one that American imperialism is waging against the peoples of that part of the world. In extending its aggression in Indochina, the United States pursues the object of suppressing the progressive regimes there, crushing the national liberation movement, and subjecting the Southeast Asian countries to its selfish interests.

—Izvestia.

SYDNEY:

Killing Civilians

THE SPATE of oratory and moral indignation over Mylai should not obscure the deeper questions, some relevant beyond the United States: What value systems does one use to judge the official use of terror by the Communists and the use of counterterror by angry and frustrated American soldiers acting against their own military code? If the Communists use women and children as active warriors in their guerrilla armies, is the United States prepared to wage war against them? If the indiscriminate killing of civilians is a court-martial offense, why are medals given to artillerymen, pilots, and naval gunners? Do the civilian managers for such orders bear any guilt? Why did the killing of women and children by handguns at Mylai cause an international and national revulsion, but the bombings of Tokyo, Hiroshima, and Nagasaki, which killed hundreds of thousands, did no such thing?

—The Australian.

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Meaning of Militarism

IN HIS COLUMN on "militarism" and the meaning of that term, Kiyoaki Murata says that: "Although the U.S. has probably the largest military establishment in the world . . . it does not fall into the category of 'militaristic' state if militarism is to mean 'predominance of the military over the civilians in government.'"

He must have been looking the other way recently when the President and a few generals—without consulting anyone else, and in disregard of the unanimous advice of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—took the U.S. into an expanded war in Cambodia.

—John F. Hellegers,
The Japan Times, Tokyo.

All-Pervading

IF AMERICA has made the mistake of thinking that her way of life should, desirably, be all-pervading, she has done no more than Russia or China, who would have us believe that their ideologies are pre-eminent. There are excellent basic social factors in all of them, which will gradually find roots everywhere in the world, in spite of political overlords and parties. Against the background of historical incidents over the centuries it is not too much to hope that the Cambodian affair will catalyze important changes in America that will ultimately benefit the world.

—Edward A. Smith,
The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

For Kicks or Escape?

YOUNGER PEOPLE often turn to drugs for "kicks" or out of curiosity. The older person sees in drugs an escape route from loneliness, a broken marriage, or financial problems. The young may go to an addiction clinic to be helped, but older people feel a sense of shame at their addiction and do not go.

I would like to see a little more attention given to the barbiturate problem among older people.

—Grace Haliburton,
The Observer, London.

Message and Drivel

HOW FORTUNATE it is in Professor McLuhan's own case that the medium is the message, since so much of what he actually writes and says is so incomprehensible or, when comprehensible, such manifest drivel.

—Philip Hewitt-Myring,
The Listener, London.

Needed: More Jeremiahs

IN AN ADDRESS in Boise, Idaho, Vice President Spiro Agnew is reported to have stated that "a group of Jeremiahs had recently 'heightened their shrill attacks' on President Richard Nixon's policies in Southeast Asia. . . ."

It is indeed true that Jeremiah, who received his call to prophesy in 626 B.C., "heightened his shrill attacks" on King Zedekiah's inane policies in Asia. For that, he was vilified publicly by the Jerusalem bureaucracy, pilloried, thrown into a cistern to drown, and finally forcibly deported to Egypt.

The irony of Mr. Agnew's slogan in this respect, however, is that Jeremiah and his cadre were absolutely right.

Zedekiah, relying on the aid of Psammetichos II of Egypt, foolishly abrogated his vassal treaty with Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, ratified in 597 B.C. As a result, the Babylonian king proceeded against Jerusalem, and, unfortunately for Zedekiah, Psammetichos expired at the time. A token force of support was provided by his successor, Apries, to avert the capture of Jerusalem, but this was ineffectual. As a result, the city was destroyed, and, through the inept policies of Zedekiah, the state of Judah came to an end in June 586 B.C.

This is the policy that Jeremiah and his followers protested against, and this result is what they correctly predicted. By analogy, therefore, what the world needs today is not fewer Jeremiahs but more.

—K. S. Freedy, Ph.D.,
The Globe & Mail, Toronto.

Smoke Less; Live Long

ALREADY SUFFERING for want of a square meal and a piece of cloth, the common man has been hit from all directions, and one more slogan from our great Morarji is "Smoke less and live long." Why live long? Is it to enjoy life or to face the burden of taxes?

—S. Krishna,
Blitz, Bombay.

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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History

Continued from page 15

fear and the battle to "lick" the Depression.

Progressivism reads it all differently (and young people have no trouble living with this version). Reform predates Franklin Roosevelt. He is merely a late chapter in a story that begins in the 1890s, during another harrowing economic upheaval. In the midst of this scourge, an angry social revolt breaks out across rural America, mainly in the South and Middle West. This movement, Populism, is the shock reaction of the farm population to a drastic depreciation in the world prices of cotton and wheat, its staple exports and source of livelihood. Bruised and frustrated, farmers rise in protest against a system that makes them the first to feel each lurch and spasm of the economy (after blacks, of course, who feel everything, all the time). They protest bitterly, irascibly against Eastern domination, the neglect of their own sectional interests, the changing ways of American society, the intrusion of "foreigners," the growth of gray, cold cities in which human relationships are destroyed and the old values of the farm sneered at; they inveigh against power itself, and a distant, indifferent bureaucracy. They demand drastic reform: *socialism*.

Populism is put down, but the economic oligarchs have seen chaos, and it frightens them half to death; to save the system, they must correct its worst abuses. This overhaul job, otherwise known as reform capitalism, is the *real* frame of twentieth-century American history, that which makes sense of it. The personalities up front, Presidents and their claques, are mere stand-ins for the oligarchs: Progressive aristocrats moved by the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, and deputized to manage the job. The first is that somewhat addled imperialist Teddy Roosevelt, who launches both the politics of reform and the American Empire—each of them agents in rationalizing the economy. By the 1930s, this process of saving the nation for the status quo is so completely institutionalized hardly anyone acknowledges it anymore. FDR's cloudy, patronizing rhetoric merely adds layers to the disguise, hiding his own innate conservatism and the failure of the New Deal to lick the Depression as well. Today, at the end of the road, it is blatantly clear that the system remains unreformed, is incapable of genuine reform from within, and relies on war and empire to make it go.

This version of the national experience as so many footnotes to Populism feeds the current counter-tradition by providing its central themes. In strict historiographic terms a straight line runs from the so-called Progressive School of history, which first sponsored it, to today's radicals. Progressive history was largely the handiwork of an iconoclastic band of Midwesterners who began sniping at the controlling assumptions of national history even before the *Maine* was nicely settled on its side in the waters off Havana. The stars of the school were Frederick Jackson Turner and Charles Beard; Turner taught at the University of Wisconsin; Beard grew up in rural Indiana. (His teaching career was spent at Columbia, however.)

By now Turner's notion of the open-ended West as the great democratizing influence in American life, as the source of its "perennial rebirth" and a safety valve for getting "faction" (early America's favorite euphemism for dissent) out of the system, has become an exposed target for criticism. However, Turner's insights into the plain compulsive restlessness of Americans still stand up, and his attack on the geographic bias of Establishment history makes him seem well and alive. "The true point of view in the history of this nation," he told astounded Ivy Leaguers at the 1893 convention of the AHA in Chicago, "is not the Atlantic Coast. It is the Great West."

An even more authentic voice of Progressive history was Charles Beard's. Beard is still the most controversial figure in modern American historiography. It is easy to see why. He was a confirmed revisionist who was given to heightening his thesis wildly for shock effect (an old Midwestern attention-getting ploy, not an invention of Marshall McLuhan's); he was an unapologetic, "vulgar" economic determinist who defined all of American history as a running skirmish between Southern and Western farmers on the one hand and their Eastern capitalist exploiters on the other. He was an exploder of Chamber of Commerce pieties who happily propounded the theory that the Founding Fathers framed the Constitution simply to line their own pockets.

In one of the neater ironies of the historical profession, Beard, who was so mauled by the consensus faction after World War II that his reputation stood "like an imposing ruin in the landscape of American historiography" (in Hofstadter's words), has now emerged as a patron saint of the counter-tradition; one radical, Staughton Lynd, even labels himself, rather defiantly, a Neo-Beardian.

Powerful as Turner's and Beard's influences may have been, though, the man who has really put the counter-tradition together in its modern form is a less celebrated Midwestern academic, William Appleman Williams. An Iowan, Williams is America's leading radical historian. Curiously enough, his great impact on younger radicals in the discipline isn't always clear. It shows up in footnotes to their scholarly polemics and as a kind of unstated universal acknowledgment that he was the builder of the house they live in. In the students' eyes, however, he occupies the special, soulful niche of Great Teacher; he is an authentic campus hero, the kind whose work is consumed ritualistically, then discussed, solemnly and forever, over coffee and doughnuts in the morning, beer and pizza at night (and perhaps after that).

Williams taught for many years at Turner's old school, Wisconsin, the mecca in recent times of radical history. (During the past academic year he shifted to Oregon State, apparently disenchanted with the more violent manifestations of his Word inside Campus New Left politics.) His reconstruction of the American past appears in a stunning, almost overpowering series of books written in the past two decades. Of these, *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy*, *The Contours of American History*, and the just published *The Roots of the Modern American Empire* are the most memorable.

Reading them is a heady experience. The tone is apocalyptic. The phrase-making is incandescent. Words stick in the mind well past the lay reader's retention point for chunked-out history. One simply enters Williams's mansion, in which each page is a room lost in shadows for two long paragraphs; then, suddenly, a light flashes on, and the eye absorbs the complete oddity of the place. It is not what one expects of the past.

This body of work represents an attempt to find a moral substitute for the market place in American society. What Williams offers is utopian, the true or organic community, a symbol for the society turned in on itself, responsive to its own needs as a first priority, a community engaged in knitting itself together, harmonizing its conflicting interests, redeeming its citizens from alienation, giving them a handhold on their own destiny. The premise Williams writes from is not the success of America but its tragic failure to realize this updated, secular version of the feudal Christian Commonwealth he admires so greatly. (He is, by all accounts, a very religious man.) Certain martyrs, the heroes of the saga, indeed tried hard to bring the nation to this vision, but America failed them; its people all too easily succumbed to more glittering, expansive temptations.

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These martyrs (Beard is one, Herbert Hoover another) suffered social opprobrium for turning off the main highway of history. But we know now that they were right; they were the ones who made the intellectual break-through to the vision. That it has cost America much—the loyalty of the young, for one thing—to ignore their example is the theme recurrent.

In its total effect, Williams's strikingly topical corpus is an argument that the nation has *always* got its priorities wrong. To prove it, he turns history upside down and writes it from the point of view of the martyred. (This is his answer to E. H. Carr's dictum that history is always written by winners.) Often aristocrats, they fought for some kind of American System in which the sections would balance off and negotiate their differences in peace, and would repress their bellicose instincts.

But America, undisciplined to the end, turned its back on them. Williams dwells on the ironic theme of the hopelessly self-centered nation that was never able to work out what it wanted to make of itself. Indomitable, uncontrollable acquisitiveness preoccupied it, kept it perpetually off balance. Propelled by a really classic lust for accumulation, it careened through history, two wheels in the air, the corporate barons in the driver's seat, perched precariously on their grotesque mounds of loot (a bonanza Constitutionally blessed, federally underwritten); the square "internal improvements" mentality lost its bearings way back in Jacksonian days.

The devil in this account is Turner's frontier, interpreted as a lure that has always pulled Americans away from reality and social responsibility. Early on, the frontier produced the notion that continuous expansion was the panacea for all the nation's ills (which were many). It led America "to substitute motion for structure," says Williams. A frontier-expansionist frame of mind created "an unrestrained, anti-intellectual individualist democracy," and finally shattered the vision of the True Community.

Williams's work, then, is a kind of hagiography in which saints transcend themselves to discover the true America; it is timely, exemplary history, "history as a way of learning." It is also a plea from the counter-tradition for Americans to get control of themselves, to grow up by settling down and building a society fit to live in. Williams is actually a foreign affairs specialist; his definitive critique is in the form of a dissent from American foreign policy since the 1890s—the decade of the symbolic closing of the frontier. Williams interprets this policy as nothing less than the application of the frontier-expansionist theory to the rest of the world. Its purpose is to rationalize an economy that seems "perpetually about to lose its momentum and stagnate." In the end it converts the globe into a preserve for American business expansion, a handy, profitable "pro-American equilibrium."

A first principle of this informal imperialism is that revolutions anywhere are anathema—they generate disequilibrium. The right to intervene and put them down (often in the name of self-determination) is implicit. After Populism, the specter that haunted the sanguine economic oligarchs most was the Russian Revolution. From the beginning it challenged American global hegemony; the cold war was merely the gut response of the corporate state to the existence of a genuine alternative. The truth is, says Williams, that Stalin's demands for secure borders for the Soviet Union were reasonable and negotiable. The American stance of negotiating from a position of strength merely disguised an inherent unwillingness to negotiate on any *except* American terms. The Soviet Union was never a real threat; nevertheless, the American attitude propelled a nuclear arms race that may yet blow up both sides.

To survive, says Williams, America must finally revise its priorities. "As long as [it] defines its wealth and welfare as dependent variables of overseas economic empire, its leaders . . . have to pay more attention to foreign policy than to creating a true community." America must learn to live and let live, to share a world with others *not* on its own terms exclusively. And it must address itself to its real predicament, which is, says Williams, that a policy of defining its welfare as a function of Russian conduct has left it bereft of clear ideas and programs for the future—a frighteningly empty society.

During the Christmas deliberations of the American Historical Association —which Williams did not attend—his name hardly came up. His influence was there, though, injecting embarrassing amounts of radical present-mindedness into paper after esoteric paper. The revelation that historians were busy as beavers ingesting their profession's counter-tradition was eye-opening. All the themes of radical history came through: incessant conflict in the American past, violence and racism welded into the character of the people, Afro-American cultural continuity, the view from the social bottom, the persistence of a native radical tradition, these corporatist life and times. It all seemed too surgical, perhaps, the neat incision of new bench marks on the parchment of the academic mind. It was classic American co-option in action, too, the system adjusting to the new times, late as usual, but hell-bent on surviving.

But it was more; it was striking and suggestive. A new decade was backing in, and this rather nondescript event spoke to it, murkily. A Polish philosopher, Leszek Kolakowski, fired from Warsaw University for "revisionism" and now teaching at McGill in Montreal, may have interpreted the message in advance. A few years ago, he wrote that *the* problem of our time was that of the Alternative (applying it to totalitarianism, he called it the Single

"Even if we could build something like this in Westport, we'd probably run into zoning restrictions."

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Alternative). The counter-tradition is finally about alternatives.

What it says to Americans is that they are slaves to their rutted thought processes. They resist reconstructing their past into new and revealing patterns—"history as a way of learning"—because, on the whole, it looks like a bad gamble; God knows what national aberration might turn up. Anyway, it all sounds like sour grapes, negative, anti-American, the sad song of losers. "Ordinary" Mr. and Mrs. America feel very comfortable with their myths (including the current Vietnam policy of painfully slow retreat disguised as victory); they enjoy the institutional arrangements that limit their choices to simplified, "acceptable" options. Instinctively, they know that to go too far outside the system is unthinkable, an invitation to chaos, and that to choose the unthinkable is just "not playing the game"—this fear of imminent chaos somehow explains part of the hysteria bubbling just beneath the surface of American life.

The counter-tradition offers a way to transcend this drastic "either-or" syndrome, painlessly. Change the premises of American society and you change—and widen—the options. A leading Left historian, Christopher Lasch, has described the function of radical history as that of creating "a broad consciousness of alternatives not embraced by the present system." Just as the Nixon-Agnew constituency intensifies its appreciation of the Old American Dream, so the radical constituency announces the revision of the Dream, now transfigured beyond recognition. Somewhere in this developing field of tension is a blueprint of the 1970s and an insight into its changing politics.

The specific political problem of the Seventies can be framed, radicals say, in the question: Who is to carry the reform impulse into the system? The dilemma, of course, is that radical reform is no help at the ballot box, now or in the near future. Middle America is in political charge, and it glowers as the radical parade passes by.

But the radicals claim time on their side. For once, they say, the unthinkable alternative has a clear field. What else in American society is as forward-looking and hopeful as the idealistic

revision of the Good Life? What else is as oriented to the needs and hopes of the Young? Liberalism? The Boy Scouts of America? "Liberalism," writes Lasch, "can't survive even as a private morality unless it is integrated into a new moral and philosophical system *beyond liberalism.*" The Boy Scouts aren't talking.

No doubt the politicians in the 1970s will learn to play in this ideological ball park—and play catch-up ball. But the radicals have already made a point; political structures will need to be changed to deal with a continuing process of social polarization. The traditional carriers of reform, the Democrats, are by all appearances locked into a New Deal labyrinth, stricken with anomie. (Their recent predilection for playing politics in the parlors of glamorous magazine writers hints, to put it politely, at a certain vapidity in their ruminations.) And despite William Appleman Williams's ingrained faith in *noblesse oblige*—aristocrats are most likely to see beyond their immediate interests, he contends—liberal Republicans have also abandoned relevancy, as their party moves right; they, too, seem dislocated, out of it, displaced by a new urban constituency.

All of which, the radicals say, hints at structural innovation in the new decade. Meanwhile they play it cool, following Williams's advice to be careful about winning when it requires them to become more like the enemy. It is an educationist's sage play for time; the Christmas convention of 7,000 historians showed the counter-tradition to be dug in, poised to infiltrate the textbooks of the Seventies. This is what the exercise was all about: Who had the right to control the assumptions of history in the 1970s? Consensus men, exuding power, have none left. Radicals, tuned into the young, educating it to new heresies, are busy staking a powerful claim on the future. In any other ball park they'd be called comers, definite comers.

WIT TWISTER #169

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

I found a _ _ _ _ _ _ _ gasping by the shore,
And though its _ _ _ _ _ _ _,
found I could no more
Its keeper than its wanton killer be—
And so returned old Neptune's
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ to sea.

—MEDORA CARPENTER,
Hollywood, Calif.

(*Answer on page* 90)

Dance

Continued from page 59

dance companies, other businesses, but it remains "we" and "our."

The current season, with Fracci and Bruhn as the special (and permanent) guest stars, is an anniversary season, but, still, a typical one. As choreographers, there will be not only Petipa, Tudor, Robbins, de Mille, Massine, and Balanchine, but Feld, Smuin, and Nahat, plus the black Keith Lee and Alvin Ailey, and the white David Blair, and the great modern dancer-choreographer, the Mexican Indian José Limón.

The anniversary season features such novelties as a recently discovered Cole Porter score composed many years ago especially for ballet and called *Cole Porter Ballet* and choreographed by Lee; *The River*, Ellington-Ailey; a revival of *Petrouchka*, staged by the late Fokine for ABT; a new production of Massine's *Gaîté Parisienne* (remember Danilova and Franklin as the lovers in the old Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo original?); Smuin's new *Soledad* (music of Rodrigo); and Limón's all-male *The Traitor* (the Jesus/Judas theme) and his *The Moor's Pavane* (the Othello motif); plus, of course, *Swan Lake*, *Giselle*, *La Sylphide*, and contemporary classics.

In America, we do not, of course, have a royal ballet, and, officially, we don't have a national ballet in the sense that France and the Soviet Union do. But, unofficially, we have the American Ballet Theatre, which must surely come closest to serving as our national ballet, and which has recently been appointed as the official ballet company of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Just ten years ago, it became the first American ballet to perform in Russia. Russia, to many, was thought of as the ballet capital (no matter that little creative progress had been made there in half a century), and one critic wrote to the effect that sending ABT to the U.S.S.R. was more like sending cinders, rather than coals, to Newcastle. True, the company had had financial problems and layoffs, but it went to the bastion of ballet, and it conquered, indisputably. It proved its international stature even before it convinced the public of its national status. This year, on its thirtieth birthday, the American Ballet Theatre, because of its productions of honored masterpieces, because of its revivals of later balletic milestones, because of its continuing espousal of new choreographic and performing talent, has earned the post as "National Ballet of the United States of America."

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Supreme Commander

Continued from page 25

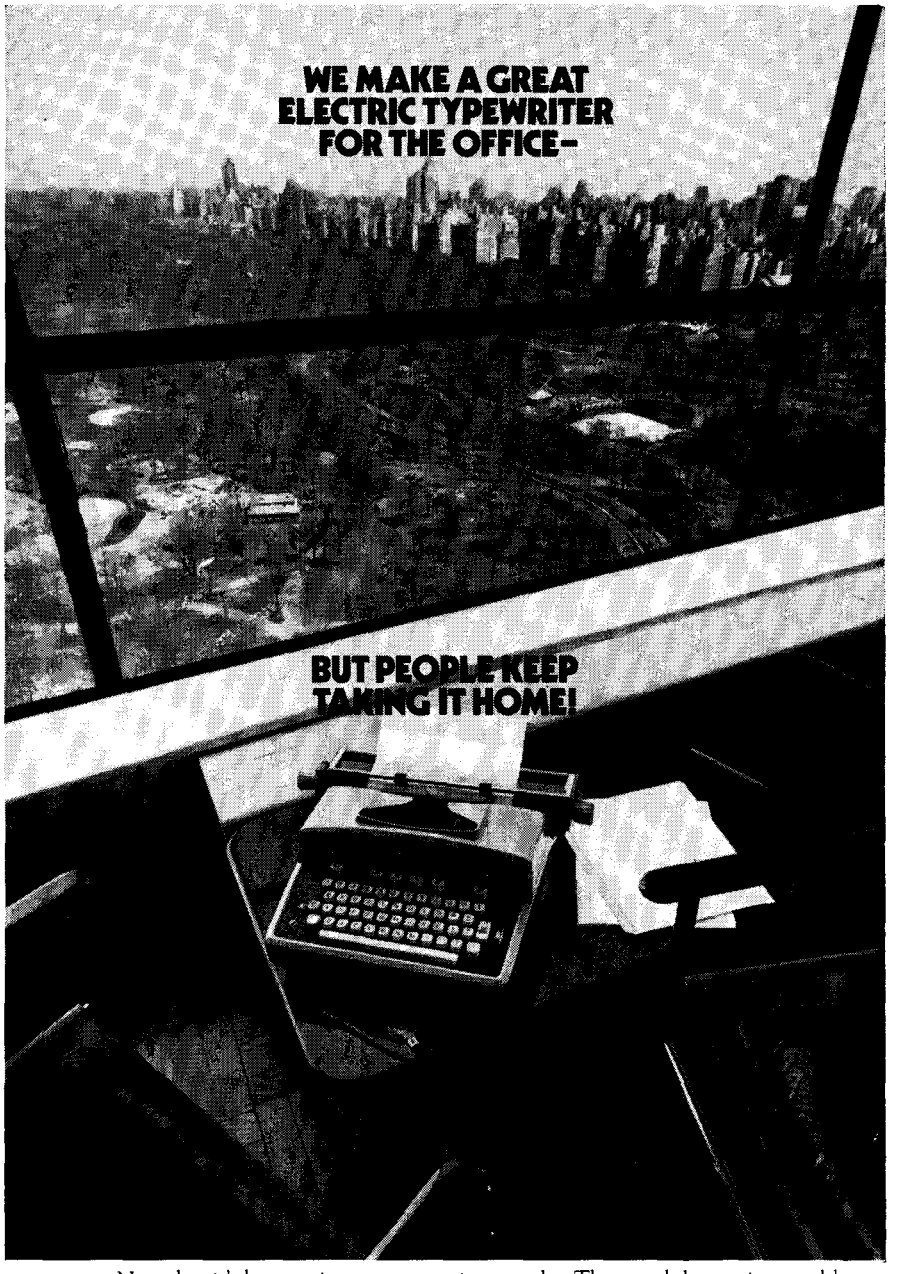
maximum British influence in the Mediterranean.

Because the British had their way, Eisenhower was not involved in the formulation of grand strategy after mid-1942. However, once the decision for a cross-Channel attack was definitely made, he played an important role. After January 1944 he crossed swords with Churchill on three major issues: the landings in southern France to back up the Normandy invasion, the use of air power to knock out rail transportation, and the single-thrust plan to capture Berlin. On each issue Eisenhower carried the day by his persistence, by the force of his military arguments, and ultimately by his support from Roosevelt and Marshall.

He was sometimes wrong, although it is far from certain that those who disagreed, such as Churchill and Montgomery, were right. Ike was not a brilliant strategist and had never been a battlefield commander. Reluctant to impose his own ideas in tactical matters, he sought the opinion of those concerned and tried to work out a compromise. The qualities of an Organization Man, which made him such a superb Supreme Commander, hampered Eisenhower in the field, where bold decisions were essential.

Being a compromiser, he rarely rose above the consensus. This made him invaluable as commander of a vast wartime operation composed of military and political prima donnas. It served him less well in the Presidency, where vision, even more than management, was the prime requirement for political leadership. But as commander of Allied forces Eisenhower performed his role well. He listened carefully to the arguments of others, gave each position consideration, showed the greatest patience toward the idiosyncrasies and demands of those who served under him, never overstepped his role by trying to usurp that of the political authorities he represented, and made sure that he had weighed every aspect before he made a decision. Throughout a long war during which the very survival of nations was at stake, when the lives of many thousands hung on the decisions he made, and powerful personalities vied for authority and dominance, Eisenhower retained his dispassionate sense of authority and won the respect even of those who disagreed with him.

Partly because it was seemingly so lackluster, his was a remarkable accomplishment, and in the pages of these volumes we have a rare glimpse of the man at work.



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George Mason

Continued from page 48

ed Patrick Henry that the war had been fought to secure independence and "surely not to avoid our just debts, or cheat our creditors."

Some of the most dramatic narrative writing is contained in letters to Mason, including a marvelous report from George Rogers Clark in 1779 of his military incursion into the Northwest, therein relating how, in a magnificent display of sangfroid, he "danced nearly the whole night" in a French-occupied town swarming with Indians.

An incorrigible revolutionary, Mason hailed the French Revolution, of whose gory details he was kept informed by letters from his son John in Bordeaux. "These people seem to have catched the Flame of American Freedom," Mason wrote in 1789. He died in 1792, and thus never knew how soon in France the flame would be snuffed out.

Richard B. Morris is the author of "The Emerging Nations and the American Revolution," recently published.

THE IDEA OF PERFECT HISTORY: Historical Erudition and Historical Philosophy in Renaissance France

by George Huppert

Illinois, 215 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by J. H. Plumb

■ I am always amazed by the quality of the typography, binding, and general presentation of the books from American university presses. At one time I thought that Yale and Oklahoma had the edge on all the others. Outstanding as they still are, they are now clustered about with rivals, and not the least is the University of Illinois Press. George Huppert's book is a delight to the eye.

Even better, it is a delight to the mind, one of those books that might so easily escape the attention of readers of wide culture, and it should not do so. The title looks, and is, academic; indeed, it teeters on the esoteric. That should not put off those men and women who are concerned with the world of ideas, who wish to understand how the culture of our society, so different from that of China or India or Islam, has developed. Take the plunge: buy it and read it.

Fortunately, it is beautifully written, with an elegance rare (dare I say it?) in American writers of historical monographs. The prose is lucid, like Professor Huppert's mind. He is a most learned man who has consumed vast folios of French Renaissance history with the measured ease of a brontosaurus crunching its way through a swamp. And he distills the ingested material into a brilliant exposition in a mere 170 pages—not for him the endless précis of books read, or the needless parade of his scholarly credentials.

The exposition is both fascinating and revolutionary. Western society, the author claims, is remarkable not only because it developed science, but also because it invented critical history. Critical history—the attempt to discover with all the detachment that the human mind can muster, what happened and why it happened—belongs to recent centuries. All ancient history, all medieval history, was written to serve a moral, social, religious, or political purpose. History was the handmaid of belief. Most historians of ideas have located the sharp change in historical attitudes in the eighteenth century, when the great achievements of the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century antiquaries were fused with the critical and scientific spirit of the Enlightenment. Scholars felt that there was a subtle interrelationship between progress in science and the revolution in history. Of course, historiographers knew that the roots of critical history were long and tangled, that much was owed to fifteenth- and sixteenth-century developments in law, philology, and ecclesiastical history.

Huppert, however, puts forward the thesis that the great French historians of the second half of the sixteenth century—Pasquier, Bodin, Le Roy, Vignier, and La Popelinière—were the fathers of the "new history" that is divorced from providential causation, unconcerned to teach moral lessons but deeply concerned to base itself on original records and to embrace all activities of society, economic and cultural as well as religious and political. Furthermore, as Professor Huppert shows, these historians based their work on a conscious theoretical attitude to the writing of history. Their theory molded their practice. The flowering of this remarkable school bore less fruit than it might have done, owing to the repressive forces of the Counter Reformation, particularly the Jesuits, and also owing to the awe of monarchy encouraged by Louis XIV. Yet bear fruit it did, and Professor Huppert traces the links between Pasquier's school and the Enlightenment.

But it is impossible in a short précis to do justice to the fascination of Professor Huppert's work. I can only make it sound dull, whereas it sparkles with intellectual excitement, and can be enjoyed by anyone who has a little curiosity about the writing of history.

I have one caveat. Professor Huppert, I think, pushes his case a little too far, and he does not ask himself whether one of the reasons the Pasquier school had less immediate influence than might have been expected was that theory had run ahead of practice. The theoretical side of these historians' work has greater fascination than their practical efforts at writing history, which were often muddled and difficult to read. The tools they required to write their new history—records in print, accurate chronologies, historical dictionaries, and the like—were still largely lacking. They were to be one of the significant accomplishments of the seventeenth-century antiquaries.

Even had they possessed the genius, they could not have written history as Gibbon wrote it. The spadework had not been done. Nevertheless, I do not wish to belittle their remarkable contribution to the growth of critical history. Certainly no one will be able to write a history of history without giving them considerable attention, and this is the measure of George Huppert's achievement. His book will provoke widespread interest in Europe as well as in America. It is an important and original contribution to the history of ideas, and it deserves to be widely known.

J. H. Plumb is the editor of The History of Human Society series.

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Historic Bundles

Continued from page 33

Canada, in another diagrams of slave ships, in a third drawings of the harsh practices to which children were subjected for up to fourteen hours a day in the coal mines of Queen Victoria's Utopia. The volumes, 570 of which are now available, are not cheap: each costs about $65, with a discount for sets. They are obviously intended more for the use of libraries and institutions than for individuals.

That the British Parliamentary papers have not been edited, but merely reproduced as they were printed, is both an advantage and a disadvantage. The advantage is that the reader can immerse himself in the documents just as they rolled off the printing presses more than a century ago and so detect shades of expression and meaning that a modern editor might have erased as repetitive or trivial. The disadvantage is the lack of a critical commentary that would elucidate archaisms and obscurities, would make relevant comparisons between past and present, would identify people and events, would, in a word, provide perspective.

I can best illustrate the point by examining a volume chosen at random. It consists of reports on the Diplomatic and Consular Services in 1871 and 1872, pursuing such themes as administrative reform, recruitment, salaries, promotion, and conditions of work. The volume begins by describing the Diplomatic Service of the day as consisting of five ambassadors, seventeen ministers, seven chargés d'affaires and consuls-general, five secretaries of embassy, twenty-two secretaries of legation, thirty-three second secretaries, three paid and seventeen unpaid attachés, ten third secretaries, and five political agents. There were in addition six naval and military attachés, eight clerks, five translators, one interpreter, four dragomans, one librarian, one archivist, one Japanese secretary, one Persian secretary, one Turkish secretary, six chaplains, two physicians, and one curator of British cemeteries.

That the entire Diplomatic Service and its appendages should number no more than 162 at a time when Britannia really did rule the waves is astonishing. The significance of so small a number would have emerged even more dramatically if there had been an editorial footnote to state that a century later the British Diplomatic Service numbers 3,400, with another 2,500 employed in the Foreign and Commonwealth Office in London; and to add that the annual cost has risen from £216,000 to about £48,000,000.

Again, it would have been worth

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pointing out that the five British ambassadors of 1870 were accredited to France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Turkey; and that, in spite of representations to the committee for the raising of the British legation in Washington to the status of an embassy, it required another twenty-three years to effect the reform. To take one more example, Consul Burton, who complained so bitterly to the committee of the paucity of his pay at Fernando Po and Santos, could well have been identified as the eminent orientalist and translator of the *Arabian Nights*.

It would have been no less rewarding to provide biographical details of the members of the Parliamentary Committees. I notice the names, for instance, of Mr. W. H. Gladstone, eldest son of the Prime Minister; Sir Charles Dilke, most learned and most boring of experts on foreign affairs, whose promising political career later came to an end with his participation in a particularly unsavory divorce scandal (the story has been admirably told in a biography by Roy Jenkins, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer); Mr. Sclater-Booth, of whom Winston Churchill's father, perhaps forgetting that this own full name was Spencer-Churchill, once said, "How often do we find mediocrity dowered with a double-barreled name."

The witnesses, too, are worthy of editorial comment, particularly Mr. Edmund Hammond, Permanent Head of the Foreign Office for nearly twenty years, who a week before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 told the Foreign Secretary that he had never before known so great a lull in international affairs. There had been nothing to match his observation since Louis XVI, on the day the Bastille was stormed, entered in his diary the solitary word *Rien*.

I have said that in general both the presentation and price of these volumes preclude their having much appeal to the nonacademic reader. Yet even the most outwardly dry-as-dust report has its hilarious moments. One witness complains that "dispatches are written on the most immaterial, most unimportant subjects." And when he scornfully refers to these labored compositions as "diplomatic twaddle," the committee passes in outraged silence to the next topic of investigation.

Members of the Diplomatic Service did not hesitate to lay their grievances before Parliament. Several complained with justice that they were obliged to pay out of their own pockets for the stationery on which they wrote their dispatches. Others objected to restrictions being placed on their private use of the diplomatic pouch for all except letters. Admittedly, the practice had

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SAILING, SAILING

Each blank represents a different word for a boat. Margaret B. Hitchcock of New Haven, Conn., wants you to supply the correct synonym and assign the author of the verse. There's a safe harbor on page 93.

1. The _____ she sat in, like a burnished throne,
   Burned on the water. ( )
2. . . . thy beauty is to me
   Like those Nicean _____ of yore . . . ( )
3. At Flores in the Azores, Sir Richard Grenville lay
   And a _____ . . . came flying from far away ( )
4. Dirty British _____ with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
   Butting through the channel . . . ( )
5. . . . Till I lost my boyhood and found my wife,
   A girl like a Salem _____! ( )
6. Over the sea our _____ went,
   With cleaving prows in order brave. ( )
7. There's a _____ in the offing,
   With her topsails shot with fire . . . ( )
8. And the _____ of sunrise burning
   Strands upon the eastern rims. ( )
9. . . . While follow eyes the steady keel, the
   _____ grim and daring ( )
10. I a light _____ will build me,
    Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing. ( )

a. S. V. Benét
b. Browning
c. Housman
d. Hovey
e. Longfellow
f. Masefield
g. Poe
h. Shakespeare
i. Tennyson
j. Whitman

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been abused. A member of the Russian royal family, it was heard in evidence, had attempted to send through the diplomatic bag to a member of the British royal family "a stuffed bear with a candelabrum supporting branch lights."

Finally, let me draw attention to a topic that was already beginning to exercise the minds of Members of Parliament and which is invariably ventilated at Westminster today when there is a debate on the Diplomatic Service: its supposed social exclusiveness.

Testifying before the committee in 1870, Sir Augustus Paget, the British Minister in Florence, took an uncompromising stand. "I generally find," he said, "that when a new man is appointed to my legation, one of the first questions I am asked is, who is he; what are his relations; what class of society does he belong to, in short." He was reinforced by Sir Andrew Buchanan, the ambassador to Russia, who was asked: "And you think that if the son of a butcher were to go out to St. Petersburg, [the people] would find it out?" He replied: "I think they would find it out, to a certainty."

Scanning the current Diplomatic List a century later, I notice that the two schools to which so many families with a tradition of public service continue to send their sons are well represented. Eton has provided ambassadors to France, Spain, Belgium, Austria, Switzerland, and Luxembourg. Winchester has nurtured ambassadors to the USSR, Australia, Italy, Sweden, Israel, and Zambia—as well as the Permanent Head of the Foreign Office. The British ambassador in Washington was at Westminster School, a hardly less celebrated aristocratic nursery.

I chose at random the volume of Parliamentary papers containing reports on the Diplomatic Service for 1871 and 1872. But a more cursory examination of other volumes in the series shows it to be characteristic of them all. Meticulous, searching, perhaps a shade ponderous, the Victorian legislators knew their business. So, it must be said, does the Irish University Press. They have caught the tide of popular interest at just the moment when the nineteenth century is returning to favor. "I shall not be satisfied," the greatest of Victorian historians once wrote, "unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies." The present reprints will appeal only to the very studious—and very rich—young ladies. But in the hands of all professional scholars they are likely to have as profound an effect on contemporary historiography as did Macaulay's monumental work a century ago.

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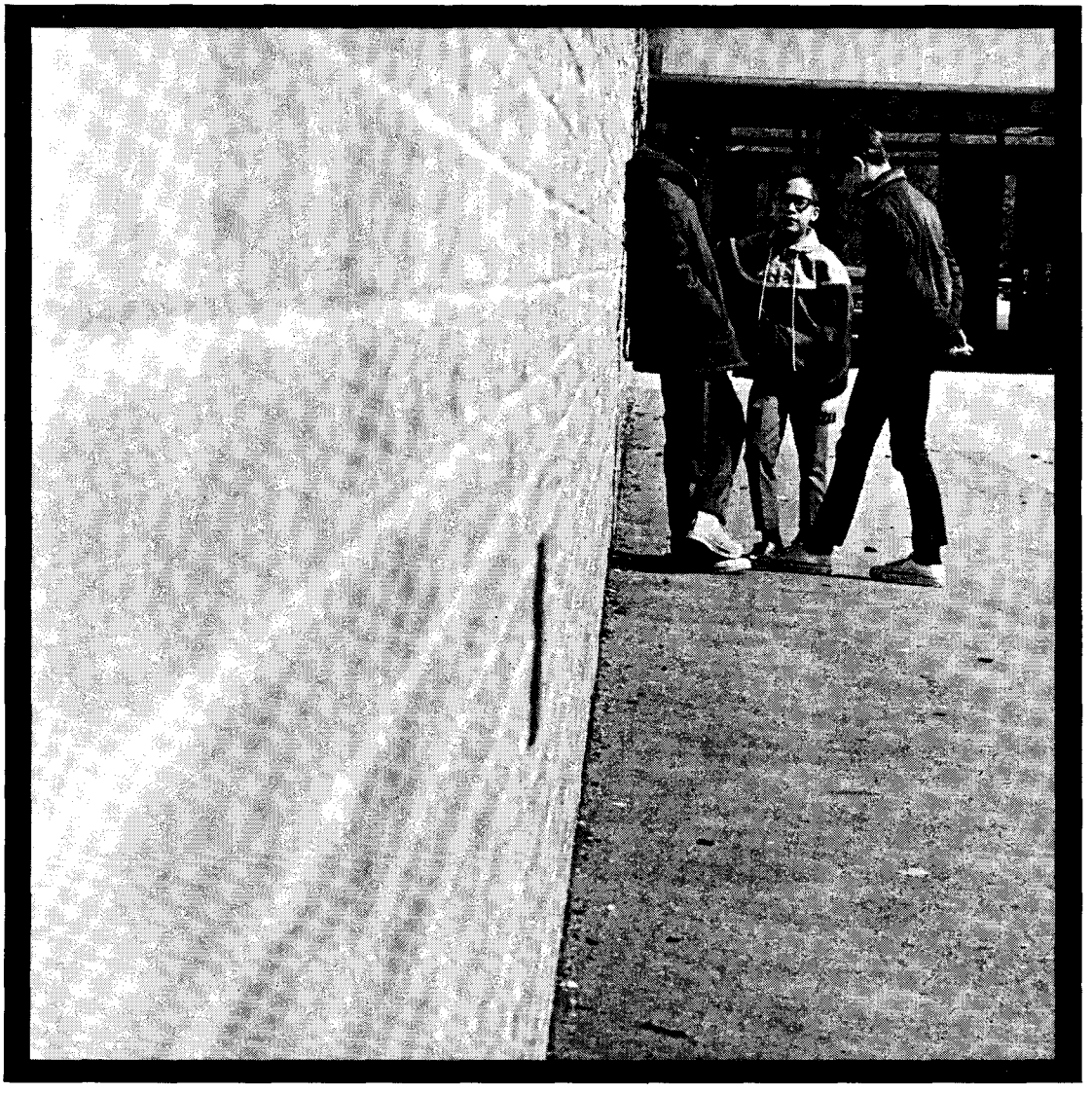

When youngsters grow up "looking down" on people of other colors or ethnic backgrounds, lifelong prejudices can form. But when they grow up aware of the shared humanity of all mankind, they are better prepared to avoid the misunderstandings that cause social tensions and strife.

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After Kent State

It is ironic that the report of the Special Committee on Campus Tensions, appointed a year ago by the American Council on Education, was released just four days before U.S. troops moved into Cambodia, and eight days before four students were killed by the National Guard at Kent State. The report is the work of a blue-ribbon committee, under the chairmanship of Sol M. Linowitz, and it displays both the strengths and the weaknesses of such group efforts. It summarizes the many conflicting interpretations of "what's troubling" students, faculty, administrators, and trustees for those unfamiliar with the voluminous literature on the subject, and it offers commonsensical recommendations that reflect the forward-looking, conventional wisdom of the contemporary campus. But it is hard to recall a case in which a major study of this kind has been bypassed so quickly by events.

The deaths at Kent State, the students killed by police at Jackson State College ten days later, and the several hundred campuses closed by students demonstrating against the Cambodian adventure seem to have ushered in a new era of student activism. Two new aspects of the college scene emerged during those early days in May—one profoundly disturbing, the other potentially encouraging.

The rifle fire of National Guardsmen directly into a crowd of students, with no warning and with live ammunition, and the brutal attacks on peaceful anti-war demonstrators by "hard hat" construction workers in the Wall Street area of lower Manhattan, with the apparent acquiescence of the police, seem to presage a possible class conflict that could be far more destructive of the fabric of national life than anything we have experienced for generations. The more hopeful sign of the times, which suggests that we may yet avoid large-scale class confrontations of this kind, is the large numbers of students who are turning away from provocative demonstrations and toward the political process to achieve their ends. Yale's mobilization of students and alumni to lobby for peace in Washington and Princeton's announcement that the next academic year would be reorganized to free students for two weeks prior to the November elections reflect a more general movement.

But two questions remain: Whether our democratic political institutions are still sufficiently responsive to the popular will to provide the vehicle for society's self-renewal; and whether this generation of students, with their desire for instant reform, are prepared to devote themselves patiently to achieving their ends through the long political process. It seems clear from the experience of the McCarthy campaign of 1968 that many are, but certainly some are not.

On the afternoon in early May when a large, urban university announced in the wake of violent student demonstrations that it would close for the remainder of the academic year, a professor found himself, by chance, in conversation with a coed demonstrator. "I don't understand," he told her, "why you attacked the faculty club. It seems an inappropriate symbol to destroy."

"Don't you see?" she asked. "When we are so frustrated, we strike out blindly. We hit at whatever is near."

"But," the professor replied, "that's an infantile response to frustration—it is the reaction of children."

"What do you think we are?" was her spontaneous rejoinder.

If the democratic process is to prove effective in helping us heal our national divisions, we must make sure that the machinery of democracy remains responsive to the need for change, and that the leadership of the emotionally infantile is rejected, within not only the student movement, but the larger society as well. —JAMES CASS.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Historical Cycles

I AM FINISHING my third year of graduate study in history, and I must confess that I find George McCully's article "History Begins at Home" [*SR*, May 16] as stimulating as anything I have read in these last three years of study. Articles such as this should appear in the pretentious scholarly journals, where they would be more likely to be read at our fountainheads of learning. Historians tend to find it beneath their dignity to read "popular" articles in plebeian publications.

R. KENT RASMUSSEN,
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

GEORGE E. MCCULLY'S article raises a series of meaningful questions about the present state and future of history teaching in American primary and secondary schools. While outlining the ills of present history education, he fails to mention that indeed all is not lost and that programs for a "new history" are now being implemented. Within the framework of the "new social studies," projects such as the Committee on the Study of History and the Amherst Project have proposed different kinds of courses and new types of materials which utilize teaching strategies that McCully fails to recognize as being practiced. The revitalization of history teacher education is also being called for with the loudest voice coming from the National Council for the Social Studies. Thus, the future is not as bleak as we might be led to believe.

ROBERT W. RIGHTMIRE,
Patchogue, N.Y.

The New South Tries Harder

REESE CLEGHORN'S article "Segregation Academies: The Old South Tries Again" [*SR*, May 16] pointed out a movement that is gaining headway throughout the South and which I am doing my dead-level best to keep from succeeding by having public schools so good that people cannot afford to leave them.

Its chief contribution, however, was another effort at divisiveness in a nation that does not need to be divided. I dare you—double-dog dare you, as a matter of fact—to make a study and publish the results that would indicate the percentage of middle-income whites who have fled to the suburbs or to private schools rather than have their children go to school with blacks. It is all right, it seems, to attack these Southerners with whom I disagree, and leave completely untouched the vast majority of whites in this country who send their children to segregated white schools or where there are few black children in attendance. I dare you to do something along this line.

The statement carried under the picture on pages 76 and 77 is an untruth when it says, "In a region that traditionally has given poor support to public education." No region in the country has supported education as it should, but the fact remains that five of the eight southeastern states spend a large per cent of their personal income for public elementary and secondary education than does the average in the nation. This is the key issue, not the number of dollars, but the effort that a state makes. The national average was 5.2, according to the *Ranking of the States* published by the National Education Association. Mississippi spent 6.3 per cent, followed by Louisiana at 6.1; others above the national average include: South Carolina, Virginia, Florida, and Georgia. The state that spent the least was Massachusetts, 3.3 per cent of the personal income, and next was Connecticut, which spent 4 per cent.

SR just must not emphasize an untruth.

L. O. TODD,
Superintendent,
Meridian Public Schools,
Meridian, Miss.

Leicestershire Workshops

THE ARTICLE "British Infant Schools: A Little Bit of Chaos" by Beatrice and Ronald Gross [*SR*, May 16] provided a very useful review of the highlights of this major educational development. We are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Gross and to *Saturday Review* for this concise description.

Despite our enthusiasm for the article, we are slightly miffed by the omission of any reference to what we believe has been a useful role played by the National Association of Independent Schools. Last summer, with support from the Ford Foundation and the Office of Education, among others, we held four workshops of four weeks' duration, for some 200 nonpublic and public school teachers. Each workshop was led by heads of British primary schools supported by a staff of local teachers. This summer we are cosponsoring nine similar workshops for some 400 teachers.

We would also have been pleased to see included in the bibliography given with the article two widely circulated pamphlets that we have published: *Education for Initiative and Responsibility* and *The Well-springs of Teaching*, both by Edward Yeomans (NAIS, 4 Liberty Square, Boston, Mass. 02109, $1 each). Mention was made of one or both of these pamphlets in *SR* when they first appeared some time ago.

CARY POTTER,
President,
National Association of
Independent Schools,
Boston, Mass.

SINCE January 1969, the Department of Education at Herbert H. Lehman College of the City University of New York has been offering workshops for training teachers and supervisors in open classroom philosophy and techniques. Starting with a dozen teachers last year (in a cooperative project with Wave Hill Environmental Center), the program has advanced to the point where this summer Lehman College is offering two open workshops. Open classrooms are now being established on an experimental basis in several elementary schools in District 10 of the Bronx.

EDWARD FRANKEL,
Director of Institutional
Research,
THEODORE D. BENJAMIN,
Chairman of Education Department,
Herbert H. Lehman College
of the City University of New York,
Bronx, N.Y.

WE CERTAINLY appreciate all the nice things said about Joseph Featherstone's series of articles on the British Infant Schools in the article by Beatrice and Ronald Gross. On page 85 of that issue, there is a notation that reprints of Mr. Featherstone's articles are available through *The New Republic*. Actually, this is not so. These reprints are distributed solely through Pitman Publishing Co., 6 East 43rd Street, New York City 10017. For one copy the price is 50 cents; in quantities of two through ten they are 40 cents each; and for more than ten the price is 25 cents each. We have already received numerous requests and inquiries concerning these reprints, and we would appreciate it very much if you could print a correction, supplying the information given above, in order to simplify our lives a little.

ROBERT J. MEYERS,
Publisher,
The New Republic,
Washington, D.C.

Who Pays for College?

IN SCHOOLS MAKE NEWS [*SR*, May 16] you say I have criticized cutbacks in student aid in President Nixon's proposed Higher Education Act because " . . . the effect of the President's reforms would be to subsidize the college education of the poor at the expense of the middle class and at the expense of the colleges themselves."

To state my opposition to the President's program in those terms makes our association sound as if it is against student aid for the poor. What we are against in the suggested "reforms" is the shift of the cost of higher education from society as a whole to individual students. Such a shift would mean that the nation would stand to lose the critical services of needed experts such as doctors, scientists, and teachers. Also, the shift would mean that every middle-income college student may graduate with an education debt of $20,000 to $30,000.

Finally—and most important—the President's program is based on the premise that there are extremely limited funds for higher education, and, therefore, those funds should go to the poorest students. If that were true, I would agree with the President. But what I will not accept is that the money for higher education should be so slight that we should cut to the bone of the most vital enterprise in the nation.

ALLAN W. OSTAR,
Executive Director,
American Association of
State Colleges and Universities,
Washington, D.C.

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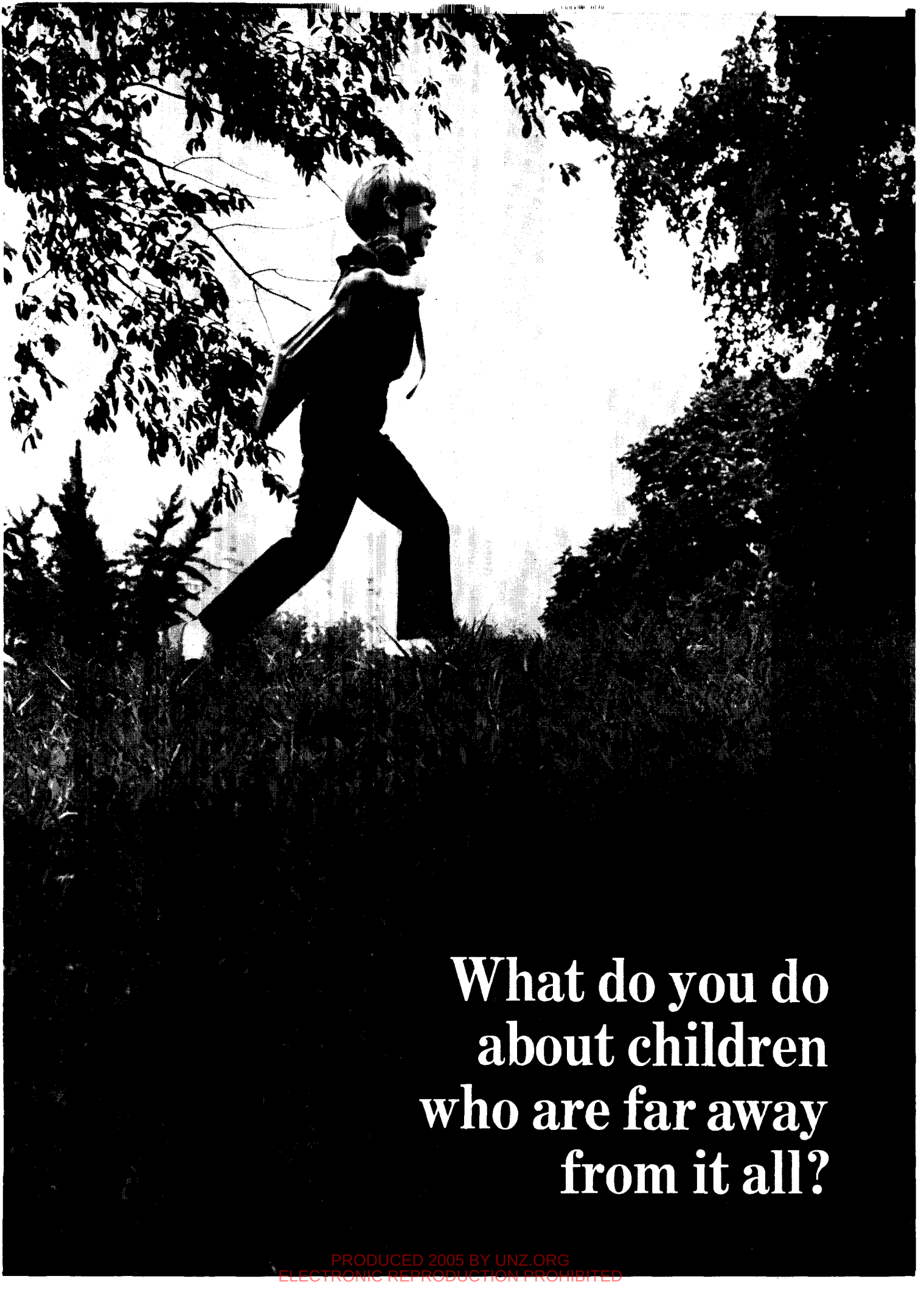

What do you do about children who are far away from it all?

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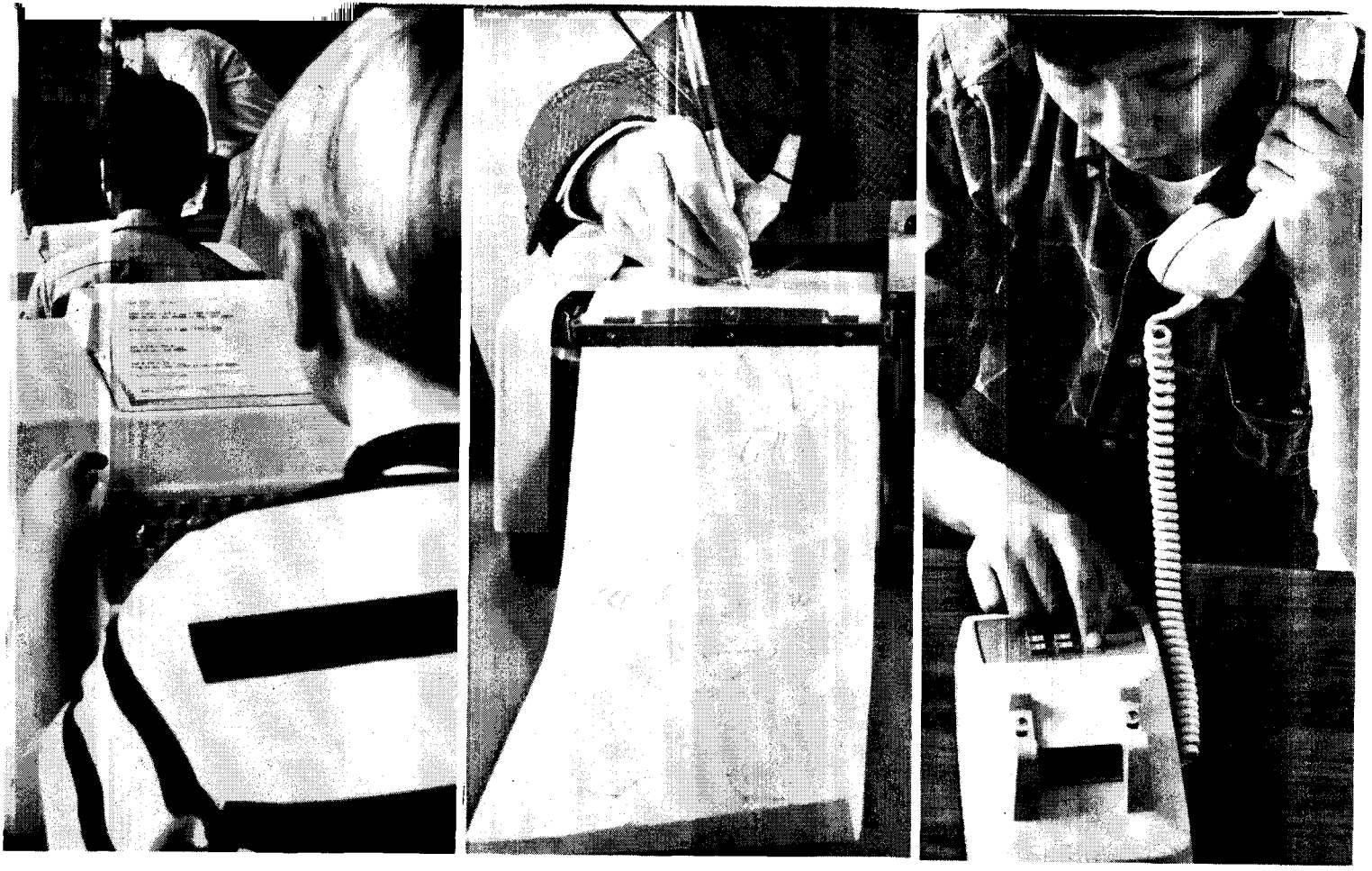

Students in the metropolitan cities can be as far away from it all as rural youngsters. It happens every time some of education's best advantages pass them by.

Today, small communities like Medicine Bow, Wyoming (population 392), as well as big-city systems, like New York City (population 7,795,471), are making use of the nationwide telephone network to give young pupils rich—and occasionally unique—learning experience.

This network, for example, recently gave music students in Medicine Bow, Wyoming, a chance to visit with Leonard Bernstein. The science students learned about some of space travel's complex elements from a NASA official in Houston. It was a system of Tele-Lecture combined with telewriting that gave Medicine Bow's pupils the chance to reach out beyond Wyoming to the whole country.

Tele-Lecture, telewriting, and remote computer access is available to today's students over Bell System's nationwide communications network.

For example: In New York City, more than 2000 elementary school pupils, using Touch-Tone® phones in their homes, are reinforcing math skills by 'talking' with a computer.

The pupil hears the computer say, "What is four plus four?" He responds to the computer by pressing the buttons on his Touch-Tone phone. If he presses the right buttons, another problem will follow. If he is wrong, the question is repeated and if he is wrong again, the computer gives the correct answer and presents a different problem. The pupil's progress is recorded and future drills are structured to the student's achievement level.

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Computer math programs are coming to rural children as well. First-through-eighth graders in several schools in eastern Kentucky are now learning math with the help of a computer-assisted instruction program that comes from Stanford University in Palo Alto, California, via the telephone network.

Edwin R. Jones, Director, Eastern Kentucky Educational Development Corporation, describes his thinking about computer-assisted instruction:

"What catches my mind and imagination about CAI is the fact that today, for the very first time in the history of education, we can actually provide individualized instruction for a whole classroom of students. Not only is the instruction process individualized, it's programmed so that those responsible for student learning know exactly how the pupil is interacting and progressing with the material. For years and years we've talked about individualized instruction for the student. Now it's a fact in some of our schools. I hope it will some day be a fact in all of our schools."

Delaware is one of several states that have developed a system that provides urban and rural students educational advantages. A statewide multichannel closed-circuit TV system serves Delaware schools with a total enrollment of 105,000 pupils. Programs are designed to enrich the educational process and are transmitted throughout the state over a network especially designed by Bell System engineers.

Today, regardless of location, it's no longer necessary for any student to be far away from it all. Call your local Bell Telephone Company and ask to talk to an educational communications specialist.

AT&T

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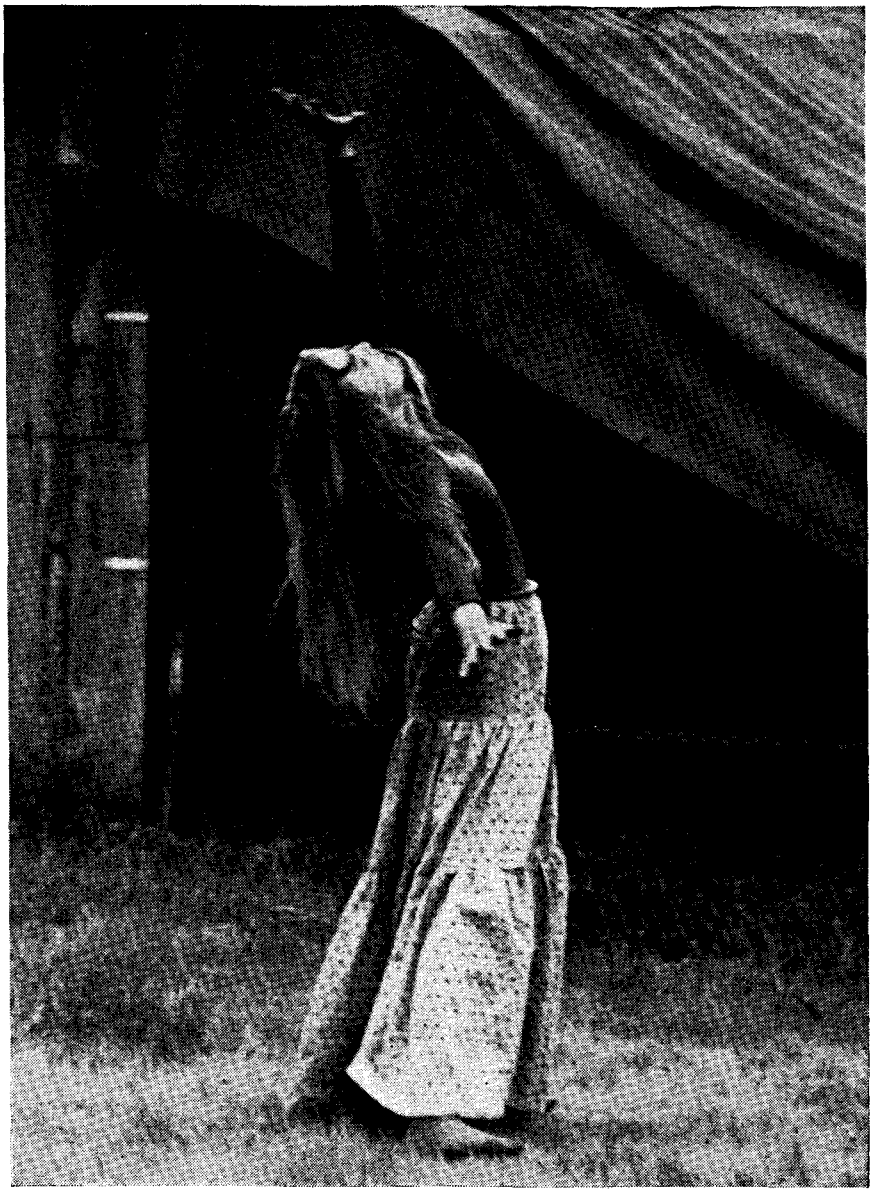
The Rise of the "Free School"



—Ben Ryan (New Schools Exchange)

" . . . we need to change our ideas about children, about childhood itself . . . "

by BONNIE BARRETT STRETCH

For the past five years, critics have been telling parents and teachers what is wrong with the public schools. Such writers as John Holt, Herbert Kohl, Jonathan Kozol, George Dennison, and Paul Goodman have described the authoritarianism that structures many classrooms, the stress on grades and discipline at the expense of learning, and the suppression of the natural curiosity and instincts of the young. Many parents and teachers have begun to see for themselves the boredom, fear, and grievous lack of learning that too often accompany schooling—not only for the poor and the black, but for suburban white youngsters as well—and they have begun to ask what can be done about it.

The revolt is no longer against outdated curriculums or ineffective teaching methods—the concerns of the late Fifties and early Sixties. The revolt today is against the institution itself, against the implicit assumption that learning must be imposed on children by adults, that learning is not something one does by and for oneself, but something designated by a teacher. Schools operating on this assumption tend to hold children in a prolonged state of dependency, to keep them from discovering their own capacities for learning, and to encourage a sense of impotence and lack of worth. The search is for alternatives to this kind of institution.

In the past two years, increasing numbers of parents and teachers have struck out on their own to develop a new kind of school that will allow a new kind of education, that will create independent, courageous people able to face and deal with the shifting complexities of the modern world. The new schools, or free schools, or community schools—they go by all these names—have sprung up by the hundreds across the country. Through a continuous exchange of school brochures and newsletters, and through various conferences, the founders of these schools have developed a degree of self-awareness, a sense of community that has come to be called "the new schools movement."

The new schools charge little or no tuition, are frequently held together by spit and string, and run mainly on the energy and excitement of people who have set out to do their own thing. Their variety seems limitless. No two are alike. They range from inner-city black to suburban and rural white. Some seem to be pastoral escapes from the grit of modern conflict, while others are deliberate experiments in integrated multicultural, multilingual education. They turn up anywhere—in city storefronts, old barns, former barracks, abandoned church buildings, and parents' or teachers' homes. They have crazy names like Someday School, Viewpoint Non-School, A Peck of Gold, The New Community, or New Directions—names that for all their diversity reflect the two things most of these schools have in common: the idea of freedom for youngsters and a humane education.

As the Community School of Santa Barbara (California) states in its brochure: "The idea is that freedom is a supreme good; that people, including young people, have a right to freedom, and that people who are free will in general be more open, more humane, more intelligent than people who

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are directed, manipulated, ordered about. . . ."

The Santa Barbara Community School is located in a converted barracks on a hill above the town. The fifty or so children (ages three to fourteen) almost invariably come from wealthy, white, fairly progressive families who want to give their children "the nicest education possible," as one teacher put it. Inside the building are a large meeting room; some smaller rooms for seminars, discussions, and tutorials; a wood and metal shop; classrooms for the younger children; and a small library. Classes for the younger children are based on the Leicestershire model. Rooms are organized by activity centers—a math corner here, a reading corner there. Parents' money has helped provide a remarkable amount of creative learning materials. Children are free to move from one thing to another as their interest shifts, and children of all ages frequently work and play together. For the older kids, the method is largely tutorial: one, two, or three youngsters working with a teacher. Although there is a "core curriculum" of literature, science, and social studies, the classes follow the interests and preferences of the students.

Outside and behind the building is enough space for a large playground, a pile of wood and lumber, a large pile of scrap metal including bicycle and car parts, and an old car, whose motor the older children are dismantling as a lesson in mechanics or physics (depending on whom you talk to). Children of all ages use the wood and metal to carve or weld into sculpture, as well as to fix bikes and build toys. "It's important for kids to learn about tools," explained a teacher. "Most kids don't know how things work. You really have to see a six-year-old in goggles with a welding torch to appreciate what it means."

The parents like the school, although they sometimes worry about how much the children are learning. By "learning" they mean the three Rs, social studies, etc. Parent pressure has led the Community School to place more emphasis on traditional subject matter than many free schools do. Teachers, on the other hand, are more concerned about another kind of learning. They would like to help these white middle-class youngsters develop a better sense of the world, to expose them to styles of life and work besides those of their families. There are frequent trips to ranches, factories, local businesses, and other schools. But these experiences, being interludes, remain essentially artificial to children. What are real are the comforts and concerns that inform their daily lives and that are shared with their friends.

In contrast to this isolation is the Children's Community Workshop School in New York City. Situated in an economically and racially integrated neighborhood, the school makes a conscious effort to keep its enrollment one-third white, one-third black, and one-third Puerto Rican. Because it is intended specifically as an alternative to the public schools, the Community Workshop charges no tuition. It is supported primarily by foundation grants and private donations, but the scramble for money is a continuous one that taxes a great deal of the energy of the school's director, Anita Moses.

Like the Santa Barbara Community School, the Community Workshop bases its structure on the Leicestershire method. And, again like Santa Barbara, it does not hold strictly to that method. There is a great deal of emphasis on the children's own interests, and new directions and materials are being tried all the time. A visitor to the school may find one group of children at a table struggling to build arches out of sugar cubes; another two or three children may be working with an erector set, others with tape recorders and a typewriter. In the midst of all this independent activity may be found one teacher helping one child learn to write his name.

Except for the use of Leicestershire techniques, there is little similarity between the Children's Community Workshop and the school in Santa Barbara. The heterogeneity of the student body makes the educational and human problems far more complex. Where achievement levels and cultural backgrounds vary widely, there is a great deal of accommodation necessary on the part of teachers and parents. At the same time, there can be no question that the children are learning more than the traditional three Rs.

Both the Community Workshop and the Santa Barbara Community School, however, have more structure than many free schools. The tendency in these schools is not to stress conventional intellectual training, to offer it if and when the children want it, and in general to let the youngsters discover and pursue their own interests. The new schools agree fully with Piaget's statement that "play is the serious business of childhood," and a child may as easily spend whole days in the sandbox as in the reading center. The lack of structure, however, leads to a lot of noise and running around, and all this activity may seem like chaos to a visitor. Often that's exactly what it is. It is a difficult skill to attune oneself to individual children, and to build on their individual needs and concerns, and few teachers have mastered it. Often, too, older youngsters, suddenly released from the constraints of public school, will run wild for the first few weeks, or even months, of freedom. But gradually, as they work the pent-up energy out of their system, and as they learn that the adults really will allow this freedom, they begin to discover their own real interests and to turn their energy to constructive tasks.

"The longer they've been in public school, and the worse their experience there is, the longer it takes for them to settle down, but eventually they all do," says Bill Kenney, who has taught at Pinel School in Martinez, California, for ten years. Pinel is an essentially Summerhillian school where classes in subjects such as reading and arithmetic are offered, but the children are not compelled to attend. Based on his experience at Pinel, Mr. Kenney believes that in a school that is solidly middle-class it can be expected that any happy, healthy child will eventually learn to read, write, and do basic arithmetic, whether or not he is formally taught. The experience of other middle-class free schools tends to corroborate this assumption.

" . . . a new kind of school that will allow a new kind of education, that will create independent, courageous people able to face and deal with the shifting complexities of the modern world."

The appeal of this philosophy is enormous, judging from the number of students and teachers applying to the new schools—all these schools report more applicants than they can handle—and from the constant flow of visitors who come to watch, ask questions, and sometimes get in the way. A few schools have had to set up specific visiting days in an effort to stem the tide. Three major conferences on "alternatives in education" took place this spring—in Cuernavaca, Mexico; in Santa Barbara, California; and in Toronto, Canada—and people flocked to them by the hundreds to talk to such "heroes" as John Holt and George Dennison, and to talk to one another and

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learn who's doing what and how. Representatives from foundations, universities, and the U.S. Office of Education also came, eager to know whether the critics' ideas can be given life.

Through the conferences and through correspondence and exchanges of school newsletters, a self-awareness is developing among the new schools, a sense of themselves as part of a growing movement. Much of this increased consciousness is due to the work of the New Schools Exchange, an information clearinghouse that grew out of a conference of 200 schools a year ago. During its first year, the exchange set up a directory of new schools, put teachers and kids in touch with schools, and schools in touch with teachers, kids, materials—and even, occasionally, money. In that year, too, 800 new names were added to the exchange list, and the exchange helped many through the labor pains of birth by offering nuts-and-bolts information about how to incorporate a school, and ways to get through the bureaucratic maze of building, fire, and health regulations.

But the mortality rate among these new schools is high. Harvey Haber of the Exchange estimates about eighteen months is the average life span. This includes those that endure for years and those that barely get off the ground. Money is universally the biggest hassle and the reason most commonly cited for failure. Even those schools that endure are seriously hampered by the constant struggle for fiscal survival that too often must take precedence over education. Most schools are started by people who are not rich, and charge little or no tuition, in an effort to act as an alternative for the common man (the rich have always had alternatives). Teachers work for pennies, when they are paid at all. "How do I survive?" one teacher laughed a bit anxiously. "I found a nice landlord who doesn't bug me about the rent. I dip into my savings, and get my parents and friends to invite me to dinner—often. Then, there are food stamps, of course. Mostly we rely on each other for moral support and help over the really rough places."

This kind of dedication, however, is too much to ask of anyone for any length of time. Working with children in an open classroom with few guidelines makes tremendous demands on teachers, Anita Moses of the Children's Community Workshop points out. Furthermore, teachers must often give their time for planning, for parent conferences, or for Saturday workshops with new teaching techniques and materials. There are intrinsic rewards for this, of course, but extrinsic rewards are also necessary, Mrs. Moses stresses, and those rewards should be in terms of salary.

There are other hurdles besides money—red tape, harassment by various state and city bureaucracies, and hostility from the community at large. In Salt Lake City, for example, a citizens committee tried to close a new Summerhill school on the grounds that the school was immoral and the teachers were Communists.

But perhaps the most fundamental factor for survival is the degree of commitment on the part of the teachers and parents. For brochures, newsletters, and other public pronouncements, it is possible to articulate the concept of freedom and its importance to the emotional and intellectual development of the child. But basically the appeal is to a gut-level longing for love, joy, and human community, and often the schools are run on this romantic basis. "If you stop putting pressure on the kids, the tendency is to stop putting pressure on the staff, too," one teacher observed. Schools that fail within a few months of opening tend to be those begun by people merely interested in trying out a new idea. When the idea turns out to be more complex, and its implementation more difficult than anticipated, the original good feeling evaporates and a deeper determination is required.

Parents and teachers who have worked out their ideas together, who have similar goals, who know what they want for their children and why, have a better chance of keeping their school alive. Nonetheless, almost every school follows a similar pattern. If they make it over the physical hurdles of getting money, finding a building, and meeting bureaucratic regulations, they run into the spiritual struggle. Usually, somewhere in the first three to six months, according to Harvey Haber, comes the first great spiritual crisis: "structure" vs. "nonstructure." Having experimented with the idea of freedom, and having discovered its inherent difficulties, many parents and teachers become impatient and anxious. Are the children learning anything, they wonder, and does it matter? Frequently there is a slowdown in the acquisition of traditional academic skills. Children, it turns out, would rather play than learn to spell, and the blossoming forth of innate genius in a warm, benevolent atmosphere fails to

Finding Out About Free Schools

THE SOURCES OF information about free schools are many and varied, but tap one and it will lead to many others. Here are a few to start with:

New Schools Exchange *(2840 Hidden Valley Lane, Santa Barbara, California 93103)*—the best single source of information on free schools: where they are, how to start one, problems to anticipate, and almost anything else you need to know.

The Big Rock Candy Mountain *(Portola Institute, Inc., 1115 Merrill Street, Menlo Park, California 94025)*—a new publication similar to the popular Whole Earth Catalogue, but devoted to "resources for ecstatic education." The catalogue reviews schools, teaching methods, toys and games, publications, teaching laboratories, films, tapes, records, and highlights new approaches that "make the student himself the content of his learning," are nonmanipulative, and encourage exploration and creativity ($4 per copy; $8 per year subscription—two issues plus four supplements).

The Free Learner—a remarkably complete survey of experimental schools in the San Francisco Bay area, compiled by Constance Woulf *(4615 Canyon Road, El Sobrante, California 94803)*, available at $2 a copy.

New Schools Manual—a mimeographed booklet put out by New Directions Community School *(445 Tenth Street, Richmond, California 94801)* that provides some useful clues for meeting bureaucratic rules and regulations.

Directory of Free Schools—a list of free schools across the country, published by Alternatives Foundation *(1526 Gravenstein Highway, Sebastopol, California 97452)*. The pamphlet includes an essay on "How to Start a Free School," by Frank Lindenfeld, founder of several California free schools.

A Bibliography for the Free School Movement—a wide-ranging list of books on children and education, published by the Summerhill Society *(339 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012)*. Available for 50 cents.

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occur. Anxious adults begin to argue for more structure to the school day, more direction for the kids, more emphasis on the familiar three Rs. Others insist upon maintaining the freedom, and upon learning to work with children on a new freer basis that really tests its limitations and possibilities.

As Robert Greenway, whose sons were enrolled in the Redwood Association Free School in Sonoma County, California, wrote:

> It seems to me that this anxiety that gets aroused about "what's happening to our kids" is understandable and inevitable. In a public school, we turn our children over to the wardens; there is no illusion about the possibility of influence to torture us. . . . But a truly cooperative venture arouses every possible hope about involvement in the growth of our children—and probably every latent frustration about what we think *didn't* happen to us as well. . . . I suggest that, unless we find a way of dealing with the real anxieties and concerns that this type of enterprise arouses, then we'll fail before we've hardly started (I'm responding to my own growing sense of frustration and anxiety, and to the sign of sudden and/or premature withdrawals from the school, and to the growing hue and cry for "more organization").

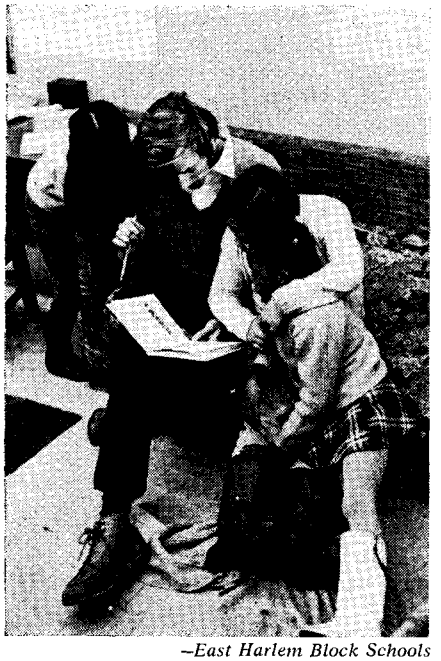
The Santa Fe (New Mexico) Community School went through this crisis in the middle of its second year, a bit later than most. Parents were willing to go along with the school as long as the teachers seemed confident about what was happening with the children. But when one teacher began to articulate the fears many parents had tried to suppress, the situation came to a head. There was a period of trying to impose more order on the kids, and the kids rebelled and refused to take it. Some staff members were fired, and parents demanded more teachers with bachelor's and master's degrees, but found they could not get them for a salary of $200 a month. There were endless pedagogical debates, and finally some of the parents simply took their kids back to the public school. "Unfortunately, those who left were the ones with the most money," sighed one teacher. "We're poorer now, but the people here are here because they're dedicated."

After the crisis, the school was reorganized. Previously ordered by age clusters, it is now divided into activity centers, and children of all ages move freely from one center to another. On a bright Southwestern day a visitor may find a couple of boys sitting in front of the building, slumped against a sun-warmed wall, eating apples and read-

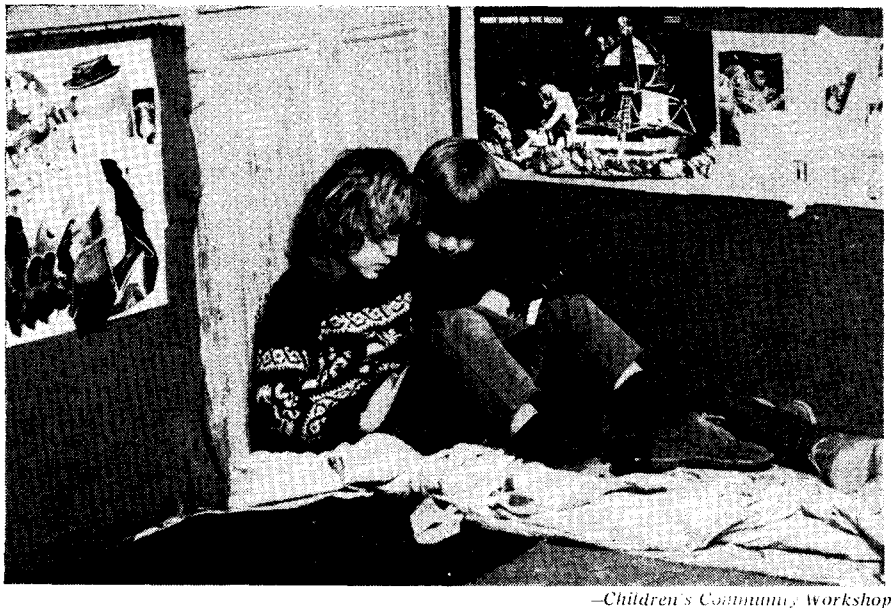
(*Continued on page 90*)

—Pinel School

"... 'play is the serious business of childhood,' and a child may as easily spend whole days in the sandbox as in the reading center."



—East Harlem Block Schools



—Children's Community Workshop

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What Happened to the "Free University"

by PAUL LAUTER and FLORENCE HOWE

The free university movement that swept across the country after 1965 was more than a romantic fad. For all its sometimes deliberate disorganization, its intentional avoidance of traditional structures, forms, and procedures, and its eclectic curricula embracing virtually any subject from left-wing politics to the zany and occult, it was more than a reaction against the boredom, rigidity, and neutrality of American colleges and universities. The free university was fundamentally a search for power—a determined effort not merely to create alternate styles of learning, but to compel the traditional institutions of higher learning to change their assumptions and, hence, their practices.

Even today, when the ideas of the movement have changed and student interest has turned elsewhere, there are, according to the National Student Association, some 300 "free universities," "free schools," and "experimental colleges" in existence. Though its forms have varied, the free university has essentially continued to function as an institution parallel to or adjacent to a particular university. Its purpose has remained critically utopian: As the students' leaflets or catalogues usually put it, this is the way a university should be; or, grandly, this is what we'd like to turn the university into. The chief ingredients have been self-determination and community to be achieved through freedom, individuals' real interests, social and political responsibility, and democratic participation. Ideally, the classroom becomes a democratic community of learning and the institution a larger but still democratic community in which hierarchy is abolished.

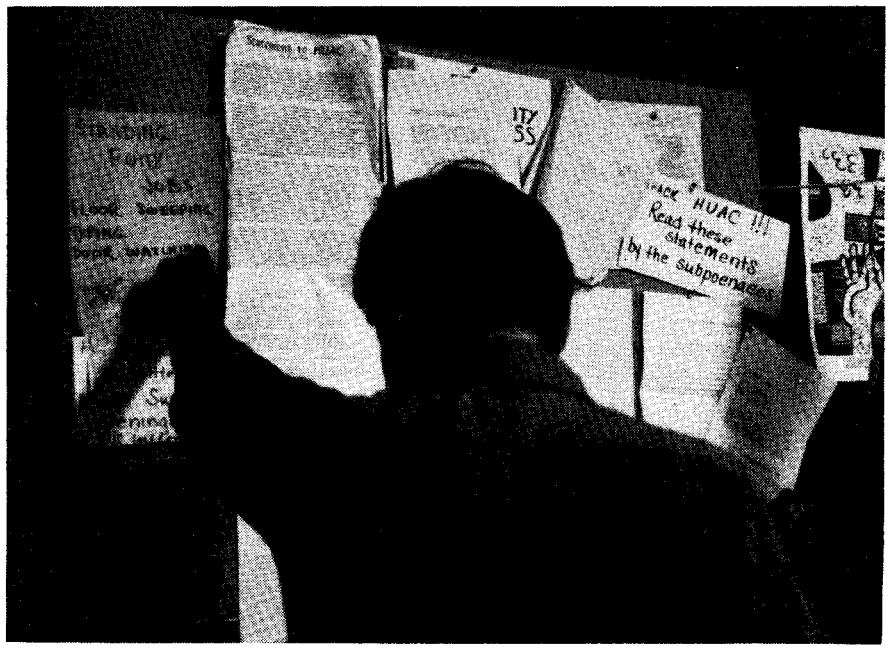
The immediate intellectual origins of the free universities go back to 1962, when Students for a Democratic Society published *The Port Huron Statement*. In the same year, Nevitt Sanford edited and published *The American College*, an anthology of a decade's research. Both works proclaimed the failure of higher education and affirmed its significance as a potential lever for social change. Both also advocated reforming the system, though with different goals and processes in mind. *The American College* suggested that the answers can be found only through using the college as a laboratory where the results of research into the problems of higher education can be applied wisely.

The SDS pamphlet said that students and faculty "must wrest control of the educational process from the administrative bureaucracy. They must import major public issues into the curriculum—research and teaching on problems of war and peace is an outstanding example. They must make debate and controversy, not dull pedantic cant. They must consciously build a base for their assault upon the loci of power."

The SDS program united two distinct objectives: changing the campus and making it a base for changing society. Change on the campus involves both democratization of the bureaucratic structure and politicizing the "style of educational life." Bringing "major public issues into the curriculum" and bringing students into "fraternal and functional contact" with movement groups outside the campus make explicit those implicit and invisible connections the university already has established with the social order. The ingredients were all present for the "free university," though there was no mention of it in *Port Huron*.

But how to manage the process? How to put the theory to work, given the usual rigidity of the curriculum and other realities of campus life? The Mississippi summer of 1964, Berkeley, and the teach-in movement that began in the spring of 1965 provided educational models and experience. The freedom schools in Mississippi allowed hundreds of college students to build and teach a relevant curriculum that made connections between education and political action. Even if the summer did not change the condition of Mississippians' lives, it did change many students' perceptions of their campus and their own lives. Some of these students returned to Berkeley to participate in the Sproul Hall sit-ins in the fall of 1964, where, as Mississippi veterans, they proclaimed "the right to set the conditions in which they themselves lived and worked."

The Vietnam teach-ins during the spring of 1965 reiterated this growing idea that the universities should be-



—George Zimbel

The free universities were responsible "for the idea of a student-centered curriculum and for raising hard questions about the elitism of universities."

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come more "relevant" not to "national interests" defined by corporations and government, but to the social issues of the day. And they provided still another model of a temporary parallel institution for those thinking about university reform.

The models of the Mississippi Freedom Schools, of Sproul Hall, and of the teach-ins provided some basis for student activists to test the theory that reforming the university could be a useful means of changing society. And for a year beginning in late 1965, longer in some places, they began to organize to change the campus and the conditions of students' lives, especially by founding counterinstitutions called free universities. At the SDS national convention held during the summer of 1965, the free university appeared as an important topic for debate and planning, despite the fact that no free universities had yet been established on any campus.

Several unpublished convention documents suggested possible patterns for free universities: teach-ins, "counter-classrooms on campus to meet the deficiencies of specific courses," and "intentional . . . cooperative communities." No one suggested that SDS chapters as such turn themselves into "free universities" on hundreds of campuses. Nor was there agreement about formalizing such yet-to-be-born institutions: "to try such synthesis," the writers of the workshop reports claimed, would be to "stifle many of the breakthroughs presently being made on campus." Characteristically, the SDS formula was "let each chapter decide."

Following the 1965 SDS convention, discussions in *New Left Notes* and a short-lived free-universities newsletter preceded the formation, late in 1965 and early in 1966, of a handful of free universities. Political activists on the West Coast and SDS members elsewhere took a leading role in these and perhaps a dozen others founded later in 1966 and early in 1967, in that brief period of unity between political activists and educational reformers.

In terms of growth, vitality, student interest, and educational and political ferment, the paradigm success story among the free universities was the Experimental College at San Francisco State College. The EC had, by late 1967, an enrollment of 2,000 (about 15 per cent of the state college's enrollment); a staff of about sixty persons who were paid subsistence wages (few other free universities even tried to raise funds for such a purpose); good bureaucratic arrangements with the state college, which provided some money and gave students credit for EC courses; internal evaluation programs that examined the process of education, a sophisticated form of learning which few other free universities attempted, and the heart of the idea, upon which its popularity depended, a variegated curriculum.

By late 1967, the EC curriculum consisted of more than seventy courses, and looked like a potpourri. In a sense it was (after all, the catalogue said, "Anyone can try to organize a course on anything"), but there was an underlying ethic which gave the curriculum its own integrity. Most of the courses, areas, and programs of the Experimental College fell into one of three groups: youth or "hippie" culture, politics and community organizing, including black studies, and the educational process itself.

More than anything else, perhaps, the free university movement is known for its extension of the curriculum into hippiedom. The free university movement (along with other underground media—film, newspapers, music) has helped to identify, codify, and spread what by 1969 could be called either a "counterculture" or an independent culture of the young. Thus, there were courses on Eastern religion and philosophy, the occult, op art, rock music, handicrafts, and new twists were given to traditional subjects, such as psychology ("Competition and Violence—Attempts to Connect Psychology and Politics").

More than a third of the courses offered by the Experimental College in 1966 were political, and most of them ("Nonviolence," "The College and the War") attempted to make connections between the values of the students and the society they live in. Most were discussion courses ("C.O. Counseling," "Evaluating Organizations Working for Change"), though a few called for "situations outside the classroom for laboratories to test theory." One, called simply "Oakland Project," asked for "people of Mexican-American background and Negro students" to help set up "classes in minority-group history for East Oakland high school students and dropouts. Another, called "Neighborhood Renewal," was described as a "range of possibilities for working with a San Francisco neighborhood that is trying to build community-based alternatives to redevelopment."

These political courses, especially the ones on community organizing, illustrate another important point about the movement as a whole because they reflect the students' and organizers' concern for using their education and energy to serve directly the needs of the rest of society. An excerpt from one of the EC community organizing projects says it well: "Knowledge can and ought to be gathered in response to the needs of people actually living in communities and desiring to influence and control actively the decisions that direct their lives."

—Bob Lerner (Look)

"Ideally, the classroom becomes a democratic community of learning and the institution a larger democratic community in which hierarchy is abolished."

The third category of courses, on the process of education itself, was related to the staff's constant self-evaluation, and it was, in one sense, the least homogeneous of all, with courses ranging from "Martin Buber, a dialogue at the I and Thou Coffee House," and "College Union Workshop," in which students were to work out the "theory and practice" of "designing" a "union"

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for the college, to seminars in the methodology of related disciplines (zoology, psychology, and anthropology, for example, in "The Study of Animal Behavior").

What connects all of the courses is the goal of activating students without sacrificing "content." As Cynthia Carlson Nixon, the area organizer, put it, the courses were to create an environment that would allow students "to develop the ability to direct their own learning"; thus, they would acquire not only "bodies of information" but, more importantly, "thinking skills."

Ideally, students trained in "thinking skills" might organize their own courses. It may be useful to mention that the term "thinking skills" takes for granted a process that allows students to make connections between the way they feel and the way they think. The ambitious goal of the Experimental College was, after all, to create independent, connected individuals who understand not only how they think and feel, but how their society works. Process, the Experimental College's key idea that decentralized responsibility by placing it in the hands of student/learner/teacher/participant, thus functioned both with regard to the personal needs and cultural interests of students as well as their political commitments to social change.

From another point of view, however, the success of the San Francisco Experimental College is ambiguous. The founders believed that educational process was more important than course content per se, that process might, in fact, be used to control content and thus to effect their conscious goal—university reform. They were clear about pushing the parallel institution as imaginatively and exhaustively as far as it would go. To change San Francisco State, they needed to attract large numbers of students who might in turn then serve to accomplish two different ends: to force the rest of the college to re-examine itself and then change, and to gain from the college official recognition as a credit-granting body. The growth of the Experimental College was phenomenal, but the second goal was more easily accomplished than the first. "Anybody can organize a course" was one of the two initial slogans that the Experimental College began with, and this one obviously appealed to students. The other slogan, "Blackmail the institution with quality," somehow did not work on the official college departments in the same manner. The success of the Experimental College as an innovative educational institution was not translatable into political power. In fact, the history of the experiment illustrates the ultimate powerlessness of the parallel institution with regard to a host. It can be argued that the Experimental College allowed San Francisco State to stay just as it was until other forces took hold in 1968.

In short-range terms, it may be that the Experimental College acted as a catalyst for those forces by welcoming and at least temporarily absorbing into its programs the work of political activists. Jimmy Garrett, a veteran of Mississippi's Freedom Summer and a former SNCC organizer in Los Angeles, entered San Francisco State as an undergraduate early in 1966, and, according to James Brann, formerly of the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, approached Jim Nixon, one of the founders of the Experimental College, about "money for black student courses and ghetto programs."

"My words came back to haunt me later," said Nixon. "I told him we could give him some money but he had to produce some real programs and really work at it.

"He really worked."

"The effects of the black-run courses," Brann continues, "combined with experiences in the ghetto tutorial program, produced a mounting dissatisfaction among San Francisco State blacks with the existing American educational system." The experience inside the Experimental College clarified for blacks that they had to be in charge of their own educational programs as well as those for high-school students. A central issue of the San Francisco State College strike, which later tore the college apart, thus flowed naturally from that experience: "immediate establishment of a Black Studies department with twenty full-time faculty members . . . free from interference by college administrators or the statewide board of trustees which oversees all eighteen California State Colleges."

In general, the San Francisco State strikers' demands followed logically from the educational philosophy of the Experimental College. The central principle is self-determination—in the classroom and in the community, whether student or organizer. If some students can initiate and organize courses and set their own standards, why not *any* students? Why not a group of black and third-world students? Why not?

The question apparently is scandalous, but it follows readily and logically from fundamental free university premises. The logic of free universities leads directly to the breakdown of the university as a trainer and channeler of elites. The logic leads directly to open admissions and to self-determination by students of the content and quality of their education.

In reality, the logic led to the demise of the Experimental College. For its support of the strike, the college's funds were withdrawn from its control. In the fall of 1969 the students held a press conference and announced that they could not operate "in a repressive atmosphere."

While most other free universities have not had their existence ended by a lengthy strike, such as the one that tore San Francisco State College apart last year, neither have they been so intricately and complexly organized as the San Francisco Experimental College. Indeed, most free universities were organized along the anarchical lines ("No policy, that's our policy") of the Free University of Pennsylvania, which was begun about the same time as the Experimental College and which is still in existence on the campus of the University of Pennsylvania.

A vision of the university's relationship to the larger community outside was the most significant feature of some thirty "early" free universities, founded either by SDS members or other radical activists. San Francisco State's Experimental College provided one model, since a significant portion of its curriculum was at first dedicated to the poor, black, and third-world communities surrounding State, and since the activity of community organizing was conceived as a legitimate "course." Most early free universities included at least one such course in their curriculum—at Bowling Green State University, for example, it was called "Perrysburg Heights Community Involvement Project." The Free University of Pennsylvania's cool rhetoric and nonideological line provided another early model in its deliberate effort to bring the community as teacher or student onto the campus.

On the whole, the rhetoric used to describe the relationship of these early free universities to their host institution was more militant than the San Francisco Experimental College. They announced themselves as "protest counterinstitutions to the *un*free universities" (Seattle, fall 1966); or as attempts to "reach students dissatisfied with standard 'multiversity education' " (Minnesota, January 1967); or simply as institutions geared to "destroy the irrelevant university" (Ann Arbor, January 1966). And whether they asked the university for facilities (Minnesota, under SDS sponsorship) or decided to be independent in that regard (Ann Arbor, Seattle), they saw themselves as hostile challengers of university standards and procedures.

Initially, the proportion of political

(*Continued on page* 93)

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The Limits of Liberalism

by LEONARD J. FEIN

The current debate over community control of urban public schools that is being waged in several major cities has uncovered a dilemma that reaches to the heart of the frustration encountered by those attempting to solve many of the country's current social problems. The liberal intellectuals, who have traditionally been on the side of both educational reform and civil rights, now find themselves divided over the issue of community control because it is a political reform that explicitly denies the basic liberal ideological commitment to universalism, to the theory that parochial ethnic and community differences must be eliminated or absorbed in order to create a harmonious, smoothly functioning social system.

As a consequence, the ideological opposition of intellectual liberals may become a more important block to community control than the opposition of racial bigots or conservative bureaucrats, for the liberal opposition, if it continues, puts an end to an alliance that has, in recent years, enjoyed astounding political success. And it is this opposition that seems the more difficult to understand. When school boards whose power would be undone, or teachers' organizations concerned with tenure, or bigots who oppose anything Negroes seem to be for take issue with community control, that is par for the course. But when liberals part company with the civil rights movement over the issue of community control, we are required to seek some explanation, for the reasons are not obvious.

Many liberals have shifted, in recent years, from an enthusiastic espousal of professional control to a more community-oriented position, but many have not moved at all, and are deeply troubled by the current thrust of their former allies. Their trouble derives from their recognition that what black militants now seek violates the liberal tradition in most fundamental ways.

The liberal commitment, in education as in other spheres, is to universalism. We approach liberal salvation as we move from the sacred to the secular, from *Gemeinschaft* to *Gesellschaft*, from folk to urban society, from tradition through charisma to rational bureaucracy. The liberation of man, which is the aim of secular wisdom, proceeds on diverse fronts: his liberation from nature, achieved through science; his liberation from bondage, achieved through law; his liberation from self, achieved through psychoanalysis; his liberation from myth, achieved through education; his liberation from the dead hand of the past, achieved through commitment to progress; his liberation from the confines of time and space, achieved through intellectual and physical mobility, through the good offices of the mass media. At the very least, scholars have generally seen the process of secularization as inevitable. As Max Weber has put it, "Secularization and its concomitant rationalization may be good, or it may be bad, but it is our destiny."

The descriptive proposition that modern, industrial society requires a transformation of folk culture surely requires no elaboration. It is a central precept of virtually all the social sciences, and especially of students of modernization. Liberal intellectuals have cast their own lot with the forces of modernization, and hence with secularism, rationality, and universalism, and against tradition, ritual, and community. As Robert Nisbet has pointed out, "To regard all evil as a persistence or revival of the past has been a favorite conceit of liberals nourished by the idea of Progress. . . . Present evils could safely be regarded as regrettable evidences of incomplete emancipation from the past—from tribalism, from agrarianism, religion, localism, and the like. In one form or another, the theory of culture lag has been the secular approach to the problem of evil."

Now, it might seem that decades of experience with the recalcitrance of parochial loyalties would have subverted the liberal commitment. There are, in fact, a number of serious scholars who grapple seriously with the recurring evidence of the urge to community, and an even greater literature that expresses skepticism about man's capacity to cope with the new freedom. Some manage to retain their optimism in the face of the evidence, but most, even when sensitive to man's reluctance to assume the burdens of free-

—Nacio Jan Brown (Black Star)

"Community control is a political reform that explicitly denies the basic liberal ideological commitment to universalism."

LEONARD J. FEIN is a former assistant director of the Harvard-MIT Joint Center for Urban Studies and the author of *Community Control of the Schools*, to be published in the fall by Pegasus Press.

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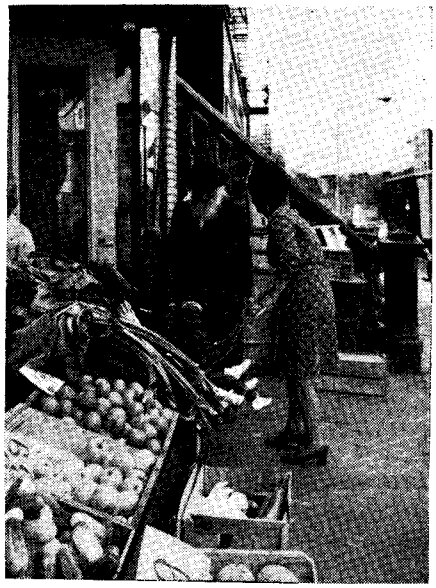

—Shelly Pollack

—Gene Daniels (Black Star)

Scenes from Jewish, Mexican-American, Italian, and Polish communities—"The persistence of . . .

dom, take the evidence to mean that we still have a long way to go, not that we may be going in the wrong direction.

Liberal commitment to the secular city is supported by the American myth of the melting pot. The commitment is not total; we still view some instances of the survival of folk culture as quaint rather than threatening. But the traditional liberal perspective still maintains its utopian commitment to a world of universal brotherhood, a world in which the private community would be obsolete.

Insofar as the educational system promotes the secular ideal, it conforms to the liberal perspective. That is why the public school has always made more of liberty and equality than of fraternity, except as fraternity has been read to encompass all mankind. Relying heavily on the storied experience of New York City during the days of that city's massive immigration, liberals have seen the public schools as society's best hope for achieving comprehensive integration.

From this broad perspective, a number of specific theorems derive: The schools should embrace heterogeneous populations; schools are to be ethically neutral, except for their endorsement of the scientific ethic; the curriculum is to be secular and is to emphasize the shared culture; school personnel should be selected and advanced according to their achieved merits, the best approximation to which is to be found in the civil service laws; children who fail do so for idiosyncratic (individual) reasons, or because we have been wanting in cash or in wisdom, but not because they occupy a special stratum in society.

These several beliefs, it will be seen, are directly at odds with the theses now propounded by defenders of community schools. They conform quite closely, in fact, to the views of the present educational establishment in most cities. That is so because most Establishment managers, no matter how conservative in their administrative behavior, are liberals in their social ideology. Moreover, nothing in the views cited requires a commitment to intense centralization of authority. That is why the decentralizers, too, can share the social theory, even though they dispute the administrative arrangement. And that is why the difference between school authorities and administrative reformers, however obstinate, is not fundamental.

It is evident that Negroes have always been a special case in the history of integration in America. But traditional liberal ideology has had no difficulty in embracing the special question of race. Over the years, the central tenet of liberals, when dealing with race, has been to assert its irrelevance. The argument has been that color is an accidental characteristic, which, in the truly rational, liberated social order, would cease to have any empirical correlates. Acknowledging the gap between reality and norm, liberals actively oppose reality. The main thrust of the civil rights movement, over the years, was therefore in the direction of persuading white America to become color-blind. The corollary of the liberal ethic that white people ought not to pay attention to the blackness of Negroes was the proposition that Negroes ought to pay no attention to their own blackness.

It is arguable whether such an approach might have worked. In any event, of course, it did not, for continuing white reluctance to ignore blackness made it impossible for blacks to ignore it. Hence, the movement toward black consciousness and black pride, toward black community. But the emergence of community consciousness among blacks flagrantly violates the traditional liberal ethic of universalism. It parochializes society instead of secularizing it; it evokes a mystical bond instead of a rational contract.

Liberal guilt over white failings permits many white liberals to accept the new direction of the black community, at least in part, albeit always with the hope that we shall move fast enough to be able to "outgrow" the need for community fairly soon. But liberal commitments to the secular city prevent an even larger number from any empathy with present directions of the civil rights movement. Hence, we are witness to an increasingly problematic relationship among historic allies.

The linkage of these general issues to the question of community control is quite specific. The liberal axiom that society is an aggregate of independent individuals, rather than an organic compact of groups, necessarily points to a form of community in which all legitimate authority is vested in the state. Assertion that a particular entity should be viewed as a legitimate partner to the secular authority threatens not only the institutions of liberal society but its assumptions as well; the movement towards community control is a profound rejection of the core liberal ideology.

Were we dealing here not with Negroes, but with some other ethnic com-

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—Jim Jowers (Nancy Palmer)

—Hugh Rogers (Monkmeyer)

. . . ethnic identities suggests that they cannot lightly be dismissed as an aberrant anachronism."

munity, the battle would be far more intense, for liberals would doubtless recognize the threat and act with vigor to reduce it. It takes only memory, not imagination, to visualize the intensity of liberal rejection of parochial management of the schools, whether the parochialism is expressed by Southerners opposed to integration, Rotarians opposed to *The New Republic*, or Catholics committed to prayer in the schools. Myron Lieberman, certainly reflecting the dominant liberal mood of the 1950s, wrote then, "National survival now requires educational policies and programs which are not subject to local veto. . . . It is becoming increasingly clear that local control cannot in practice be reconciled with the ideals of a democratic society. . . . Local control is a major cause of the dull parochialism and attenuated totalitarianism that characterizes public education in operation." As it is, the reaction of white liberals to black people is so mixed with guilt, with patronization, and with anxiety that the force of liberal opposition to the parochial threat is blunted.

In short: Insofar as liberals have countenanced the concept of community at all, they have sought what Scott Greer calls "the community of limited liability," a community based either on shared taste, or on shared neighborhood, or on shared specific interest. This is quite different from the diffuse organic community, based as much on mystique as on reason, acting as a primary group to its members, speaking a private tongue. Black people, in increasing numbers, having despaired of their acceptance under the terms of liberal writ, have begun to emphasize the organic community. What debate there is among black militants on this issue is over the question of whether building a community is a temporary tactic (the community will be used as a springboard into the secular society) or is an end goal (black separatism).

The position of the political reformers does not depend, as so many white radicals seem to believe, on a romantic belief in the inherent wisdom of "the people." Their insight is not that black parents are more likely to provide effective educational programs for black children than white professionals are, but rather that they alone (or their agents) are the legitimate managers of such schools, as whites are not and cannot be. The schools, in short, are to be community schools in a sense that differs dramatically from the use of that word in American educational history. They are to belong to a community that is defined organically rather than contractually, and their ownership by the community will in turn help to establish the point that the community does, in fact, exist as a legitimate social entity.

They are political reformers precisely because their insistence on the legitimacy of community is associated, inevitably, with an equal insistence on the need for a redistribution of power within the society. The issue of power—less relevant, perhaps, to other ethnic groups, which were neither so systematically excluded from power nor so dependent on politics as a source of power—becomes not a specific aspect of educational theory, nor even simply a way of guaranteeing sufficient attention to black children, but rather a corollary of a social theory which requires that communities within the whole be made viable. Acceptance of the concept of organic community necessarily points to decentralization, as acceptance of the desirability of educational reform does not.

In this view, therefore, the question of whether the schools, if managed by blacks, could do a better job than they are now doing, or even a better job than they might do if various proposed administrative and educational reforms were instituted, becomes a meaningless question. For the word "better" can only be taken to mean better according to some secular standards, and it is precisely those standards that are now rejected. The purpose of teaching black children African languages is not solely to develop in them the kind of confidence and pride that will then permit them to do better work in the "conventional" curriculum; it is ideological rather than tactical. The theory is highly specific; there is no intimation that the schools, in general, ought to be controlled by their neighborhoods, a view held by some white liberals. The theory holds, instead, that organic communities of interest—which may, coincidentally, be neighborhood-based—be considered legitimate. The schools then are not ineffective simply because they are badly organized or ignorantly operated, but because they lack legitimacy. And they lack legitimacy precisely because they are incapable of accounting for the special requirements of diverse groups. This incapacity is most serious in the case of blacks, for those other groups that do feel they have special needs can often bind the system to their needs *sotto*

(*Continued on page* 95)

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Schools Make News

Lions 6, Christians 0

A SIGN at Hunter College in New York City summed it up: LIONS 4, CHRISTIANS 0. A few days later, with the two deaths at Jackson State added to those at Kent State, the score was changed to 6-0. No one could even attempt to pass off the campus reaction to the deaths, the escalation and expansion of the war, and President Nixon's insensitive response to the Kent State deaths as spring madness or the work of a few agitators. The effect of public events was electric as colleges shut down and millions of students protested.

Hundreds of thousands of students immediately joined the call for an antiwar demonstration in front of the White House on May 9, and eleven Eastern college newspapers printed a common editorial protesting the "unwarranted and illegitimate decision to send American combat forces into Cambodia."

Universities around the country participated in what was the largest student strike in the nation's history. Classes were canceled. Moderate campuses never before involved in antiwar protests became active. Two entire state college systems—California with a total 280,000 students and Pennsylvania with eighteen campuses—were ordered closed to prevent further violence. Brandeis University in Waltham, Massachusetts, went on strike indefinitely, with faculty approval, and set up a National Strike Information Center, which for the weeks following gave daily tallies of the striking schools—usually more than 250.

In general, the reaction was cool and aggressively nonviolent. Effectively, a large part of the academic community was politicized. Often otherwise hostile administrators, faculty members, and students were united in attempts to translate revulsion and frustration over the war into positive protest, and to work "within the system" to establish new communication channels for making their views heard.

College presidents were summoned to act as spokesmen for students in an uneasy dialogue with the government. Eight college presidents, led by Harvard's Nathan Pusey, met with President Nixon, and informed him of the "deep and widening apprehensions" on campus toward his policies. Dr. James M. Hester of New York University authored an emotional letter to the President signed by thirty-seven university heads: "We implore you to consider the incalculable dangers of an unprecedented alienation of America's youth, and to take immediate action to demonstrate unequivocally your determination to end the war quickly."

Other national leaders were compelled by events to speak out; some were from the unlikely source of the government itself. Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel criticized the administration for apparent insensitivity to young people, and suggested that President Nixon meet with college presidents and cease attacks on student motives.

Dr. James E. Allen, U.S. commissioner of education, agreed that the administration must make a major effort to understand the basic causes of student alienation, and spoke out against the war with a speech that was said to have angered Mr. Nixon. "I am beginning to think that a nation of such power and such influence should begin to say more vigorously that war is not the answer, and should use that power and influence for more constructive ends. I believe that is what the young are concerned about, too," Dr. Allen said.

University political activism to end the war concentrated on putting pressure directly on Congress. The effort focused on two early goals: a lobbying drive to win Senate approval of the McGovern-Hatfield amendment, which would force President Nixon to end military operations in Cambodia and Laos immediately, and in South Vietnam by mid-1971, by withholding funds; the second was to help peace candidates in the November 3 elections.

College presidents led delegations of students and faculty to Washington to lobby against administration policies. Yale's Kingman Brewster led 1,000 from the New Haven campus to talk to Yale alumni. Haverford College, in Pennsylvania, chartered buses and moved the entire college population, 700 strong—including President John R. Coleman, students, faculty members, trustees, groundskeepers, and kitchen help—to Washington for an eight-hour lobbying session. Sixty professors at Columbia spent two days phoning colleagues around the country urging them to send faculty and students to Washington. Dartmouth College began a "Continuing Presence

Letter from Middle America

LAST MONTH at Hope College, a small liberal arts college in Holland, Michigan, we marched with the rest of American students throughout this country in concern and disagreement with the Vietnam "mess" and escalation, and against the murders at Kent State. Almost half of the 2,000 students took part in this declaration of grievance.

We quietly walked through the small town of Holland until we came to a park where we listened to people who wanted to say something, and we held the hands of the fellows next to us in a moment of silence and thought and communion. We did not destroy any of our buildings. We did not throw anything at anyone. We came together in this common bond for peace—obviously a word that has much less meaning for the adult generation than it has for us who see our fellow students killed for this word, who hear of thousands of men our age dying so pitifully for something they have been dragged into. . . . [We Americans] go to our churches and synagogues and pray for love and peace for all mankind and then turn around and say in our offices and homes that we support this war, this murder of children and sons, and this escalation for more killing and more war in the name of Jesus Christ or whomever you do it for. . . . This country is one huge paradox!

What we did at Hope this week was done for ourselves and not the press or television. . . . We were silent, we were tense; but we were constructive within ourselves and our thoughts. We love this country and we desire truth. The country, through some of its leaders, has turned destructive, and we see this clearly and without question. . . . We now have a choice to stand either alone in destruction or together in humility and clear perception to see what has happened to this country and what is happening. Peace is what we pray for, and what we will die for. We students of this country now speak in a unity that we have never had before. We hope that the people of this country will begin to see us for our faith and for our conviction and for our insight. If you abandon us, there will be no future for this country.

A dedicated American student and citizen,
John Lyons

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in Washington": Students rented a three-room office on Connecticut Avenue, and hooked up a teletype machine to a computer in Hanover, New Hampshire, from which they will supply background data on congressmen for students and adults who come to lobby in the weeks ahead.

Princeton University is powering a drive to get peace candidates elected in the fall. Students voted 3,500 to 181 to end classes for a "noncoercive" strike to concentrate efforts on their "Movement for a New Congress." The organization now has affiliates on 300 campuses, and will use computers to channel student volunteers to aid peace candidates. Princeton professors, who for the first time went on record against the war, will do research to determine which political campaigns are critical. Princeton has also adjusted its fall schedule so that teachers and students will have two weeks off before the November elections to campaign. Maryland's governor, Marvin Mandel, has issued a statement endorsing the October recess; a group of thirty Ohio colleges have formed a coalition to work on the state level in the election, and it is expected that numerous other universities will follow suit.

Faculty members and students are also working to raise campaign money. Yale students forwent caps and gowns at graduation and donated the $10 rental fee to their Peace Commencement Fund. They hoped to raise $1-million by asking cooperation from students across the country. Professors and administrators in the Cambridge, Massachusetts, area plan to raise $15-million through a National Antiwar Fund, to which every professor in the country is being asked to contribute at least one day's salary.

This spring's disruption in the academic routine has led many universities to adjust their credit and grade requirements. For instance, at Notre Dame, Mount Holyoke, and Tufts, striking students have been given several alternatives: to take either a letter grade or pass/fail at the discretion of the professors on work completed so far; to withdraw without failure or credit; to complete the course by October 1, 1970. The Harvard Law School faculty voted unanimously to allow students to take home their exams and return them by September 1. And at Northwestern, students could work full-time on antiwar activities, attend special classes on war issues with credit and grades optional, or attend regular classes with normal grading.

The spring semester ended with more students and faculty members involved in politics than ever; yet, in the midst of the turbulent activity, there were a couple of light notes: National Guard troops were withdrawn from the Ohio State University campus after students had pelted them with marshmallows, and, after a small bomb exploded at Rockefeller University in New York City, a city bomb squad detective gathering evidence could not be persuaded that a poster reading "SDS Will Blow More than Your Mind —It will blow your homes, businesses, families, country, etc." was a sarcastic, anti-SDS comment and took it along to the station with fragments of the bomb.

—UPI

University presidents after talk with President Nixon: (front row, from left) Gloster, Morehouse; Cheek, Howard; Branson, Central State (Ohio).

The Echoes of "Benign Neglect"

FIFTEEN PRESIDENTS of black colleges told President Nixon in an extended two-hour Oval Room meeting last month that his policies have led to "anger, outrage, and frustration" among the nation's Negroes. They urged him to make a national television address affirming the "government's resolve to protect the lives of black citizens."

Dr. Herman Branson, president of Central State University in Ohio, said that the administration was failing the black community, and led a barrage attack on recent policies and actions by the Nixon administration. Branson pointed to the "Southern strategy," which has alienated blacks, convincing them that they are dispensable; the character of the two defeated Supreme Court nominees; insufficient funds for education, especially among black universities; the rhetoric of Vice President Agnew and Attorney General Mitchell that has invited polarization; and administration references to law and order that have bred violence and repression.

The meeting was sought by Howard University's James E. Cheek, who declared that student resentment was near the "breaking point" over the slayings of six blacks in a ghetto riot in Augusta, Georgia, and three days later over the killing of two students in a women's dormitory at Jackson State College in Mississippi. Dr. Cheek said that only President Nixon can "galvanize the nation into an attitude and action" that will cool the crisis. "This feeling wasn't here eighteen months ago. It just didn't happen, but has resulted from a series of incidents, . . . from benign neglect."

Howard University, which had not joined the nationwide student protest over the extension of the war, suspended classes. Faculty and students agreed to meet through the period of final examinations, waiving all examination requirements, to devote time to an analysis of the problems of black people and to propose solutions. Other black colleges also dropped normal course routines. The National Association of Black Students urged members at fifty institutions to bring in people from the black community to discuss "black survival." And President Hugh M. Gloster of Morehouse College in Atlanta summoned presidents and student leaders of 123 black colleges to a meeting for a discussion of what the community of blacks should do about their place in society.

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RADICAL SCHOOL REFORM

by Beatrice and Ronald Gross

Simon & Schuster, 350 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Michael B. Katz

SEVEN POOR mothers, disgusted with the treatment of their children in special classes for slow learners, began a little school of their own. Located in a vacant slum house, it had ten children taught by four undergraduates from a local university. When it came time to elect members for the city school board, the mothers decided that one of their number should stand.

To plan the campaign they called on volunteers from the university and from a political party. On one side of the room at campaign meetings in the schoolhouse sat the mothers, projecting anger at a school system that, they felt, ignored and insulted them and their children. On the other side sat the outsiders, dressed mostly in casual clothes, with longish hair, who saw in the mothers an indigenous community movement representing educational radicalism and participatory democracy. Pressed by the outsiders, the mothers offered personal stories of educational injustice, but very few specific educational objectives. When the candidate did adopt a platform, she advocated the reintroduction of report cards and corporal punishment; she opposed sex education.

The gulf that opened between the candidate and her imported supporters underlines the romantic fantasy at the core of much educational radicalism. For it expects a humanistic and libertarian revolution in education to accompany a shift in power from the bureaucracy to the people. Yet, despite —or perhaps because of—its visionary streak, the educational radicalism of the last several years has provided a beautiful, moving, and right-hearted body of pedagogical literature. This is clear even from the collection *Radical School Reform*, edited by Beatrice and Ronald Gross, which combines, about as well as any anthology might, representative excerpts from the movement's leading exponents.

As the Grosses point out, radicalism has to be differentiated from innovation: The former challenges the premises of contemporary educational structure and practice; the latter makes changes within the system. Radicals, of course, are a diverse group. To take only the most crude division, some concentrate on the compulsory and bureaucratic structure of education, which they seek to alter through the creation of alternatives to public schooling or through the redistribution of educational power to local communities within cities. Others concentrate their attack on the spirit-breaking quality of current administrative and pedagogical practices and stress the liberation of both student and teacher. Just as the former care more for community involvement than for administrative efficiency, the latter put happiness and warm human relations above subjects, skills, and classroom order.

The school conditions that the radicals describe are appalling, and their critique (as the film *High School* shows perhaps more vividly than even Jonathan Kozol) is hard to fault. Nonetheless, as they are presented side by side in this anthology, I find the professional radicals a bit brittle and glib. For there is a contrived, self-conscious quality to their educational reporting, which, although always perceptive, leaves the impression that in the last analysis schools provide a footnote to their larger case against North American culture.

The most effective commentators are experienced, deeply committed teachers who sensitively distill the history of their involvement with schools: I think of Sylvia Ashton-Warner, George Dennison, and A. S. Neil, who, to me, have provided the most poignant and moving selections. They are romantics about human potentiality and about education, and they are vulnerable as well to the logic-chopping ax of the academic critic. But that is irrelevant, for they are great teachers. And it is their presence, which manages to survive print, rather than any specific suggestion of method that gives to their writing its lucidity and inspiration.

At the mercy of lesser people educational radicalism rigidifies into a new orthodoxy that is as dry and gutless, nearly, as the old. Its history, I fear, will fall into the pattern cut earlier in the century by Progressivism, which as a moment in intellectual history combined an emphasis on community with a desire to liberate the child. In practice, though, Progressivism often and sadly added only a set of new wrinkles to an already overdeveloped educational bureaucracy. Rather than liberate the child from scholasticism, repression, and drill, the discovery of individual differences, as an instance, fueled the development of massive psychological testing and the creation of the guidance bureaucracy stretching from school counselors to university departments. Similarly, the professor of educational administration remains a more permanent artifact of the Progressive era than Dewey's laboratory school. It was administrative values—addition of supervisory positions, the war on inefficiency, the introduction of ability grouping—rather than the Promotion of social reform through the democratic liberation of human intelligence that most often defined the Progressive spirit in practice.

—Tom Moore (New Schools Exchange)

George Dennison, teacher and critic, at a conference on educational alternatives.

Contemporary radicalism, in fact, may already be recapitulating the progressive experience. Here the province of Ontario provides an especially clear example. Not long ago a provincial commission on the aims and objectives of education published a multicolored, illustrated, and self-consciously progressive report, titled *Living and Learning* (known locally as the Hall-Dennis report). It is a remarkable document and a shiny testament to the impact of educational radicalism. For in it the representatives of the provincial Establishment, from whom the membership of the committee was drawn, declared themselves unequivocally in favor of child-centered schools for all, the reorganization of the curriculum into thematic, interdisciplinary components, and the virtual abandonment of age-grading throughout the school system. It is an official document simply unthinkable prior to the late 1960s.

Yet, *Living and Learning*, despite its genuine obeisance to contemporary educational thought, remains a tame and essentially safe document, which never questions basic premises. It not only accepts compulsory education but intimates that its extension may become desirable; it fails to explore the existence of alternatives to public education, and, tellingly, it unquestioningly accepts traditionally class-linked notions. One is the concept of cultural deprivation, which is a fancy term for labeling the lower orders inferior, or, as they said in the nineteenth century, depraved; the other is the emphasis on

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the development of desirable (in whose definition is not specified) attitudes, which historically has meant the reformation of working-class morals according to the image in an idealized middle-class mirror. For all its progressive finish, alas, *Living and Learning* ducks the questions that matter most. At best it is castrated educational radicalism.

Living and Learning, I suspect, is the harbinger of a new progressivism that aspires to the radical mantle; that the movement will not deserve that distinction is hardly surprising. From the most cynical point of view, it is an old and usually brilliant trick of school people, like any bureaucrats, to dilute the strength of an attack by appearing to adopt the language of the enemy. Beyond that, however, there are weaknesses within educational radicalism itself, and these bring us back to the story with which I began. Educational radicalism has been offered as one cure for the pathology afflicting the education of the urban poor. But the mother from the slums that I mentioned earlier may be more representative of the attitudes of poor people than, say, Paul Goodman. In fact, I suspect that what the poor want for their children is affluence, status, and a house in the suburbs rather than community, a guitar, and soul. They may prefer that the schools teach their children to read and write and cipher rather than to feel and to be. If this is the case, then an uncomfortable piece of reality must be confronted: Educational radicalism is itself a species of class activity. It reflects an attempt at cultural imposition fully as much as the traditional educational emphasis on competition, restraint, and orderliness, whose bourgeois bias radicals are quick to excoriate.

There is a pathetic lack of fit between the poor and the schools, but educational radicalism offers us as much an ideology as a solution. Since early in the nineteenth century, nostalgic intellectuals, frustrated especially by the scale and impersonality of urban life, have flirted recurrently with a vision of democratic, communally controlled, and humanistic education. But factionalism, bigotry, and narrowness marked nineteenth-century rural towns at least as often as democratic communalism. If the racism in Cairo, Illinois, the persecution of teachers who discussed the United Nations in southern California, and the advocacy of report cards and corporal punishment by the indigenous candidate from the slums are at all representative, that suggests that people have changed very little, and that in turn should give pause to contemporary radicals.

All this is not meant to suggest that the radical critique of education is unfounded. It is profoundly true. Frighteningly often schools destroy education and, more importantly, children. Unfortunately, a broadly acceptable alternative remains to be found. I doubt that we shall see an alternative soon, for educational radicalism already has become a new orthodoxy. The success with which it can be anthologized is proof enough of that. The Grosses' table of contents is predictable; the names there are ones we have read again and again. They are the priests of the movement. In the last analysis, this anthology reveals that educational radicalism has passed from a sect to a church. In the process it has lost its sting.

Michael B. Katz is professor of education at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education of the University of Toronto and the author of "The Irony of Early School Reform," published last year by Harvard University Press.

A Matter of Pride

The awareness of young blacks that theirs is a proud heritage grows stronger every year, and materials to meet the demand for black studies are eagerly sought. The most inspiring works—written by early black writers about early struggles for freedom and dignity—already exist.

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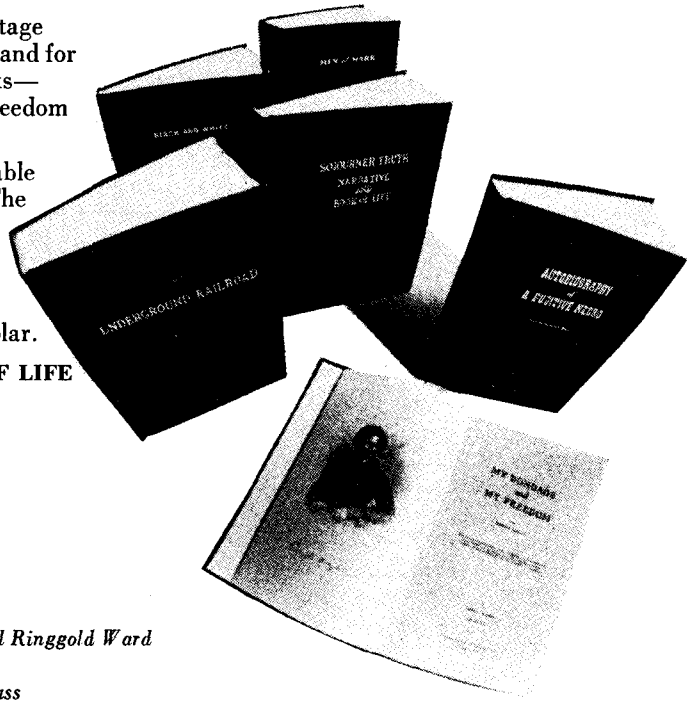

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Advisory Editor, Lawrence A. Cremin

Arno Press, 117 volumes, $1,287.50

Reviewed by John Calam

American Education: Its Men, Institutions and Ideas is a bold enterprise for several reasons. Made up entirely of previously printed works, it risks the usual charges of duplication or omission. A reprint set of 117 volumes, all released simultaneously, calling for ten linear feet of sturdy bookshelf, clad in spartan covers, and averaging $11 per volume (some go as high as $40), returns from the bindery at its peril. As a great books package, moreover, *American Education*'s prime appeal must accept for the moment a limited constituency. When "great book" editors such as Robert M. Hutchins and Mortimer J. Adler proffer Homer, Shakespeare, Newton, or Freud, readership waits in every home and college that ever endorsed the humanities. Lawrence A. Cremin, on the other hand, presents Tewksbury, Seybolt, Dexter, and Dabney, strangers to all but the historically initiated. Even John Dewey and Horace Mann, although household names to multitudes of American educators, are not going to find, through reissue of their books, a best-seller audience previously overlooked.

For all their intrepidity as reprint venturers, however, Arno Press and its distinguished advisory editor are well aware that singly or in sets *American Education* titles are largely destined for libraries or historians given to acquiring rarities. It is, therefore, with this latter perspective that one best recognizes what a splendid point of entry these books will provide forthcoming generations of writers and teachers. From the pages of this generous collection, in fact, emerge many of the crucial questions American educators have pondered since the Jamestown settlement. Should America's schools Americanize? In his *Lectures on Education* (1855), Horace Mann proposes a quality of child training worthy of republican government. Written more than half a century later, Isaac B. Berkson's *Theories of Americanization* critically examines such high abstractions as democracy, the melting pot, and multiple culture. Dare the school build a new social order? In a 1932 statement bearing this very question as its title, George S. Counts castigates a progressive education aloof from, among other things, the "issue of human slavery." A not unrelated discussion, *From Servitude to Service* (1905) includes W. E. B. Du Bois's classic reminder that "most men in this world are colored." And Edward Lee Thorndike's monumental *Educational Psychology* (1913) cautions that where individual differences are concerned, "no two races . . . do not overlap mentally, whatever be the trait measured."

For the educator in quest of certain aspects of his intellectual origins, access to *American Education* will thus save a good deal of preliminary searching. He will find at his disposal names and titles bound to evoke at least faint memories of a far-off lecture, and at most that irrepressible urge to become a revisionist. William C. Bagley on determinism, Philip R. V. Curoe on the educational attitudes of labor, Abraham Flexner on the American college, G. Stanley Hall on adolescence, William Heard Kilpatrick on educational experimentalism, and Harold Rugg on child-centered schools are typical of those hard-to-find, out-of-print educational giants of their day that Arno Press has wisely seen fit to restore to circulation. Collectively, these books demand undivided attention to important facets of American education from colonial times to the early twentieth century. Any set that does so renders a distinct service to those whose lot or inclination it is to struggle with America's current educational problems.

What we have in *American Education* is an American bookshelf, 1970, of paramount importance. Thanks to Arno Press's initiative and Lawrence A. Cremin's wide knowledge of the field, a nuclear literature has been placed within reach of readers whose institutional budgets or purchasing habits can accommodate it. Editorial comment, granted, appears minimal and repetitive. This is no great loss, however. Professor Cremin's interpretive work, amply footnoted with reference to most of *American Education*'s nearly six score volumes, is readily available elsewhere. Reference mechanics, admittedly, go no further than original tables of contents and indexes. There exists no grandiose cross-reference apparatus to help a Jack Horner speechifier pull out a plum. But, again, here is no special difficulty. *American Education* is simply a basic library. It lays no claim to being *the* library. But, by showing the way, the publisher may well succeed in prompting researchers to blow the dust off more and more forgotten books on education. If rediscovery of this sort leads to enthusiastic authorship, the American educational bookshelf circa 2000 should positively creak with fresh, significant work.

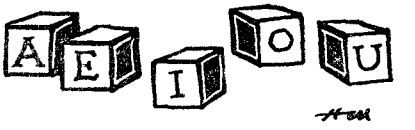
"Free Schools"

Continued from page 79

ing comic books. Inside, in the large front room, a group of children may be painting pictures or working with leather or looms. In a quiet, smaller room, someone else is having a guitar lesson. A room toward the back of the building is reserved as the math center; a couple of teachers are math enthusiasts, and many of the older children pick up from them their own excitement for the subject.

In the playground behind the building is an Indian kiva built by students and teachers learning about the culture of local Indian tribes. The Southwest is a multicultural area, and the Community School has tried to draw on all these cultures. There are Indian and Spanish children enrolled, as well as white, and each is encouraged to respect and learn from the cultures of the others.

But despite its efforts to reach into the Indian and Spanish communities, the Santa Fe Community School remains essentially a white middle-class school. The Chicanos and Indians, mainly poor or working-class, tend to shy



away from such experiments, partly because their cultures are traditionally conservative with highly structured roles for adults and children, and partly because the poor cannot afford to take a chance on the future of their young. Middle-class whites can always slip back into the mainstream if they choose. But for the poor, neither the acquisition of such intellectual tools as reading and writing nor a place in the economy is guaranteed.

These fundamental differences show up clearly in the community schools operated by and for black people. Black people on the whole bring their children to these schools, not merely because they believe in freedom for self-expression or letting the child develop his own interests, but because their children are not learning in the public schools, are turning sullen and rebellious by the age of eight, and are dropping out of school in droves. The ideology in many of these schools is not pedagogical, but what one school calls "blackology"—the need to educate the children in basic skills and in pride of race. In the black schools there is

Answer to Wit Twister, page 64: redfin, finder, friend.

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much more emphasis on basic intellectual training and much more participation on the part of parents. By and large, parents are the founders of these schools; they are the main source of inspiration and energy. They have the final say in selecting both teachers and curriculum, and their chief criterion is: Are the children learning?

As in the white schools, classrooms for the younger children are frequently patterned after the Leicestershire model. But the approach is deliberately eclectic, providing closer guidance and more structured activities for youngsters who need it. The academic progress of the children is carefully observed and quietly but firmly encouraged. "We want teachers who will try a thousand different ways to teach our children," said one mother.

Equally important is a teacher's attitude toward race. Although some schools would like to have all-black faculties—and in a number of cities, parents are in training to become teachers and teacher aides—they must still hire mainly whites. "When I interview a teacher," said Luther Seabrook, principal of the Highland Park Free School in Boston, "I always ask, can you think of a community person as an equal in the classroom?" Many teachers cannot, either because of racial bias, or because of notions about professionalism. Even after a teacher is hired, the going is still rough where feelings run high on the part of blacks and whites, but there is a determination to confront these problems directly through open discussion and group sessions.

The same approach applies to daily work in the classroom. Teachers and aides are encouraged to talk openly about their successes and problems in weekly planning sessions, to admit mistakes, and to try out new ideas. Such sessions are frequently the keystone of the teaching process in these schools. They are the times when teachers can get together and evaluate what has been happening in the classroom, how the children have responded to it, and how the teachers have responded to the children. "It's a tremendous place to grow," one teacher remarked. "You're not tied to a curriculum or structure, and you're not afraid to make mistakes. Everyone here is in the same boat. We get support from each other and develop our own ways of handling things."

There is little doubt that the youngsters prefer the community schools to traditional schools. The humane and personal atmosphere in the small, open classrooms makes a fundamental difference. The children work together writing stories or figuring math problems, working with Cuisenaire rods or an elementary science kit. They are

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proud of their work and show it eagerly to visitors. There is virtually no truancy, and many youngsters hate to stay home even on weekends, according to their mothers.

But perhaps the greatest achievement of these schools is with the parents. They develop a new faith, not only in their children but in themselves. "Now I know," said a New York City mother, "that, even though I didn't finish high school, it is possible for me to understand what they are teaching my child." In changing their children's lives, these parents have discovered the power to change their own lives, as well. Parents who are not already working as aides and coordinators in the classrooms drop by their schools often to see how Johnny is doing. At the East Harlem Block Schools in New York, stuffed chairs and couches and hot coffee put parents at ease, while teachers talk with them as equals and draw them into the education of their children.

Nonetheless, black schools share many of the problems with the community that white schools have. People are suspicious of new ways of teaching, even though their children obviously are failing under the old ways. Parents who enroll their children out of desperation still grow anxious when they see the amount of freedom allowed. In integrated schools, like Santa Fe or the Children's Community Workshop, there is the added problem of race and class, as middle-class parents learn that all the children are not necessarily going to adopt middle-class values and life-styles, that cultural differences are valid and must be accepted.

Some schools are fed up with "parent education"; it takes too much time away from the children. A number of schools already are taking only children whose parents are in sympathy with their aims, parents who won't panic if the child doesn't learn to read until he is eight or nine.

But as a school grows more homogeneous, it faces the danger of becoming an isolated shelter against the reality of the outside world. Instead of educating kids to be strong and open enough to deal with a complex world, the schools may become elitist cloisters that segregate a few people even further from the crowd.

Once again the free schools must ask themselves what they are all about. If one assumes (as many free schools do) that any healthy, happy youngster will eventually learn to read and write, then what is the purpose of school? Is it enough simply to provide one's children with a school environment more humane than the public schools, and then stay out of nature's way?

At a California high school in the Sausalito hills, teachers and students think that that in itself is quite a lot. After going through a typical cycle of kids getting high on freedom and doing nothing for six months, getting bored, and finally facing the big questions—What am I doing? Where am I going?—students and teachers think they have learned a lot about themselves and each other. But as the youngsters return to studying and start to seek answers to those questions, they find the teachers have little to offer besides a sympathetic ear. Some kids return to the public school feeling better for their experience with freedom. (Feeling, too, perhaps, that it didn't work, that they really do need all the rules and discipline their parents and teachers demanded.) Gradually, those who remain have forced the teachers back to the traditional textbooks as the chief source of knowledge.

The humane atmosphere remains, but missing is a curriculum that truly nurtures the independence of thought and spirit so often talked of and so rarely seen. It takes extraordinary ingenuity to build on students' needs and interests. A few brilliant teachers, such as Herbert Kohl, can turn kids on, meet them where they are, and take them further—can, for example, take a discussion of drugs and dreams and guide it through the realms of mythology, philosophy, and Jungian psychology. But what do you do if you're not a Herb Kohl? According to Anita Moses, you "work damn hard." There are other things, too: You can hire a master teacher familiar with the wide range of curriculum materials available. Little by little you can change the classroom, or the school itself, to make it do the things you want it to do. And little by little, through working with the children and hashing out problems with help from the rest of the staff, you begin to know what it is you want to do and how you can do it.

But even this does not answer the deeper questions—questions that are implicit in every free school, but that few have faced. Is it only a new curriculum or new ways of teaching that we need? Or do we need to change our ideas about children, about childhood itself, about how children learn, what they learn, what they need to learn, from whom or from what kinds of experience? It is clear that our ideas about teaching are inadequate, but is it possible that they are simply false? For example, children can often learn to read and write without any formal instruction. This is not a miracle; it is a response of an intelligent young being to a literate milieu. It is also clear that children learn many cognitive as well as social abilities from their peers or from children but a few years older than themselves. What, then, is the role of the adult in the learning of the child?

In simpler times, children learned from adults continually, through constant contact and interchange, and through their place close to the heart

"I noticed you didn't follow the movie version very closely in your novel."

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of the community. Today, the society has lost this organic unity. We live in times when children often see their fathers only on weekends. We live in a world that separates work from play, school from the "real" world, childhood from personhood. The young are isolated from participation in the community. They seem to have no integral place in the culture. Too often schools have become artificial environments created by adults for children. How is it possible to forsake these roles?

Young people are trying. Many will no longer accept without question authority based solely on tradition or age. They are seeking alternatives to The Way Things Are. But the venture into unfamiliar territory generates enormous anxieties. The young are painfully aware of their own inexperience; they lack faith in themselves. But who can help them in their conflicts both within themselves and with the outside world? Surely, this is a function of education. But in today's world there are few adults who can do this for themselves, far less for their children. For who can respond with assurance to the anxieties of young people over sex, drugs, and the general peril in which we live? Who knows how to deal with others when the traditional roles are gone?

And yet it should be possible for adults to relate to young people in some constructive way. It must be possible because the young, in their alienation and confusion, and the culture, in its schizoid suffering, demand it. In the words of Peter Marin, former director of the Pacific High School, a free school in California:

> Somebody must step past the children, must move into his own psyche or two steps past his own limits into the absolute landscape of fear and potential these children inhabit. . . . I mean: we cannot *follow* the children any longer, we have to step ahead of them. Somebody has to mark a trail.

Is this what the free schools are all about? Few of them have asked these questions. Few will ever want to. But the questions are implicit in the movement. The free schools offer alternatives—alternatives that may be shaped to meet new needs and aims. At least, they offer a first step. At least, the possibility is there.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. barge, h (*Ant. & Cleo.*). 2. barks, g (*To Helen*). 3. pinnace, i (*Revenge*). 4. coaster, f (*Cargoes*). 5. clipper, a (*Ballad of J. W. Sycamore*). 6. galleys, b (*Paracelsus*). 7. schooner, d (*Sea Gypsy*). 8. ship, c (*Shropshire Lad: Reveille*). 9. vessel, j (*O Captain!*). 10. canoe, e (*Hiawatha*).

"Free University"

Continued from page 82

courses was high. At the University of Minnesota's free university, two-thirds of the seventeen courses were political, including the ubiquitous "Vietnam" and "C.O. and the Law." Seattle's curriculum, the first to include a political course on "Women in Society" (fall 1966), also included "Conservative Libertarian Theories" and "National Unity Through Class Struggle," taught by a "Marxist lecturer, organizer of the Freedom Socialist Party." Other interests were also represented. At Bowling Green, for example, five of the eight courses—an "Alienation Seminar" and four workshops in folk dancing, film production, journalism, and theater—contributed to counterculture on the campus. Seattle's curriculum, which began with nearly equal numbers of political and hippie courses, doubled the hippie ones almost at once. These tended to move in a direction similar to San Francisco State's, into crafts, filmmaking, and toward the mystical and introspective.

Only relatively few of the early free universities survived, and those that did (with the striking exception of San Francisco State) grew large at the expense of service to the wider society. To some student critics it also began to seem doubtful that the free university could or would serve to change the campus. By 1967 it was clear to early enthusiasts, such as Michael Rossman, that, given the intransigence of faculties, "Radical change within the system is impossible. . . ." He concluded that "The free university approach seems a dead end to me: parallel institutions are tremendously wasteful of energy and compete at a disadvantage." In early 1967 also, Carl Davidson, the national vice president of SDS, came to the same conclusion. Though the free universities may be successful especially "in an immediate internal sense," he wrote in a paper called "The Multiversity: Crucible of the New Working Class," he felt dubious about their political effect on the "established educational order":

> At best, they had no effect. But it is more likely that they had the effect of strengthening the existing system. How? First of all, the best of our people left the campus, enabling the existing university to function more smoothly, since the "troublemakers" were gone. Secondly, they gave liberal administrators the rhetoric, the analysis and sometimes the manpower to co-opt their programs and establish elitist forms of "experimental" colleges inside of, although quarantined from, the existing educational system.

Both Rossman and Davidson were probably stating conclusions that others had also come to, for after early 1967 it was virtually impossible to find SDS members or other movement radicals founding free universities. Davidson's remarks are also prophetic, for the free university movement has continued to flourish although under different auspices.

By late 1967 and early 1968, the free university movement, renamed "educational reform" and confined to that particular goal, was increasingly a legitimate activity, popularized and supported by the National Student Association, which received from the Ford Foundation in September 1968 a grant of $305,000 for that purpose. The second and larger wave of free universities was to produce "educational reform" in two interlocking ways: By channeling the energies of students into "constructive" study programs, administrators could at the same time fill in those ever present gaps in the curriculum. Thus, the administration at the University of Iowa initiated a free university, making funds available to a student-faculty steering committee and arranging for some course credit.

Even before 1969, the curricula of free universities had further changed. The proportion of political courses had diminished, few courses called for ac-

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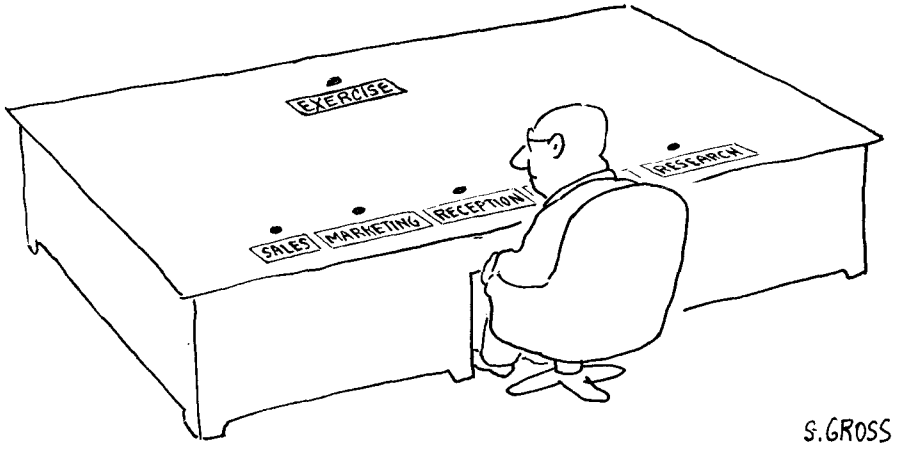

tivities outside the classroom, and none for political or community organizing. What remained typically had the force of study groups or "clubs" on campus. Dartmouth's experimental college, for example, provided a glossy printed catalogue, and, with enthusiastic support from the administration, courses were "sponsored" by campus groups or fraternities, "coordinated" by students who sometimes invited visiting lecturers, and held in fraternity lounges or homes of town residents. The issue was not change but a way of spending evenings informally engaged in "a provocative educational experience" with a novel mix of people.

On large and small campuses, even in the current academic year, free universities continue to provide relief for students from lecture courses and traditional curricula. Their counterculture still fills their own catalogues more than those of their host institutions. At the staid University of Virginia, for example, fifty-five courses were announced in the fall 1969 brochure of the experimental university. For a fee of one dollar, any student may register in two of these, neither for grades nor credit, but for "learning as personal discovery." The courses range from the currently ubiquitous "Hermann Hesse" and "Modern Adult Fantasy" (i.e., Tolkien) to many activity-centered workshops—drama, poetry, silk-screening, dance, karate, surfing, chess—and two in bartending. Politics of the Right and Left, local problems ("The South Since 1865"), as well as Vietnam are all represented. Except for "Power Structure Research," political courses are reading and study groups. The sharp model of institutional change—fundamental to the vision of early SDS and the founders of San Francisco State's Experimental College and explicit in the rhetoric at least of all early free universities—has disappeared.

It is easy to dismiss the free university movement as politically impotent. Like nonviolence in the civil rights movement, setting a good example on the campus ("blackmailing the institution with quality") has not worked. Habit, self-interest, and power dominate the university as they do the wider society, in spite of rebellions, confrontations, or riots. The faculty and administration are in charge, and they intend to keep things that way. But the university is a different place from what it was in 1962 or 1965, and we would make two claims for the free university movement: first, that it take major responsibility, through the rapid spread of counterculture, for the idea of a student-centered curriculum; second, that it take partial responsibility for raising hard questions about the elitism of universities, which we expect will be central to campus struggles in the Seventies.

If we return again to San Francisco State, we may recall that so long as the Experimental College functioned as a culturally lively but politically quiescent institution, so long as it made no demands on the host institution that might change the college population, there were no problems. Students might determine their own courses, without traditional grading procedures, and receive college credit. But demands from black and third-world students for self-determination, however similar to those already granted to white, middle-class students at the Experimental College—those were impossible for San Francisco State and the entire educational bureaucracy of California to deal with. Once the principle of self-determination is established, it is difficult to keep it from spreading. The principle, moreover, is both educational and political. Black and third-world leaders understood this clearly, and even S. I. Hayakawa understood the reasons for the strike that paralyzed his campus:

> If we were dealing with hunger instead of education, you can imagine what would happen if we had a walled city in which the citizens had all the food they needed while outside there were hordes of starving people. We could not open the gates just a little to admit handfuls of the starving and expect the rest to remain patient outside.
>
> No.
>
> We would have to be prepared to open the gates wide and to admit everyone, or be prepared for a riot. That is the situation now with higher education.

Two recent reports by Lewis B. Mayhew in 1969 and The Hazen Foundation in 1968 call for wholesale reform of the university and recommend abolition of course requirements, departments, attendance rules, grades, lectures, teacher-dominated discussions, and the notion of "objectivity" as an educational tool. Such recommendations, as well as the series of piecemeal reforms that have begun on many campuses, are, at least in part, a result of the free university movement.

If educators will dismiss grading procedures and test scores, disparage current admissions practices as elitist, and call for a sharp reduction in the competitive atmosphere of educational institutions, on what basis are students to be admitted and to be graduated? And to which institution? Who or what will decide whether a student should attend Brown or the University of Rhode Island; New York's City University or Manhattan Community College; San Francisco State or a California junior college?

In New York and elsewhere, the call for open admissions is in part a result of ideas about student-centered education and self-determination. Recall that the roots of the free university movement lie not only in students' dissatisfaction with their education and campus lives but in their recognition of the significant relationship between the university and the society it serves. The Vietnam War clarified the curious, symbiotic relationship between the university and the warfare state. In particular, the concomitant institution of the draft raised questions about the special class privileges of white, middle-class students reprieved from the rice paddies. The institution of educational innovations, currently in process at many elite institutions, will lead to further questions about standards, admissions, and whom the institutions serve. Self-determination is a dynamic principle. Set in motion by the ethic of service, now established as a legitimate element of college curriculum, the campus may once again become a base for activating and organizing communities. With more black and brown self-determined and self-confident students coming onto campuses, especially in cities, we expect that there will be many more San Francisco States in the decade ahead.

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Liberalism

Continued from page 85

voce, without appearing to disturb the secular norms of the system.

Blacks are treated particularistically and ascriptively, but are held to universalist standards of achievement. The administrative and educational reformers seek to change the treatment; the political reformers, despairing of change in the treatment now seek to change the standards. They thereby endorse a theory of social structure directly at odds with the prevailing liberal theory.

There are those who take comfort from an alleged cyclicality in political tides, which permits them to assume that any stage of the moment will pass in due course. While it is likely true that, if the schools had been more effective in dealing with the needs of black students, the crisis of legitimacy would be less marked, it would be a mistake to view the new political demands as part of a continual cyclical reordering of social emphases. The increasingly explicit rejection of a social theory that is deeply embedded in the nation's consciousness is new, and quite possibly irreversible. That is why the emergence of the new doctrine is greeted with so much discomfort by the liberal community. Even where the new argument is not explicit, there is an almost instinctive hostility to so marked a departure from the American past and the American belief.

There are a limited number of ways in which the conflict inherent in the several doctrines of reform might be resolved, or, at least, reduced. The most obvious is to make the schools more effective—that is, to operate on the theory that a surplus of effectiveness obscures the question of legitimacy. This is a respectable social strategy, in effect based on the premise that people with full stomachs are unlikely revolutionaries. According to all the evidence of the polls, most Negroes remain persuaded of the viability of traditional integrative theory, and there is no question that a sudden and dramatic improvement in the performance of the traditional system vis-à-vis the Negro community would undermine the appeal of the new parochialism.

I take such a development to be unlikely, especially in the area of education, which is probably the least tractable of the spheres in which we now seek, as a society, to improve conditions for black people. If I am correct in assuming that no dramatic improvement in the effectiveness of the schools is likely, what possibilities exist for a change in the traditional view of legitimacy? To what extent, in other words, is it reasonable to anticipate that the doctrine of the political reformers will gain adherents among white liberals?

The present tempest in America has led to some shifts in the conventional liberal perspective. In particular, the notion that the nation is best governed by a highly centralized bureaucracy has begun to lose respectability, and it is perfectly possible that the commitment to a secular bureaucracy will, similarly, weaken. There are liberals arguing for suspension of the civil service regulations in specific instances, although this deviation from tradition is countered by the continuing commitment to national standards on key policy issues. It is, however, folly to predict a major ideological transformation, since the sources of such transformations remain so mysterious.

There is some logical relationship, it would seem, between the developing doctrine of participatory democracy and a parochialization of social theory. Obviously, the more power one provides to people to make their own political rules, the more likely those rules are to be particularistic rather than universal. At this stage in the movement toward participatory democracy, however, it seems no more warranted to predict its eventual victory than to suggest that its limits will be set by its threat to the secular tendencies of the system.

We are left, then, with one mode of reconciliation, which is, admittedly, a rather academic mode, worth more as solace than as program. It is to accept the fact that the social system has never, in truth, been nearly so secular in its operation as the norm of universalism implies, or as many American liberals generally suppose. The evidence for this view is somewhat speculative, but interpretations of three different sectors lend it weight.

First, we have the evident persistence of ethnic identities as not only a psychological phenomenon, but as reflected in the economy. Different groups have established themselves in different sectors, and their persistence as identifiable groups, in the face of a social ideology that is chilly toward them, suggests that they cannot lightly be dismissed as an aberrant anachronism. As Nathan Glazer and Daniel Moynihan assert, "The ethnic group in American society [has become] not a survival from the age of mass immigration but a new social form."

Second, we might argue that the political system itself has not been nearly so secular as is assumed. Such an argument has genuine validity in the case

"You can fool some of the digital components some of the time, but you can't fool all of the digital components all of the time."

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of black Americans, who have obviously not been encompassed by the doctrine of universalism. The current challenges to American political institutions, and especially to universities, suggest that the argument may be valid in other spheres as well. We may read those challenges to say that we have developed elaborate institutions, which profess their neutrality, but which in fact operate to the advantage of particular groups within the society. Moreover, institutions play favorites independently of the good will of those who manage them, since the rules of the game and institutional inertia conspire to overwhelm modest efforts at reform. What is obvious with respect to Negroes is no less true, if less obvious, in general: The structure of the system, which is to say, of our institutions, and the rules according to which they are managed preserve, in many ways, a reality of particularism and of ascription elaborately disguised by a mythology of universalism and achievement orientation.

Third, we may turn to educational history. For, once again, despite the prevailing myth that education is a secular institution, we can, and should, read the history of the schools as an example of creative tension between the particular and the universal. The standard compromise has been to create largely parochial structures while emphasizing fundamentally universal content. On the face of it, this seems an implausible development, since our conventional sociology informs us that there is necessarily an identity between structure and content. But if we view the two tendencies, after Talcott Parsons and E. A. Shils, as representing a continuing dilemma, we can see how they may have been played off against one another, in a constant process of trading-off. Unable or unwilling to commit itself wholly to the one choice or the other, the society has managed, however improbably, to sustain both together.

The operational implication of this form of choice is, if it is to be continued, first, a recognition that we may yet have the best of two worlds, or, at least, avoid the worst of either. We may assume that there is a cyclicality to these affairs, and that the balance, most recently heavily weighted toward the universalist norm, needs to be adjusted to favor the particularistic.

Put somewhat differently: The fear of Balkanizing the society through endorsement of community schools would be warranted only if so many other institutions, and especially the mass media of communication, were not on the side of nationalizing, hence secularizing, education. If we add together all the secular educational inputs, a school system based on more parochial claims may seem less threatening to the traditional ideology, and more a way of preserving some balance between consensus and diversity.

Further, we must emphasize the degree to which universalist doctrine is fundamentally prescriptive rather than descriptive. Liberals who insist on applying universal norms are unable to make exceptions for black people without undermining their fundamental ideological commitments. They therefore either reject current Negro demands, or rise to defend community control of the schools as if it were everywhere a helpful doctrine, a position few of them seriously entertain. The obvious resolution of this problem is to recognize the exceptional position of the black community—exceptional because of history, exceptional because of current needs, and exceptional especially by virtue of the growing degree of community consciousness. It is difficult, of course, for liberals to accommodate such exceptions, to recognize that what may be good, or appropriate, or legitimate, for one group need not be a secular standard for all groups. But such recognition is bound to be less tortured than the continued rejection of the demands, on the one hand, or fatuous endorsement of the demands as a new and comprehensive norm for the entire educational system, on the other.

Yet, on the whole, there is little reason to be sanguine about the ability of the system to sustain the historic compromise between the universal and the particular. It was easier to sustain it when it was not so explicit as it now threatens to become. Once choices are clearly outlined and seen as alternatives, it becomes difficult to avoid choosing. The social change we now witness, save as we successfully—and improbably—opt again for compromise, will lead in sinister, perhaps even catastrophic, directions.

One man's catastrophe is another man's romp, to be sure, but the trouble with catastrophe is that one can never be sure whether what follows the flood is the dove or a swamp. It is most curious that the chorus of social science warning that the mass, undifferentiated, atomized society, i.e., the secular society, is psychologically disabling, socially chaotic, and politically unstable has not led to a more critical questioning of the validity and utility of liberal ideology. It is, to say the least, cynical to undermine the ideological foundations of community and then to express disgust with the results. One does not have to endorse a return to magic in order to support the proposition that communities smaller than the whole should be encouraged.

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(Continued on page 100)

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(Continued from page 99)

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VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1889

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Milton describes Hell as "this wild abyss, / The ———and perhaps her grave." (3 wds., "Paradise Lost")	1 10 27 77 85 62 101 107 131 187 191 / 194
B. Virginity	126 142 165 185 203 211 11 17
C. Wraps with bandages	44 90 93 99 109 124 132 137
D. "Sweet——gently gliding by." (Lorenz Hart, "Manhattan")	212 22 56 104 66 180 188 30 71
E. Important island of the Ryukyus	72 195 199 207 213 37 55
F. Fabricated; without basis in fact (4 wds.)	58 98 145 153 73 154 164 168 184 210 21 / 32 88 89 113
G. He said, "England expects that every man will do his duty."	140 149 157 163 177 196
H. Latin poet (239-169? B.C.; "Annales")	13 29 143 81 45 96
I. Flinched, quailed	161 172 40 52 65 79 100 122
J. English poet and dramatist (1882-1937; "Robert E. Lee," "Abraham Lincoln.")	150 171 206 12 33 152 6 47 63 76
K. Failing, slipping (3 wds.)	139 169 182 15 20 103 36 39 49 119
L. Reluctant to give or spend	35 2 170 208 25 42 80 92 110
M. In addition to (3 wds.)	114 120 159 28 46 61 78 130
N. Allegiances	189 111 95 60 209 148 108 105 138
O. Creating dissension or discord	215 176 205 57 8 34 74 48
P. Greek poet (8th cent. B.C.) who pictured himself as a Boeotian farmer	38 43 141 50 204 144
Q. Offensive to a sense of propriety	5 178 192 70 135 24 54 16 83 116
R. Any violent upheaval, esp. one of a social or political nature	167 146 175 123 53 64 127 181 7
S. Crash	82 160 3 23 67 202 118 197 51
T. Steady	112 59 147 179 158 133 115 69 86 173
U. Speedy, by the fastest possible means	19 91 106 68 41 174 166 87 75
V. Engage	162 136 200 117
W. Talk idly	134 18 102 151 121 26
X. Mug, pan, kisser	9 155 84 94
Y. Village, Ayrshire SW Scotland, birthplace of Robert Burns and scene of "Tam O' Shanter"	31 4 125 156 198 201 129
Z. "——to fresh woods, and pastures new." (Milton, "Lycidas")	97 183 128 186 14 214 190 193

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 A	2 L	3 S	4 Y	5 Q	6 J	7 R		8 O	9 X	10 A	11 B	12 J						
13 H	14 Z		15 K	16 Q	17 B		18 W		19 U	20 K	21 F	22 D	23 S	24 Q	25 L	26 W							
27 A	28 M	29 H	30 D	31 Y	32 F		33 J	34 O	35 L	36 K		37 E	38 P	39 K	40 I	41 U							
42 L	43 P	44 C	45 H	46 M	47 J	48 O	49 K		50 P	51 S		52 I	53 R	54 Q	55 E	56 D	57 O						
58 F	59 T	60 N	61 M		62 A	63 J	64 R	65 I	66 D	67 S	68 U	69 T	70 Q	71 D		72 E	73 F						
	74 O	75 U	76 J	77 A	78 M	79 I		80 L	81 H	82 S	83 Q	84 X	85 A	86 T		87 U	88 F						
	89 F	90 C	91 U		92 L	93 C	94 X	95 N		96 H	97 Z	98 F	99 C	100 I	101 A	102 W	103 K						
	104 D	105 N		106 U	107 A	108 N	109 C		110 L	111 N	112 T		113 F	114 M	115 T	116 Q							
117 V	118 S	119 K	120 M	121 W	122 I		123 R	124 C	125 Y		126 B	127 R		128 Z	129 Y	130 M	131 A						
132 C	133 T	134 W		135 Q	136 V	137 C	138 N	139 K	140 G	141 P		142 B	143 H	144 P		145 F	146 R						
147 T	148 N	149 G	150 J		151 W	152 J	153 F		154 F	155 X	156 Y	157 G	158 T		159 M	160 S	161 I						
162 V	163 G		164 F	165 B	166 U		167 R	168 F	169 K	170 L	171 J	172 I	173 T	174 U	175 R	176 O	177 G						
178 Q		179 T	180 D	181 R		182 K	183 Z	184 F	185 B		186 Z	187 A	188 D		189 N	190 Z	191 A						
192 Q		193 Z	194 A		195 E	196 G	197 S	198 Y		199 E	200 V		201 Y		202 S	203 B	204 P						
205 O	206 J	207 E	208 L		209 N	210 F	211 B	212 D	213 E	214 Z	215 O												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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